

DW COLUMBINE CHANGED POLICE TACTICS / THE HUNT FOR THE ORIGIN OF AIDS

The Atlantic Monthly

OCTOBER 2000

THE OPENING OF THE EVANGELICAL MIND

The next Great Awakening may be in the world of ideas, as evangelical Christians seek at last to wield some intellectual might

BY ALAN WOLFE



3XBBDGG*****CAR-RT SORT**C-003
AMY0004549408/4# 4B 1
JAN05 2
N K UNZ 4
5 BRYANT ST 371 7
LO ALTO CA 94301-1704





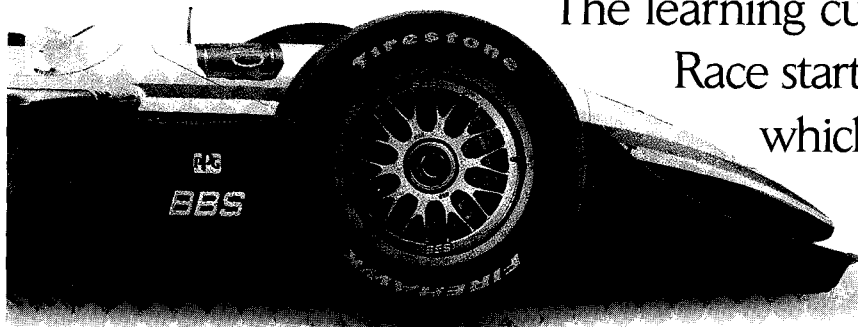
Before our engineers design our cars, our racing programs design our engineers.

At Honda, our participation in racing not only helps improve the cars we build. But, it also helps improve the people who build and develop those cars.

You see, many of the engineers who are responsible for developing Honda automobiles have, at one time or another, participated in our racing programs. Why? Quite simply, it's one of the best training grounds in the world.

The learning curve is very quick.

Race starting times are fixed,
which requires excellent
preparation. And
the competitive
environment forces



our engineers to find new, better and quicker ways to help improve our engine performance.

In the end, it leads to Honda's environmentally clean, fuel-efficient automobiles. And that, to us, is the biggest win of all. For more information, visit honda.com.

HONDA
Thinking.™

Can solar power
become
mainstream?

Is it possible to
drive a car and
still have a clean
environment?

Can a cleaner
gasoline
be refined?

beyond petroleum

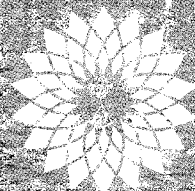
Could business be
about more than just
profits? Could it be
a force for good?

We think so, and the
employees of BP,
Amoco, ARCO and
Castrol are forming
a new company, to try.

Can 100,000 people
in 100 countries come
together to solve the
paradox of a world that
wants both mobility
and clean air?



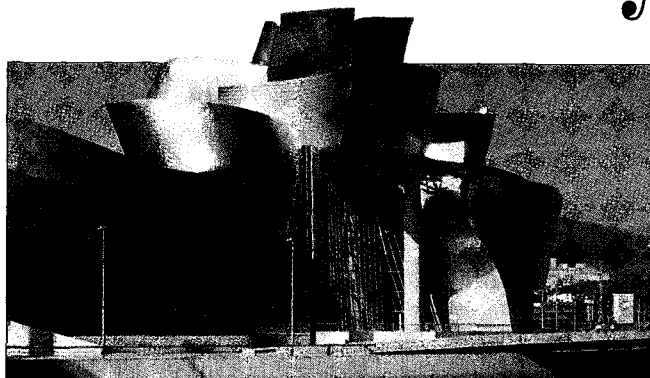
bp



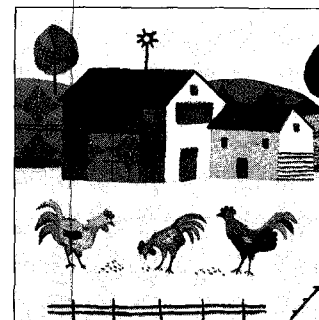
bp.com



Page 105



Page 46



Page 118

REPORTS

16 Notes & Comment: Better Living Through the Placebo Effect

Self-delusion as a form
of wellness.

by Marshall Jon Fisher

20 Environment: Saving Salmon, or Seattle?

People in the Northwest may
disagree vehemently over
how to protect the salmon—
but they all want it for dinner.

by James Fallows

28 Law Enforcement: Shoot to Kill

How Columbine has
changed police tactics.

by Timothy Harper

34 The Law: Rescuing Search and Seizure

The right way to read
the Fourth Amendment.

by Stephen Budiansky

FICTION & POETRY

68 Oblivion

A poem

by Maxine Kumin

105 Superassassin

A short story

by Lysley A. Tenorio

113 Samba

A poem

by Susan Donnelly

55 The Opening of the Evangelical Mind

Intellectual creativity is flourishing in a precinct where many Americans would little expect it—among evangelical Christians, who make up one of the largest and most politically significant groups in American society.

by Alan Wolfe

77 Health Care: A Bolt of Civic Hope

“Can’t be done”: that’s the conventional wisdom on whether a partisan Congress can find a way to provide medical coverage for Americans who don’t have it. Two of the chief congressional partisans on this issue recently sat down with our correspondent—and sought the makings of a deal.

by Matthew Miller

88 The Hunt for the Origin of AIDS

Where did AIDS come from and why did it erupt when it did? In university laboratories and the jungles of Africa researchers are trying to track the answers—and following widely divergent trails.

by Jon Cohen



BOOKS

128 Wooed by Freedom?

Wing to Wing, Oar to Oar:
Readings on Courting
and Marrying, edited by
Amy A. and Leon R. Kass

by Peter Berkowitz

134 The Dickens of Berlin

Theodor Fontane:
Literature and History in
the Bismarck Reich, by
Gordon A. Craig

by Dennis Drabelle

136 Short Reviews

ARTS & LEISURE

46 Travel: Undiscovered Bilbao

Visitors may go for the new
Guggenheim, but they
should stay for the city and
its environs.

by Marisa Bartolucci

118 Food: A Better Egg

The secret to the best eggs
isn't freshness.

by Corby Kummer

123 Sport: Physical Culture

An American enters the
boxing ring in Beijing.

by Jason Overdorf

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

6 77 North Washington Street/Contributors

8 Letters

14 The October Almanac

139 The Puzzler

by Emily Cox and
Henry Rathvon

140 Word Improvisation

by J. E. Lighter

Cover art by Theo Rudnak

The juggernaut of progress
has been halted at the gates of the distillery.



BELVEDERE VODKA HAS BEEN PRODUCED FOR OVER 500 YEARS

PRODUCED BY UNILOR
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



77 NORTH WASHINGTON STREET

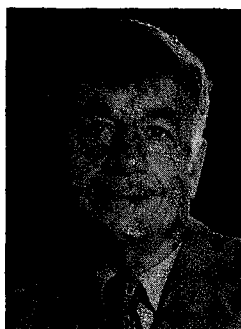
IN a sense, Alan Wolfe says, the cover story in this issue of *The Atlantic Monthly* grew out of a snap decision. A few years ago Wolfe was attending a conference on religion and higher education, and at dinnertime found himself facing a choice between taking a seat at a table with a number of old friends and one at a table whose occupants included Richard Mouw and Mark Noll, two of the most influential figures in evangelical academic life. "I opted for the latter," Wolfe recalls, "understanding at some level that the conversation would be more interesting, because the people were unlike those with whom I regularly come in contact."

Alan Wolfe's straightforward curiosity about America's many social parts, and how their members think and act, is a characteristic feature of his work. A political scientist and sociologist, Wolfe has produced a dozen books and written countless articles for journals, newspapers, and magazines. He emerged during the 1990s as one of the nation's most prominent public intellectuals. His best-known book is his most recent—*One Nation, After All: What Middle-Class Americans Really Think About God, Country, Family, Racism, Welfare, Immigration, Homosexuality, Work, the Right, the Left, and*

Each Other (1998). In his forthcoming book, *Moral Freedom*, Wolfe explores the ways in which Americans increasingly rely on themselves to answer the question of how to lead good and virtuous lives.

Last year Wolfe was lured away from Boston University by Boston College, a Jesuit institution, where he became the founding director of the Boisi Center for Religion and American Public Life. The center advances neither a religious point of view nor religious faith in general; it brings together a diverse group of students, scholars, and public intellectuals to explore the often fractured terrain where public issues and religious values intersect. Wolfe has repeatedly chided his fellow social scientists and other scholars for paying little attention to the many roles played by religion in America.

"Americans talk a lot about religion and they talk a lot about diversity," Wolfe says. "Rarely do the two topics come together, even though we have fought culture wars over faith as intense, if not as bloody, as those fought over race. The idea of a Jew, like me, who teaches at a Catholic university writing about evangelical Protestants struck me as something of an exercise in diversity training." —THE EDITORS



LEE PELLEGRINI

CONTRIBUTORS

Marisa Bartolucci ("Undiscovered Bilbao") is a freelance writer specializing in architecture, design, and cultural issues.

Peter Berkowitz ("Woored by Freedom?") teaches at George Mason University Law School and is the author of *Virtue and the Making of Modern Liberalism* (1999).

Stephen Budiansky ("Rescuing Search and Seizure") is a correspondent for *The Atlantic*. His book *Battle of Wits*, about code-breaking in World War II, will be published this month.

Jon Cohen ("The Hunt for the Origin of AIDS") has covered AIDS for *Science* magazine for the past decade. His book *Shots in the Dark: The Wayward Search for the AIDS Vaccine* will be published this winter.

Susan Donnelly ("Samba") is the author of *Eve Names the Animals* (1985) and *The Ether Dome* (2000).

Dennis Drabelle ("The Dickens of Berlin") is a contributing editor of *The Washington Post Book World*. He is at work on a novel.

James Fallows ("Saving Salmon, or Seattle?") is the national correspondent for *The Atlantic*.

Marshall Jon Fisher ("Better Living Through the Placebo Effect") is a freelance writer and a co-author, with David E. Fisher, of *Tube: The Invention of Television* (1996) and *Strangers in the Night: A Brief History of Life on Other Worlds* (1998).

Timothy Harper ("Shoot to Kill") is the author of *License to Steal: The Secret World of Wall Street and the Systematic Plundering of the American Investor* (1999).

Maxine Kumin ("Oblivion") received the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1973 and the Ruth Lilly poetry prize last year. Her most recent book is *Inside the Halo and Beyond: The Anatomy of a Recovery* (2000).

Matthew Miller ("Health Care: A Bolt of Civic Hope") is a nationally syndicated columnist who is based in Los Angeles. He is a senior fellow at the Annenberg Public Policy Center of the University of Pennsylvania.

Jason Overdorf ("Physical Culture") lived in Beijing for three years and traveled extensively in China. He is a former executive editor of the *Harvard China Review*.

Theo Rudnak (cover art) is a painter and an illustrator whose work has won recognition from the Society of Illustrators and *Communication Arts*.

Lysley A. Tenorio ("Superassassin") is a Wallace Stegner fellow at Stanford University.

Alan Wolfe ("The Opening of the Evangelical Mind") is the director of the Boisi Center for Religion and American Public Life, at Boston College. His next book, *Moral Freedom: The Impossible Idea That Defines the Way We Live Now*, will be published in the spring.

August 29, 1978. Left on beach after one too many mai tais.



August 13, 2000. Find on Alibris to take on second honeymoon.

alibris

www.alibris.com

Books you thought you'd never find.

Visit us online or ask about books from Alibris at your local bookstore.

© 2000 Alibris



Editor
MICHAEL KELLY

Managing Editor
CULLEN MURPHY

Senior Editors
JACK BEATTY, C. MICHAEL CURTIS,
CORBY KUMMER, AMY MEEKER, BENJAMIN SCHWARZ,
ROBERT VARE, BARBARA WALLRAFF

Design Director
JUDY GARLAN

Art Director
ROBIN GILMORE-BARNES

National Correspondent
JAMES FALLOWS

Assistant Managing Editor
MARTHA SPAULDING

Associate Editors
PETER DAVISON (poetry),
SUE PARILLA, YVONNE ROLZHAUSEN,
WEN STEPHENSON (new media)

Staff Editors
LESLIE CAULDWELL, AVRIL CORNEL,
CHRISTINE CUCCIO, KATHRYN FRAUNFELDER,
JOSHUA FRIEDMAN, GINA HAHN, HILARY MCCLELLAN,
JESSICA MURPHY, LUCIE PRINZ, DANIEL SMITH

Art Staff
DOMINICA PONTRELLO, Associate Art Director
GILLIAN KAHN, Art Assistant
GABRIELA HERNANDEZ, Designer

New Media
KATIE BACON, DAVID BARBER,
JESSICA CHAPPEL, KATHERINE GUCKENBERGER,
SAGE STOSSEL, ERIC WESTBY

Editorial Administration
MICHAEL KUBIT, LINDA MCGOVERN,
ROBERT MOELLER, MURIEL MONTEIRO

Information Technology
DAVID STRECKER

Correspondents
STEPHEN BUDIANSKY, ROBERT D. KAPLAN,
WILLIAM LANGEWIESCHE, CHARLES C. MANN,
ERIC SCHLOSSER, ELLEN RUPPEL SHELL

Contributing Editors
ROY BLOUNT JR., FRANCIS DAVIS,
GREGG EASTERBROOK, SEYMOUR M. HERSH,
WENDY KAMINER, TRACY KIDDER,
JAMES ALAN MCPHERSON, JACK MILES,
CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN, THOMAS POWERS,
WILLIAM SCHNEIDER

Editor Emeritus
WILLIAM WHITWORTH

Submissions & Correspondence
The Atlantic Monthly considers unsolicited
manuscripts, fiction or nonfiction, and
mail for the Letters column.

Correspondence should be sent to
The Atlantic Monthly
77 North Washington Street
Boston, MA 02114
or
Letters@theatlantic.com

Manuscripts will not be returned,
nor will queries be answered, unless they are
accompanied by a postage-paid return
envelope of sufficient size. Please do not send
manuscripts by e-mail.

LETTERS

An Acquired Taste

"An Acquired Taste" (July *Atlantic*) is informative, but James Fallows fails to identify the enabler: the American public. For instance, during the recent Democratic primaries Bill Bradley proposed universal health care. At first Al Gore responded, responsibly, that a program that covered 100 percent of the public might be too expensive and in any event could not pass. As an old liberal (the first presidential candidate I voted for was Adlai Stevenson, and the most recent was Ralph Nader), I leaned forward in my seat, eager to hear the battle joined. For here was a debate at the heart of liberal politics: whether to insist on what's right immediately or to take what you can get now and move for the rest later.

But alas, Gore's reasonable analysis was over the heads of Forrest Gump America, and polls showed Bradley pulling ahead, threatening to build unstoppable momentum. Within days Gore stood the debate on its head, accusing Bradley not of trying to provide too comprehensive a plan but, instead, of proposing to deprive poor people of their Medicaid and replace it with an inadequate voucher. Bradley, an honest man, did not know how to respond to such glibberish, and in the polls the American public rewarded Gore's duplicity and made a Bradley victory impossible.

Gore has become an unprincipled campaigner. In the America we live in, his only other choice was to practice his concession speech.

Alfred G. Fortunato
Wantagh, N.Y.

Although I enjoyed every single word of James Fallows's cover article, I felt only despair at his conclusion. As a committed Democrat, I admire Gore's discipline, and I acknowledge his personal transformation from seminary student to political gladiator. But I am more interested in health care than in Gore's affinity for the jugular. Fallows's account of the Gore-Bradley debate sickened me. I voted for Bill Clinton in 1992 because of his inclusive, compassionate,

and just health-care plan. *The Agenda*, by Bob Woodward, recounts the demise of the Clintons' plan. Fallows's article consigns Bradley's health-care initiative to a parallel place in policy hell. But from my perspective, Bradley's plan was better: more inclusive, more compassionate, more just. Gore discredited that plan; he engaged in premeditated misrepresentation of Bradley's initiative. Gore won the debate at the Apollo Theater hands down, but I lost. And the Americans who might have benefited from Bradley's cerebral compassion also lost. Presidential politics has felt like a lose-lose game to me lately, and Fallows's article helped me understand why I feel that way.

Fallows's article did not dispel my fear that a candidate who will lie about his opponent's health-care policy cares very little about the details of health care.

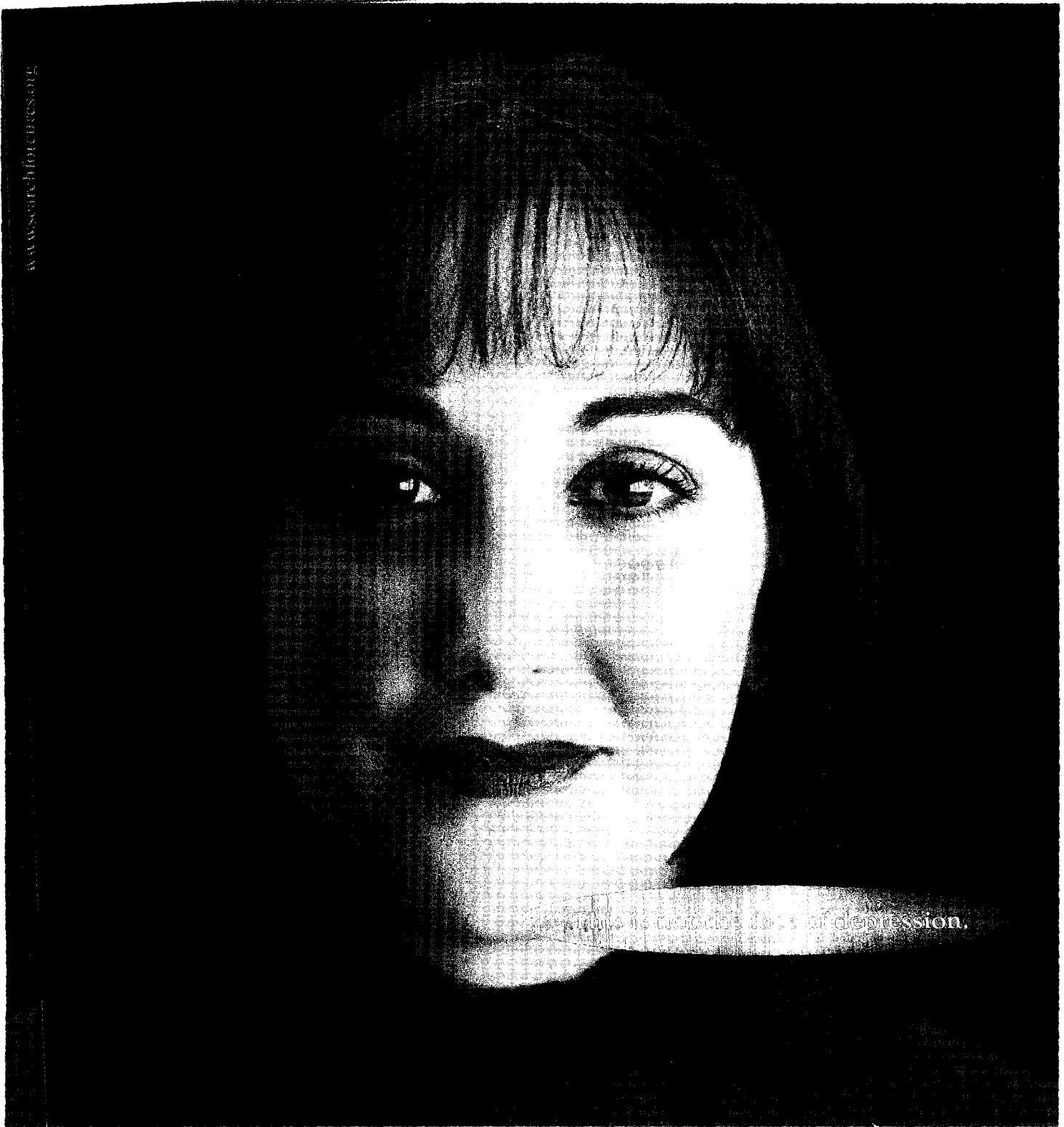
Melissa Scully
San Antonio, Texas

If the purpose of debates is to find the truth and point to solutions, James Fallows is right. If debate, per Plato, is "the art of guiding the soul through reasoning not only in the tribunals and in the popular assemblies but also in the conversations," Fallows is right. But in fact the purpose of political debates is to win at any cost—by intimidating adversaries or by lying.

Fallows expects debaters to treat their adversaries with respect; according to Dr. Johnson, "to treat your adversary with respect is to give him an advantage to which he is not entitled." Political debates deal with politics, which is to say a world of opposing interests; and to ask for honesty or virtue in this world is asking too much. This means not that lies and misinformation should prevail but that when opposing interests are at stake, gentleness of behavior or virtue, unfortunately, is beside the point.

Angelo A. De Gennaro
San Antonio, Texas

James Fallows concluded with the statement "Having studied Al Gore's record in some detail, I now respect his capacities more and like him less." But in the article



It's the face of Stacy Allyn — teacher, part-time comic and writer. For several years she had experienced an overwhelming sense of despondency and felt increasingly unable to cope with the stresses of day-to-day living. Finally, Stacy, like 17 million other Americans each year, was diagnosed with depression. Life had seemed hopeless to Stacy, with nothing but despair ahead. But now, thanks to breakthrough medicines discovered by America's pharmaceutical companies, she's able to enjoy life

again and has even fulfilled her ambition to become a full-time writer. Today, new medicines for depression mean millions of people with the illness are now able to see a brighter future ahead. Pharmaceutical company researchers are working hard to discover breakthroughs that will help make many illnesses and diseases a thing of the past and bring more patients new hope for a better tomorrow. So people like Stacy can smile again. And even stand up on-stage and make other people laugh.

America's Pharmaceutical Companies

Leading the way in the search for cures

Chairman
DAVID G. BRADLEY

President and Group Publisher
JOHN FOX SULLIVAN

Senior Vice President
STEVE HULL

Publisher
DONNA PALMER

Advertising
MATTHEW BARBA, Associate Publisher

New York: (646) 695-8500
GLORIA A. BRUERE, ERIK CARLSON,
JENNIFER HOADLEY, JENNIFER IZZO,
KATHERINE KOLENDO, HEATHER ROSEBERRY,
FRAZIER RUGG, Managers
KELLY OWENS, JULIE ZUCKERBERG, Assistants

Chicago: (312) 604-0350
Christopher Schuba & Company
STEVE PESZEK, Manager

Detroit: (248) 691-1800
Hour Media/JOHN BALARDO
LISA STEELE, Manager

Los Angeles: (310) 479-4729
BRIAN PATELLA, Manager
DESIREE GILL, Assistant

Washington: (202) 266-6000
EMILY AKHTARZANDI, JOCELYN BATKO,
SARA ZYSKOWSKI, Managers
JAMIE HECHINGER, Sales and Project Associate

Marketing
NANCY BEUSCHEL, TASHA HICKS

Circulation
ADAM R. COHEN, Circulation Director
PAUL UNGLAUB
Circulation Specialists, Inc.

Production & Special Projects
JAN MORRIS, Director
JOHN KEEFERSTAN, AMY SWAN

Finance
TONY SKARUPA, Vice President/CFO
DEBRA CARRIERE, Director of Finance
SOPHIE LECAM-CAMILIEN, Accounting Manager
PATRICIA HALL, ANDREW WALL

Atlantic Unbound
The Atlantic Monthly's digital
edition can be found on the Web at
www.theatlantic.com.

Publisher's Offices
The Atlantic Monthly
200 Madison Avenue, 20th Floor
New York, NY 10016
(646) 695-8500

Subscriptions
Please direct all subscription queries and orders to
Atlantic Customer Care
Box 37585
Boone, IA 50037-0585

Reprints
Reprint requests (100+) should be made to
Reprint Management Services
(717) 399-1900

Education Program
A discount rate and free support materials
are available to teachers who use
The Atlantic in the classroom.
Please call (877) 299-8577 or visit
www.theatlantic.com/teach/

The **Atlantic Monthly**

Fallows did not discuss Al Gore's record on the issues facing the nation. Like too many voters, he seemed to consider Gore's debating style more important than his stand on women's rights, use of the budget surplus, the quality and availability of services to the working poor, the use of federal funds to improve education and housing, the environment, health, and wars in Third World countries, and so on.

John R. Moot
Cambridge, Mass.

Editors' Note

We received nearly a hundred letters objecting to the cover art for the July issue, which depicted Vice President Al Gore with an "attack-dog" snarl. A typical response is this one, from Sandra Kroll, of Highland Park, Illinois: "Sirs, I am shocked, disgusted, and dismayed as I look at the cover [art] of our current Vice President. What is the point?" J. U. Synnott, of Ponce de Leon, Florida, wrote, "You are as brutal as you accuse Al Gore of being." Gordon D. Mock, of Macomb, Illinois, wrote, "Both your cover and the article go beyond caricature to viciousness."

We regret that Roberto Parada's cover painting of Vice President Gore offended some readers. The American tradition of political caricature is a robust one, and its mainstream is broad. Pungency, directness, and overstatement have been the hallmarks of this most ungente art since the days of Thomas Nast.

Psychology at Harvard

Alston Chase's essay in the June *Atlantic*, "Harvard and the Making of the Unabomber," argues that one factor contributing to the unique actions of Theodore Kaczynski was his participation in a psychological study at Harvard University conducted by Professor Henry Murray. The logic of the argument and the suggestion that Murray knowingly subjected Harvard students to a stress that predisposed Kaczynski to his later criminal actions represent two serious flaws in the article.

Chase argues that a mock interrogation by a law student paid to be an examiner in the study had a permanent effect on Kaczynski's personality. There is no empirical or theoretical basis for assuming that such a time-limited experience, independent of the person's biology and personal history, would lead to asocial behavior in most of

the adults exposed to such a set of events. Thousands of college students participate, voluntarily, in laboratory investigations of psychological stress each year, and there is no sound evidence suggesting that these young adults have been psychologically harmed by this experience. The stress accompanying four years of final examinations is far more severe than any that could have resulted from a procedure that Murray implemented. We estimate that about 40 million college students have had final examinations since 1958, and none, to our knowledge, has sent bombs in the mail.

Moreover, Kaczynski was a volunteer, and all volunteers for psychological studies understand that the laboratory is not real life and know that they are free to drop out of the study at any time. No Harvard student would have been academically penalized if he or she simply stopped coming to the sessions. Kaczynski's continued participation implies that the experience was not intolerable.

Chase acknowledges that Kaczynski's personality in 1958 was within normal limits, and Kaczynski wrote in 1958 that the Harvard experience was "something that I had been needing all along without knowing it, namely, hard work requiring self-discipline and strenuous exercise of my abilities." Thus the hypothesis that participation in Murray's study was a major influence on Kaczynski's later behavior strains the most credulous mind.

The second flawed premise is the implication that Murray did not understand the psychological consequences of being a subject in his research. Murray was one of the leading scientists studying personality and stress in the post-World War II era, and it is unreasonable to assume that he did not understand the ways in which participation in his research might affect college students. Each of the undersigned, who knew Henry Murray at different times in his creative career, attests to his humanity, kindness, and commitment to enhancing the human spirit.

Any human being can be judged only by his or her intentions at the time of action, not by unpredictable consequences decades later. Otherwise, the scientists who invented the contraceptive pill should share some of the blame for the worrisome increase in adolescent sexuality. Chase's sensationalist essay errs in impugning Murray's motivations. And through serious distortion of the causal sequences that contribute to a life course, it adds to the growing cynicism

over the many honest attempts by scientists in various disciplines to illuminate the complexity of human nature.

**Howard Gardner, Robert R. Holt,
Jerome Kagan, Gardner Lindzey,
Henry Riecken, Neil Smelser,
Morris I. Stein**

*Department of Psychology
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.*

Alston Chase replies:

Regarding whether the Murray experiment could have “predisposed” Ted Kaczynski to commit his crimes: I made clear that the experiment was one of a number of factors that may have affected Kaczynski’s development. Yet I also cited reasons (expert opinion, facts from Kaczynski’s personal history, and Sally Johnson’s report) why the Murray experiment may have harmed him. And although Gardner et al. are correct in noting that little scientific data exists to support such a causal link, there is anecdotal evidence for it and little data refuting it. Typically, researchers just grade themselves, evaluating the long-term effects of their own experiments, which is hardly an objective methodology. Little sound research has been done on this question, perhaps because, as one expert explained to me, the research community “is afraid what it might find out”—namely, that experimentation occasionally does harm.

Regarding whether the experiment was immoral and Murray should be blamed for his conduct: I never suggested that Murray sought to hurt anyone, and I made clear that his experiment didn’t violate the procedural standards prevailing at the time. I suggested that he was well intentioned. But ethical is as ethical does, and because it induced stress in people by deceitful means, the experiment was, I believe, wrong. It’s no excuse to say that Kaczynski could have quit the experiment, because Murray intentionally gave his subjects no advance warning of the unpleasantness to come. Nor is it an excuse to suggest that subjects know “the laboratory is not real life.” Although today’s more sophisticated students might make this distinction, in the 1950s most of us still naively believed that professors told the truth, in and out of the laboratory.

Finally, it is curious that Gardner et al., along with other psychologists who have written me about this matter, defend the morality of the Murray experiment even though it would clearly violate several provisions of the American Psychological

Association’s current ethical guidelines—including the requirements that researchers not deceive study participants and that they fully inform volunteers about “significant aspects” of the experiment beforehand. I hope the reluctance to criticize these transgressions doesn’t imply general indifference on the part of the research community toward its own ethical standards.

Faulkner

Larry Levinger’s article “The Prophet Faulkner” (June *Atlantic*) unfairly suggests that Faulkner was a Hollywood naïf when he “once asked Clark Gable what he did for a living.”

In context Faulkner’s question is much more telling: Gable asked who Faulkner thought were our best living writers. Faulkner replied, “Ernest Hemingway, Willa Cather, Thomas Mann, John Dos Passos, and myself.” An amused Gable then asked Faulkner if he wrote fiction. “Yes, Mr. Gable,” Faulkner retorted. “What do you do?”

Brian Smith
Shawnee, Kans.

I was quite taken by Larry Levinger’s portrait of William Faulkner. The sentence about Faulkner’s receiving a *D* in English especially resonated in my memory. Ten to one his instructor at “Old Miss” was Thomas Mayo, whose great-books course I took at Texas A&M in 1947. Tommy, a former Rhodes scholar and a native Mississippian, once told me that his most frustrating experience was trying to teach a young Faulkner the imperatives of English syntax at Old Miss. He considered Faulkner his most complete teaching failure.

James T. Bonnen
East Lansing, Mich.

As a linguist of the Choctaw language, I was intrigued by the name Yoknapatawpha, William Faulkner’s fictional county in Mississippi. Mississippi is, of course, the homeland of the Choctaws, and Faulkner’s baroque spelling notwithstanding, the name certainly *sounds* Choctaw. Faulkner himself said that the name means “water runs slow through flat land,” which implies an obscure but authoritative native source.

Breaking down the word into meaningful parts that preserve the sound, I come up with *yakni patafa*, “ploughed or tilled land”—rather sparer than Faulkner’s im-

age, but if we indulge ourselves in a bit of semantic enrichment, we can deduce that ploughed land is most likely flat, and there’s bound to be a water source nearby, moving slowly on account of the land’s being flat and suitable for ploughing.

Whether or not Faulknerian scholars find this of any use, I have to say that now that I have translated this name into Choctaw, I can finally pronounce it.

Marcia Haag
*Assistant Professor of Linguistics
The University of Oklahoma
Norman, Okla.*

Larry Levinger replies:

The Oxonian John Black, then the board chairman of what was once Faulkner’s grandfather’s bank, First National, had this to say when I asked him about the origin of *Yoknapatawpha*: “I heard my daddy tell this story. In the 1920s, while William Faulkner was working at the bank, he recorded checks by hand. He got the checks he recorded from the Yocona—we say it ‘Yatnee’—River area. They were taxations for flood-control projects. The Yocona runs five miles south of Oxford, and at that time there was a Yoknapatawpha drainage district on the Yocona. I believe that’s where he got the name—off a check.”

Given what I know of William Faulkner, I wouldn’t be surprised. And it’s not a big jump from the *Yatnee* River to *Yat-nuh-pa-tah-fah*, the way native Oxonians pronounce *Yoknapatawpha*.

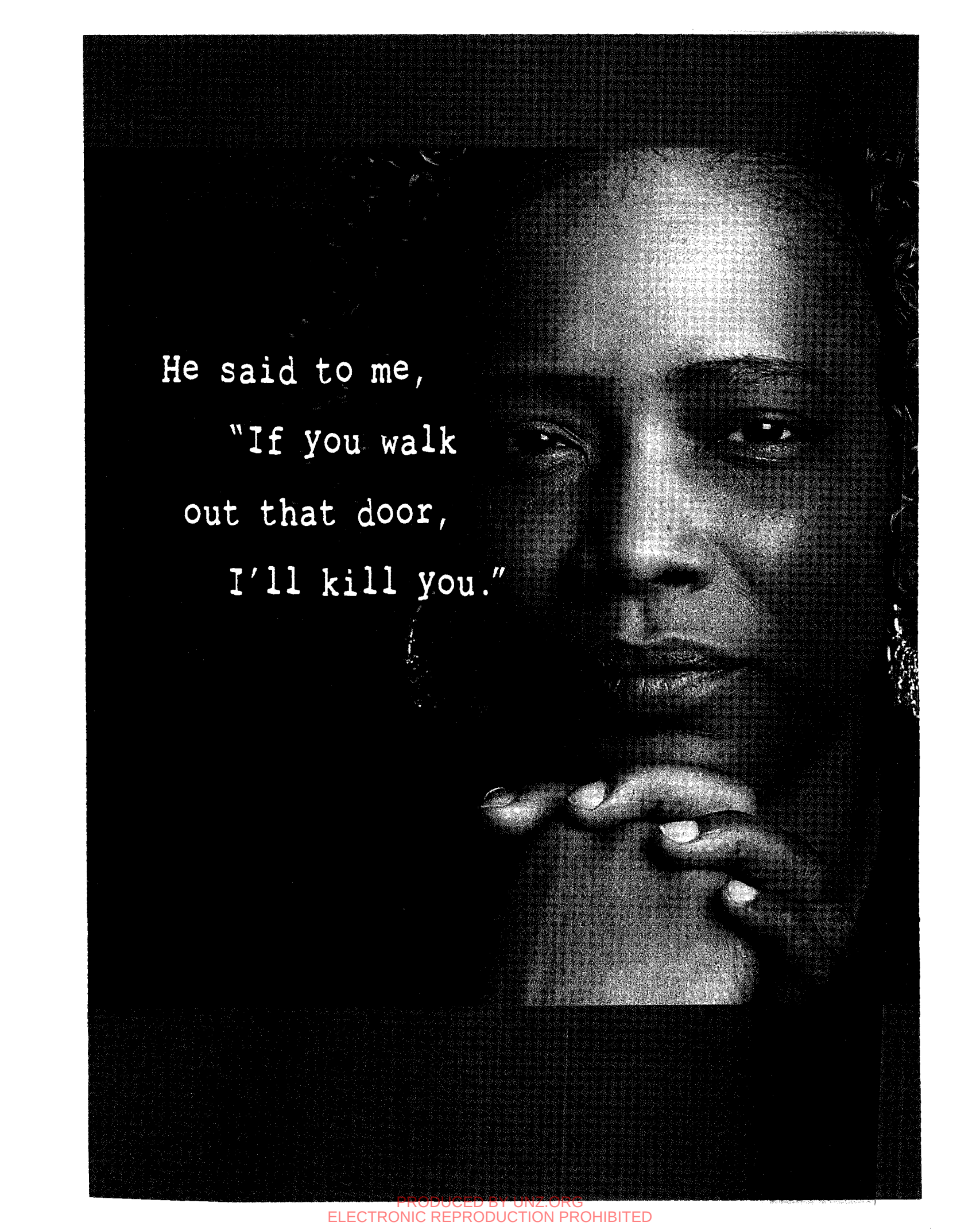
Stem-winder

J. E. Lighter (“Word Improvisation,” June *Atlantic*) completely missed the meaning of “a stem-winding speech.” A “stem-winder” has always meant a slow, boring speech, or class, or ball game to me and my acquaintances. As people check their watches to see how long this event has been going on, they wind their watch stems to see if their watches have stopped.

James A. Eslinger
Terre Haute, Ind.

J. E. Lighter replies:

The minority view on “stem-winder” is duly noted—but right after the President’s address to the Democratic National Convention, in August, Bob Schieffer, of CBS, said, “This was another Bill Clinton *stem-winder*, and this crowd really loved it.” It was a rouser, not a drowser.



He said to me,
"If you walk
out that door,
I'll kill you."

HELPING END DOMESTIC VIOLENCE

**If you've ever wondered why abused women
don't just leave, ask Dee.**

Beyond the emotional abuse, beatings and stalking, she lived in fear that her boyfriend would hurt her children if she tried to escape. Finally, Dee found SAFEHOME, a program for victims of domestic violence in Johnson County, Kansas that gave her shelter, food and counseling — and the courage to begin a better life.

As a successful career woman and mother of three, Dee knows firsthand that domestic abuse is not the problem of "other" people. It affects millions of women, men and children in every community, regardless of race or income. The time to stop the violence is now.

That's why we established *The Philip Morris Campaign Against Domestic Violence*. Through our support of SAFEHOME and similar organizations around the nation, we've been committed to making a difference to communities in need for more than forty years.

What would you do?

If you or someone you know needs help, contact:

National Domestic Violence Hotline
(800) 799-SAFE
www.ndvh.org

Supported by the Philip Morris family of companies

KRAFT FOODS, INC. MILLER BREWING COMPANY PHILIP MORRIS U.S.A.

www.philipmorris.com

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OCTOBER ALMANAC



Demographics

In much of the country the peak season for rodent infestations begins this month, with the first cold snap of autumn; some 21 million homes are afflicted each year. Suburbanites are increasingly faced with a pest usually associated with urban living: the rat. Three consecutive mild winters have led rat populations in many cities to explode, causing the animals to migrate to the suburbs (just like people). Rats can gain entry into even seemingly secure homes: they have collapsible skeletons, and can therefore squeeze through dime-sized gaps around plumbing and telephone lines. Reviled for their tendency to carry fleas and viruses, rats may pose an even greater threat: house fires. With jaws capable of exerting up to 24,000 pounds of pressure per square inch, rats chew through electrical cables, starting an undetermined number of fires each year. Although federal aid for residential rat control was eliminated in the 1980s, affordable relief can still be found: Ratbusters, a nationwide organization of air-gun target shooters, will take on the rodents free.

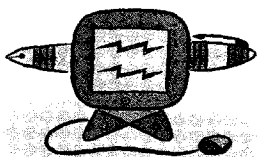
Expiring Patent

No. 4,408,884. Eyeglass Frame With Built-In Spare Key. "An eyeglass frame structure [including an carpiece] in the form of a key member; said key member includes thereon suitable ridges and grooves mateable with tumbler pins of an associated lock so as to allow said key member to be utilized to unlock such a lock."



The Skies

October's skies are host this year to a close pairing of Jupiter and Saturn. The planets will rise at about 10:00 P.M. at the beginning of the month and appear soon after dusk by the end, with Jupiter—the brighter of the two—on the left. October 13: Full Moon, also known this month as the Hunter's Moon and the Moon of the Freezing Water. 15: The Moon passes by Saturn. It forms a triangle with Jupiter and the bright reddish star Aldebaran on the following night. 22: The crescent Moon and Mars lie close together above the eastern horizon in the hour before sunrise.



Government

October 1: A federal law giving electronic signatures the same legal force as pen-and-ink ones takes effect today. The Electronic Signatures in Global and National Commerce Act was passed by an overwhelming majority in Congress and was signed into law in June. It is expected to save billions of dollars in travel, paper-processing, and express-delivery expenses, because customers will be able to open brokerage accounts, sign insurance contracts, and complete mortgages and other loans online. The law does not specify what forms electronic signatures may take; computer-security companies are exploring scanned versions of handwritten signatures, coded numbers and letters, digitized thumbprints, and images of users' faces or eyes. Electronic signatures of various kinds are already valid in most states and many foreign countries. 3: The first of three debates between the major presidential candidates takes place today. The subsequent debates will be held on October 11 and 17.



Health & Safety

The largest clinical study of the treatment of depression ever conducted in the United States gets under way this month, as doctors at 12 medical institutions around the country begin to investigate therapeutic options for "treatment-resistant" depression. The study is funded by the National Institute of Mental Health and is being overseen by the University of Texas Southwestern Medical Center; it will involve 4,000 patients and last for five years. Researchers will evaluate the efficacy of various combinations of medication and psychotherapy in patients who fail to benefit from an initial course of an antidepressant. Also this month revelers at the Oktoberfest in Munich, Germany, who participate in the tradition of dancing atop beer-garden tables should watch their step: another festival tradition is calf-biting. Two years ago a festivalgoer was hospitalized with necrotizing fasciitis, an infection caused by so-called flesh-eating bacteria, after being bitten on the leg by a woman he had never met; he required a skin transplant.

Arts & Letters

Viewers of public television's *ExxonMobil Masterpiece Theatre* may be surprised by the accents that greet them this month: after 30 years of importing British dramas, the program is turning to American literary classics. Its American Collection makes its debut this month with an adaptation of the short story "Cora Unashamed," by the Harlem Renaissance writer



Langston Hughes. Other works in the series will include *The American*, by Henry James; *The Song of the Lark*, by Willa Cather; *The Glass Menagerie*, by Tennessee Williams; *A Death in the Family*, by James Agee; and *Almost a Woman*, by Esmeralda Santiago. Also this month Sotheby's will auction the contents of Savannah's Mercer House—the site of the best-selling book and the film *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil*, which recounted the suspicious shooting of the owner's lover. The items to be auctioned include a 19th-century leather desk folio made for Czar Nicholas II and a collection of more than 100 pieces of Chinese porcelain shipwrecked in the South China Sea in 1752, called the Nanking Cargo. The auction is expected to bring in about \$1.5 million; the house itself has been for sale for more than a year.



50 Years Ago

Gilbert Seldes, writing in the October, 1950, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "The alert Mr. Goldwyn has discussed . . . the changes the movies must make in themselves if they are to be good television fare. The movies, he said, must go in for a broader style of acting because the subtle and delicate points now brought out on the screen would be lost on the small home receiver. . . . The argument reverses the truth; Mr. Goldwyn is like Mayor La Guardia: when he makes a mistake, it's a beaut. The style of acting in television is determined by the conditions of reception; there is simply no place for the florid gesture, the overprojection of emotion, the exaggeration of voice or grimace or movement, inside the average American living room."

19,500 ACRES IS A LOT OF OPEN SPACE.

ESPECIALLY WHEN YOUR STRIDE IS ONLY TWO INCHES LONG.



The Greater Prairie Chicken is one of several species to benefit from the latest conservation effort by Phillips Petroleum. Together with the National Fish and Wildlife Foundation, Phillips will help restore and manage 19,500 acres in northwestern Missouri, making it a safe haven for high-priority birds. Now breeding populations of Greater Prairie Chickens,

Henslow's Sparrows and Bobolinks will have an improved chance of survival. And the finished project will become the first of many bird conservation areas to eventually span the country. It's just one more way Phillips works to improve our world and why we're known as The Performance Company.

PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY



For a copy of our annual report, call 918-661-3700, write to: Phillips Annual Report, B-41, Adams Bldg., Bartlesville, OK 74004, or visit us at www.phillips66.com.

Better Living Through the Placebo Effect

It pays to believe

LATE in his life the famous chemist Linus Pauling devoted himself to curing the common cold. Perhaps, lying in bed one day filling paper bags with used tissues, he calculated just how much suffering this run-of-the-mill virus inflicts on humanity. Using statistics from standard medical texts, he would have concluded that over a lifetime the average person is subjected to some 24,000 hours of coughing, throat pain, congestion, and headache from colds. Though each cold is, of course, a relatively minor illness, most people's total accumulation of suffering from colds is immense. If he could cure the common cold, Pauling must have thought, or even alleviate its symptoms, he would be doing humanity a great service. At the age of seventy he claimed to have the answer: in his book *Vitamin C and the Common Cold* (1970) he argued that large doses of vitamin C could prevent the onset of colds or help to minimize their symptoms.

But there was a problem: Pauling had no real evidence to support his claim. On the contrary, at least sixteen studies, carried out before and since, have shown that vitamin C does not prevent colds; at best it may slightly reduce a cold's symptoms, but even this is widely disputed. Pauling's own laboratory came up with only the anemic finding that high doses of the vitamin could reduce the average number of symptomatic days per cold from 7.8 to 7.1.

Pauling's colleagues tried to be respectful to the man once considered the world's greatest scientist, but in private many snickered. Pauling must be senile. It was a shame to end such a brilliant career on a false note.

My brother, a doctor who also has a Ph.D. in neurophysiology, offers an alternative explanation. Perhaps Pauling was neither senile nor misguided. What if he was using psychology, instead of chemistry, in a culminating act to alleviate human suffering? He may have been counting on the drug that Steve Martin touted in one of his early stand-up routines, a pill that



made Martin feel ecstatic. "It's called," Martin would intone in a dramatic voice, "Plah-Cee-Bo."

Vitamin C may have no physiological effect on colds, but there is evidence for a strong psychosomatic component in people's susceptibility to colds. Researchers have shown that those who take a placebo in the early stages of a cold experience milder symptoms.

Some studies have found that the placebo effect can also palliate symptoms of asthma, sciatica, and even congestive heart failure and cancer. Cancer patients whose disease has spread to the bones are often treated with radioactive isotopes, which chemically bind to bone and alleviate pain, probably by killing adjacent

nerve endings. In numerous studies some patients were injected with a radioactive isotope and others with a placebo. Approximately 75 percent of those who got the chemical treatment reported partial or complete relief from their pain. However, about 30 percent of the placebo group also reported relief.

In the 1950s, in order to test the effectiveness of a new surgical treatment for angina, surgeons at the University of Kansas

Medical Center performed real operations on one group of patients and "placebo operations" on another group. The placebo

patients were told that they were going to have heart surgery. They were given a local anesthetic, and incisions were made in their chests. But no therapeutic procedure was performed—the surgeon simply fiddled around a bit in the chest wall for show. The patients left the hospital with scars and with pain at the incision sites; they had no reason to believe they had not undergone the proper surgery. Seventy percent of the patients who had had the real surgery reported long-term improvement; *all* the placebo patients did. Many declared themselves fully cured and returned to physically demanding jobs.

Pauling would certainly have been aware of the placebo research. He was also undoubtedly aware of the authority he commanded as the winner of Nobel Prizes in chemistry (1954) and

by Marshall Jon Fisher

FILMMAKER

Robert Townsend: Actor, director, motivational speaker,
champion of the underdog, believes in the healing power of laughter.

STAR



2001 Lincoln Navigator: 300 horsepower, front and side airbags, available climate control seats, power adjustable pedals, available navigational system, premium audio system.



LINCOLN
AMERICAN LUXURY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Atlantic connection

ALIBRIS

www.alibris.com

AMAZON.COM

www.amazon.com

AMERICAN HONDA MOTOR CO., INC.

honda.com

AMERITRADE

www.ameritrade.com

CADILLAC DEVILLE DTS

www.cadillac.com

CHRYSLER

800-CHRYSLER

EQUAL EXCHANGE

www.equalexchange.com

MORGAN STANLEY DEAN WITTER

FAMILY OF FUNDS

800-THE-DEAN

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

www.beyonddiscovery.org

NUVEEN

nuveen.com

PBS

pbs.org

PHRMA

www.searchforcures.org

PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY

phillips66.com

PHOENIX WEALTH MANAGEMENTSM

800-753-1516

SAAB

www.saabusa.com

SATURN

www.saturn.com

SHELL OIL COMPANY

countonshell.com

STATE FARM

statefarm.com

STEAMBOAT SKI AREA

www.steamboat-ski.com

SUBARU

www.subaru.com

TIAA-CREF

www.tiaa-cref.org

TOYOTA AND THE ENVIRONMENT

www.toyota.com/ecologic

UNITED PARCEL SERVICE

www.ups.com

VISA

www.visa.com

WINESHOPPER.COM

www.wineshopper.com

WORLD EXPLORER CRUISES

800-325-2752

CALL THE TOLL-FREE NUMBERS AND
VISIT THESE WEB SITES TODAY!

www.theatlantic.com/store

peace (1962). If he declared that vitamin C prevented colds, people would believe it. And if they believed it, then it would be true. And so, my brother's theory goes, he pronounced his "discovery," knowing that it was false but that it would nonetheless alleviate an enormous amount of suffering until a real cure could be found.

Pauling claimed that he himself took 12,000 milligrams of vitamin C a day, and 40,000 whenever he felt a cold coming on (the Food and Drug Administration's recommendation is sixty milligrams a day). He spent decades defending his theory and his reputation. He also declared that vitamin C was effective in treating heart disease and other serious illnesses. And he swore that vitamin C had enabled him to fight off prostate cancer for twenty years. (He succumbed to the disease in 1994, at the age of ninety-three.) Most scientists took all this as a sign of senility. But, one could argue, Pauling would have *had* to feign absolute belief in order to foment a worldwide placebo effect.

In the end, the fact that Pauling advocated such high doses of vitamin C—much higher than needed for a placebo effect, and so high that dangerous side effects could occur—casts doubt on this explanation. It's more likely, my brother admits, that Pauling did take leave of some of his faculties. Still, the Pauling Placebo, whether intentional or not, has surely worked. Over the years, Pauling's declarations have diffused throughout the public consciousness. Millions of people, many of whom have never heard of Linus Pauling, have taken vitamin C to ward off colds. And many of them have unquestionably benefited.

Another supposed antidote to the common cold recently hit the market, in the form of zinc lozenges. A 1996 study published in the *Annals of Internal Medicine* showed that cold patients who took zinc lozenges were relieved of symptoms three days sooner than patients who did not. A few other studies confirmed this result, but an equal number found that zinc had no effect. Many doctors, including my brother, suspect that the zinc lozenges, too, are mainly placebos. Not that that diminishes their effectiveness. In fact, my brother starts popping zinc whenever he feels a sore throat coming on. This may be the first time someone has deliberately used a placebo to cure himself. Once I made the mistake of referring to the refut-

ative studies, and my brother cut me off. "Don't talk about that!" he said. "You'll ruin my placebo effect!"

Those of us unable to get around this Catch-22—unable, that is, to believe something that we know will be true only if we believe it—pay for our clearheadedness. Neither vitamin C nor zinc staves off our colds; we stay home drinking tea and mixing and matching antihistamines and decongestants, cough suppressants and expectorants, while our more gullible friends are out enjoying tennis and the theater. And our pain is not limited to the physical. For instance, it must be a great comfort to believe in God. But how can one believe simply because one knows that belief would provide comfort?

The placebo-resistant are also less successful in life. Most people agree that self-confidence is an advantage in almost any endeavor. It helps talented people to fulfill—and to market—their talent; it also helps people *without* much talent to succeed beyond any reasonable expectation. Many people, though, the talented and the untalented alike, are less successful than they might be, owing to low self-esteem. They are unable to believe in themselves just because that belief would be self-fulfilling. Instead they watch helplessly as others rise through the ranks above them, buoyed by robust, if sometimes delusional, self-assurance.

The last few times I've had a cold, it's been followed by a cold sore that made me recall my scratchy throat and stuffed nose with nostalgia. When I complained to my brother, he told me about some studies that have shown vitamin E and vitamin C with citrus bioflavonoids to be effective against cold sores. The next time I saw him, he gave me a bottle of each. I scrutinized his expression. Was he on the level? Or was he trying to ease my suffering by creating a placebo effect? I had never heard of the studies he'd mentioned, but as a layperson, I probably wouldn't have. It didn't seem worth spending hours in a medical library just to try to prove the pills useless.

The next time I got a cold, I took the vitamins. And I didn't get a cold sore. I started taking the vitamins whenever I felt the slightest symptoms of a cold, and I haven't developed a cold sore since. Did the vitamins work? Did my belief in the vitamins work? Or have I just been lucky this year? I don't know, and I don't want to know. ☞

The book is FREE ...

ALASKA

The experience is priceless.

Awaken dreams of legendary wonders, see wildlife, catch trophy-sized fish and meet the people who call this playground home. You'll find it all and words of friendly advice in the FREE official Alaska travel guide. Simply mail us the reply card or write:

Alaska Vacation Planner Dept. 155
P.O. Box 196710
Anchorage, AK 99519-6710

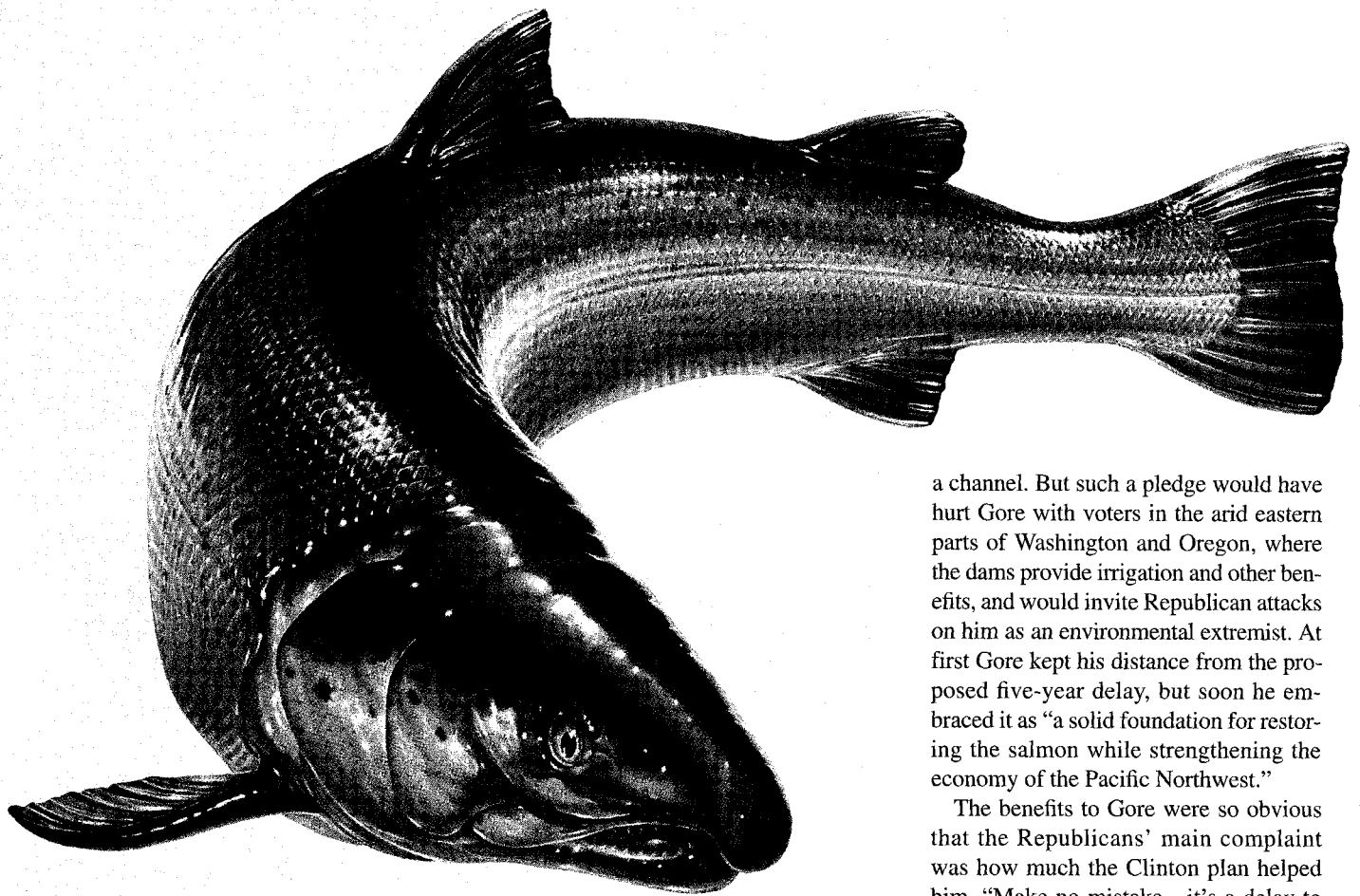
<http://usm.travelalaska.com>

★★★★★ Respect The Land We Love

Mt. McKinley, Denali National Park & Preserve.

Inset: Alaska Native in Kotzebue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Saving Salmon, or Seattle?

The Northwest is obsessed with the fate of salmon—except that, as is often true, the battle is really over how people want to live

IN mid-July, *USA Today* broke the biggest political news of the year for the Pacific Northwest: the Clinton Administration was about to reveal its plan to save the endangered wild salmon of the region, and the plan would *not* include partly removing, or breaching, four dams on the lower Snake River, in the southeastern corner of Washington State. For the past several years these dams have been the object of mounting controversy among environmentalists, industrial groups, farmers, and politicians.

by James Fallows

The Administration said that for at least the next five years a variety of other recovery measures would be given a try.

The Administration made the announcement because federal court rulings required it to take a stand on the dams, but in so doing it also solved a political problem for Al Gore. The environmental groups that were Gore's natural allies had been pushing him hard for a commitment to breach the dams—that is, to leave the concrete portions in place but remove the adjacent earthworks to create

a channel. But such a pledge would have hurt Gore with voters in the arid eastern parts of Washington and Oregon, where the dams provide irrigation and other benefits, and would invite Republican attacks on him as an environmental extremist. At first Gore kept his distance from the proposed five-year delay, but soon he embraced it as "a solid foundation for restoring the salmon while strengthening the economy of the Pacific Northwest."

The benefits to Gore were so obvious that the Republicans' main complaint was how much the Clinton plan helped him. "Make no mistake—it's a delay to give Vice President Al Gore cover until after the election," Senator Slade Gorton, of Washington, a Republican and a strong supporter of the dams, said as soon as the moratorium was announced. Republicans could complain about little else: at face value the plan made sense. The Administration was saying that it would try less drastic steps to help salmon before resorting to the most costly, least readily reversed measures.

The plan seemed anything but sensible to the coalition of groups that had been demanding immediate breaching of the dams: "We are shocked and disappointed by the lack of vision," Mark Van Putten, the president of the National Wildlife Federation, said when news of the impending decision was leaked. Representatives of Friends of the Earth, American Rivers, Defenders of Wildlife, and other conservation groups added their disapproval of the plan when it was officially confirmed, a week later. Chris Zimmer, of Save Our Wild Salmon, a coalition of environmental and fishing groups, said his organization was "deeply disappointed" by the delay. Rob Masonis, of American Rivers, told me, "Our paramount concern is the dis-

SINCE **BV** 1900



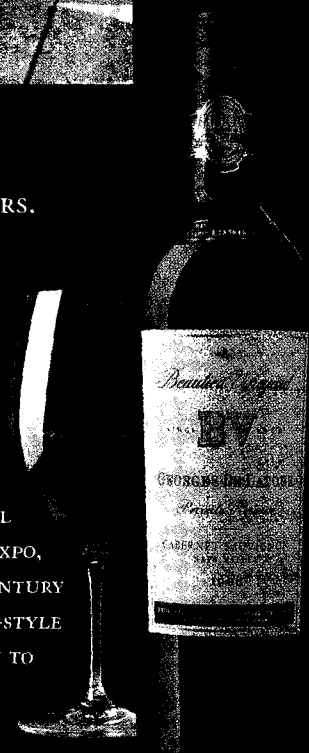
WE'VE SURVIVED PROHIBITION, THE DEPRESSION, AND TWO WORLD WARS.
YES, OUR WINES HAVE CHARACTER.

Signature

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, GEORGES DE LATOUR FOUNDED BEAULIEU VINEYARD WITH JUST A FEW ACRES AND ENORMOUS DEDICATION. HIS EFFORTS WERE RECOGNIZED AT THE FIRST NATIONAL WINE JUDGING SINCE THE START OF PROHIBITION, THE 1939 GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPO, WHERE BV RECEIVED THE GRAND SWEEPSTAKES AWARD. FITTINGLY, AT THE END OF THE CENTURY BV AGAIN WON TOP TROPHY, BEATING 1500 ENTRIES TO RECEIVE BEST CABERNET/BORDEAUX-STYLE WINE AT THE 1999 INTERNATIONAL WINE CHALLENGE IN LONDON. WE PROUDLY INVITE YOU TO CELEBRATE OUR CENTENNIAL BY ENJOYING ONE OF OUR FINE FAMILY OF WINES.

OF PASSIONATE WINEMAKING.

For more information about BV and our Wine Story, call 800-875-5860 or visit www.bv-wine.com. Please enjoy BV responsibly. ©2000 Beauvillain.



placement of dam removal as the principal recovery tool." In late August the Seattle City Council endorsed getting rid of the dams. On the other side, representatives of the Bonneville Power Administration—which distributes and sells electricity from the four disputed dams—and of the big power-consuming industries in the region said they were concerned that the standards for "sufficient" salmon recovery would be subjective enough to make whatever happens in the next five years seem a "failure" and therefore would dictate dam breaching as the next step. James Buchal, a lawyer in Portland, Oregon, and the author of a skeptical point-by-point response to anti-dam arguments, called *The Great Salmon Hoax* (1998), also predicted that the dams would face very high "flow requirements"—obligations to draw down their reservoirs by releasing water over the spillways, in an

*Perversely, the
pro-salmon, anti-dam
movement now has
a stake in whatever is
bad for the fish.*

attempt to simulate fast-flowing streams. These, he said, would reduce their power-generating potential so significantly that "they will make dam removal the cheap way out."

In some political interactions—coming up with a tax bill, for example—a balance of complaints may indicate that something like the right result has been reached. But in other disputes—say, land claims in the Middle East—grievance from all sides means that the dispute is likely to persist. The salmon controversy, I fear, will be like the Middle East.

In Washington and Oregon this year's salmon runs have been the strongest in many years. The perverse reality is that the main threat to the anti-dam movement is the possibility that salmon runs will continue to recover over the next five years. The anti-dam forces say this can't happen, because the dams are the real problem, and if the salmon stock does somehow recover, it will be an anomaly,

like one cold summer in the midst of a global warming trend—or, more to the point, like this year's huge returns of salmon up and down the Northwest coast. Nonetheless, the anti-dam movement now has a short-term stake in whatever is bad for the fish. Last year Washington voters considered a ballot initiative that would have banned gill-netting for salmon—a destructive and indiscriminating means of fishing. In my naiveté as a newcomer to the region (I had lived there less than a year at the time), I assumed that if salmon were endangered, catching fewer of them would be helpful, so I voted for the initiative. But many environmental groups stood shoulder to shoulder with commercial fishermen in criticizing the initiative, arguing that it would divert attention and political pressure from the "real problem"—the dams. The initiative lost. Such odd alliances and "intensify the contradictions" thinking have only become more likely because of the Administration's new plan.

THERE'S a deeper problem, too—or so I thought as I ended an eighteen-month residence in Seattle, last summer. The standoff over fish and dams reflects other tensions generated by the region's rapid growth and spectacular wealth. Seattle thinks of itself as more unspoiled, closer to nature, and less materialistic and overbuilt than southern California—the local synonym for hell. It considers itself more laid-back and unpretentious than San Francisco, more racially tolerant than any city on the East Coast, less class-bound than other cities of its size.

One can see the basis for all these views. The natural setting is spectacular, and people are always heading out to hike or go kayaking. Informality prevails. I wore a necktie maybe half a dozen times while I lived there. The city is a haven for mixed-race couples; I believe the local claims that Seattle has a higher proportion of black-white married couples than any other major city. The parks, marinas, bicycle trails, and lakefront swimming zones are abundant, well maintained, and accessible. Poor people in Brooklyn might open a fire hydrant to cool down; poor people in Seattle are never more than a mile or two from a nice beach. If the climate were not so dark and rainy (every day I didn't wear a tie, I wore a Polartec vest), everyone would want to live here.

At the same time, one can see the ways

in which this reality is under assault—largely because of tech wealth. Years ago, when Boeing and Weyerhaeuser were the biggest local employers, a little bungalow on Lake Washington was a realistic ambition for the average working family. Now thousands of tech millionaires, plus a few billionaires, have bid waterfront property out of reach of the average or even the professional family. Self-pitying Seattle news reports notwithstanding, freeway congestion is not as bad as in New York or Los Angeles, but there is a high concentration of construction vehicles on Seattle's roads, because malls, subdivisions, and office developments are being thrown up nonstop. People with money often buy extra homes, so fancy weekend retreats have sprung up in Seattle's hinterland, from the San Juan Islands to the Olympic Peninsula to the Methow Valley, in the Cascades.

All this activity necessarily puts a strain on the forests, meadows, waterfronts, and mountain streams that are part of the Northwest's historical identity. And this brings us back to the salmon debate.

EVERY party to the dispute seems to be talking about the same thing: protecting salmon, which require particular river conditions in order to spawn. But in reality people are using similar terms to describe at least three different goals: protecting the fish themselves, in the sense that giant pandas or rhinos or blue whales are protected against threats to their existence as a species; maintaining fisheries, whose purpose is to allow fishermen to catch and people to eat the fish; and preserving the wild natural environment in which the fish spawn. Two hundred years ago, before a substantial white population had settled in the region and before the rise of industrial-scale fishing and industrial manipulation of the environment, there was no need to distinguish any of these goals from the others. Many Northwest tribes took a heavy but sustainable toll on the salmon runs, in an unspoiled river environment. But now the logical steps for achieving the three goals diverge significantly—and there is little honest discussion about which goal should take precedence.

Officially, everyone is primarily concerned with protecting populations of fish that might otherwise become extinct. Seventeen types of Northwest salmon are "listed" under the Endangered Species Act, which contains a variety of absolute

Insights that stick.



© 2000 Imagine Media, Inc. All rights reserved. Insights that stick is a logo of Imagine Media, Inc.

Sometimes they spark right away. Other times, they linger, and then when you aren't expecting a thing, they hit. Or, click. Or whatever, exactly happens when an idea gets inside you and leaves you completely inspired. Looking for perspective on the New Economy? Look to the discerning analysis and scope of Business 2.0. Online, on television, at events worldwide and at business2.com.

BUSINESS2.0®



prohibitions against any measures that might harm a protected type. Legally, salmon's situation is more complicated than that of many other species. The problem is the tension between the ESA and a different set of guarantees: long-standing treaties between the U.S. government and Northwest tribes, granting them rights in perpetuity to take salmon from their traditional fishing grounds. In principle, no one knows which guarantee would win out, because there has never been a court case directly pitting ESA protections against treaty fishing rights. In practice, the conflict has been finessed by yearly negotiations over how many fish the tribes can take. This has in turn justified continued nontribal fishing, because many of the treaties hold that the tribes will "share" the fish of certain rivers with other fishermen.

There is a biological complication, too: in this case what the ESA is protecting is

*For most people in
the Pacific Northwest,
the ideal is to eat
the salmon and have
them, too.*

not exactly a species, in the normal sense of the term. A "species" usually means all animals that can interbreed. By this definition there are only six species of Pacific salmon—Chinook, sockeye, coho, chum, pink, and cherry (the Atlantic salmon is a separate species)—none of which is threatened with extinction. Salmon of all but one of these species abound in Alaska, and hatcheries are capable of producing millions of the fish to keep the species alive. But for salmon the ESA has been applied not to entire species but to "distinct population segments" or "evolutionarily significant units." These are, essentially, populations of Chinook, sockeye, coho, or other salmon that spawn in particular geographic areas—streams, lakes, watersheds. If the salmon runs returning to a specific stream diminish, then that "unit" is listed and must be protected.

The usual argument in favor of this fine-grained approach to preservation is that it maximizes the genetic diversity of the

entire salmon population: Chinook that spawn in June in the Columbia River are different from Chinook that spawn in September in the Snake River. The usual counterargument is that any population of salmon, with their tremendous fecundity, contains enormous genetic potential, and salmon have proved themselves highly adaptable, rather than fragile, in the past. A small proportion of salmon seem predisposed to return to a different stream from the one where they were spawned, promoting spread of the species. A hundred years ago, for example, there were no native Chinook populations in the rivers of New Zealand. Several loads of Chinook eggs from a single run on the Sacramento River were shipped there, and now at least five of New Zealand's river systems have established "self-sustaining" runs, with different spawning schedules and visible differences among fish that all descended from the same stock. Moreover, because hatcheries have been running full tilt in the Pacific Northwest for more than a century, it is difficult to imagine that many "pure" wild runs, with no hatchery genetic material in their lineage, remain. Nonetheless, the unit interpretation prevails, with the Twilight Zone implication that special listed fish swim in the ocean and in the rivers among their more numerous unprotected fellows, and it's often impossible to tell the two apart. Some, but not all, hatchery fish have their fins clipped in a way that identifies them after they've been caught. So an oceangoing trawler that hauls up a fish with unclipped fins may have caught a wild Chinook—or it may have snared just another hatchery fish. No one can tell, and in either case the fish is dead.

If the objective really were to do whatever is necessary—but only what is necessary—to ensure the survival of each salmon run, then the logical path would be clear. Some important variables that affect the salmon's welfare are beyond direct human control. There is increasing evidence that changes in ocean conditions, especially fluctuations in ocean temperature through roughly twenty-year cycles, have an enormous impact on salmon stocks. When the northern Pacific gets warmer, as it has for most of the past decade, salmon runs generally get smaller and the fish move northward, toward Alaskan rivers. When the Pacific gets cooler, as it seems to have done in the past year, stocks recover and the fish move south. As of this writing, Alaskan rivers

have had smaller runs this year than in any other year of the past decade; more Chinook returned this spring to the Columbia River, between Oregon and Washington, than have done so since 1938.

Among the variables people can directly control, the most obvious is the rate at which salmon are fished. Step one in a campaign to preserve most other endangered wildlife is to stop destroying it on purpose. This has proved crucial for fish: many major stocks have been fished to the point of exhaustion and have then begun to recover after fishing limits or moratoriums were slapped on. Cod, herring, shad, swordfish, striped bass, various crabs and clams, and many other forms of marine life have been through the depletion part of the cycle; shad and striped bass have begun to rebound.

Northwest salmon populations have been through the cycle several times in the past century. Industrial-scale fishing boomed 150 years ago, when advances in canning technology made it feasible to ship Pacific salmon around the world. By the end of the nineteenth century, salmon runs were collapsing throughout the Northwest. From then on, hatcheries propped up the salmon populations. Through the past century salmon runs on rivers from Oregon to Alaska have risen and fallen largely in response to changes in fishing technology and other aspects of "harvest pressure." A chart of salmon runs in rivers along the Pacific coast over the past century would show curves mainly rising and falling in sync. "Mainstem coho," which spawn in the downstream reaches of the Columbia and do not encounter even one dam, follow these patterns.

All of this suggests that factors affecting the salmon population as a whole, such as changes in sea conditions and advances in fishing technology, are at least as urgent as stream-by-stream changes and the impact of dams. This is a conclusion that anti-dam groups vehemently dispute. "To say that the problem is not the dams just because there are problems in undammed rivers is to deal with the subject at such a simplistic level that it makes all argument moot," Rob Masonis, of American Rivers, told me. "You have to look habitat by habitat and stock by stock."

Still, emergency steps for any other endangered species probably start with controls on commercial harvesting—think of the crackdown on traffic in rhino horns

HURDLES ON THE ROAD TO YOUR FINANCIAL SUCCESS?



JUMP START YOUR INVESTMENT PLAN TODAY WITH TIAA-CREF.

The high fees and expenses charged by investment companies can seriously erode performance results. The TIAA-CREF pension accounts have some of the lowest expense charges in the financial services industry, one of the reasons why *Morningstar* says that "TIAA-CREF sets the standard in the financial services industry."

TIAA-CREF has been the retirement system of choice for millions of educators and researchers for over 80 years. The TIAA-CREF group of companies has a proven history of helping people plan for tomorrow. Today, our mutual funds, IRAs, personal retirement annuities,¹ trust services and tuition plans are available to everyone.

Call 800 226-0147 for more information about TIAA-CREF's products and services, including charges and expenses, or for mutual fund and personal annuity prospectuses. Please read them carefully before you invest or send money.



Ensuring the future for
those who shape it.^{2d}

RETIREMENT | INSURANCE | MUTUAL FUNDS | TRUST SERVICES | TUITION FINANCING

Past performance is not a guarantee of future results. | [†]Availability subject to state approval. | ^{*}Source: *Morningstar*, June 2000, referring to the TIAA-CREF pension accounts' consumer education, service and low fees | TIAA-CREF Individual and Institutional Services, Inc. distributes CREF and TIAA Real Estate variable annuities. • Teachers Personal Investor Services, Inc. distributes the Personal Annuities variable annuities, Mutual Funds, and Tuition Savings Agreements. • TIAA and TIAA-CREF Life Insurance Co. issue insurance and annuities. • TIAA-CREF Trust Company, FSB provides Trust Services. © 2000 TIAA-CREF and TIAA-CREF Life Insurance Companies, NY, NY • Investment products are not FDIC insured, may lose value and are not bank guaranteed.

800 226-0147
www.tiaa-cref.org

TIAA-CREF proudly sponsors



A new and informative newsmagazine about money every week on PBS

[check local listings for airtimes]

and ocelot hides. Harvest limits have been the first step for other fish. A separate topic of debate centers on pressure on salmon from other species: seals and sea lions, which though now abundant are still legally protected, may well eat as many salmon as fishermen take. The world's largest colony of Caspian terns, which established itself in the 1980s on a man-made island in the Columbia estuary, also eats significant quantities of young fish. When pressed, anti-dam advocates will agree that controls on fishing, or even management of predator species, could be involved in an action agenda. Indeed, all parties to the dispute agree that any recovery scheme must include the "4 Hs": improving *habitat*, so that the adult fish have places to lay their eggs; managing *hatcheries*, so that their progeny don't crowd out vulnerable wild fish; monitoring the impact of *hydropower*, which means the dams; and limiting *harvest*.

The difference is priority and emphasis. In their press releases, working papers, and even off-the-cuff comments, representatives of the anti-dam groups say, with consistency and a tone of utter certainty, "the science is telling us" and "the scientists say" that the dams are so overwhelmingly at fault that talking about anything else is a waste of time. Even a few months' immersion in the issue, however, makes plain that "the science" is quite a bit sketchier and more contradictory than that. (For those interested in looking further, the online version of this article, at www.theatlantic.com/salmon, provides links to scientific studies and arguments for and against dams.)

Because the science is disputed, a strategy truly aimed at saving fish would try the fastest, cheapest, and most easily reversible remedies first. By anyone's reckoning, removing dams would come near the bottom of the list. The breaching process would be slow, expensive, and essentially irreversible. The anti-dam groups partly accept this logic, in that they talk about removing the four smallest and least economically valuable dams on the Columbia-Snake river system—but not four big dams on the lower Columbia, through which the salmon must also pass, or the gargantuan Grand Coulee, on the upper Columbia, which totally blocks upstream salmon passage but which also is one of the three largest power-generating facilities in the world. Yet despite their ac-

ceptance of cost-benefit logic in regard to these more imposing dams, the anti-dam groups are absolutist about the four dams they think they have a chance to remove.

THE real agenda underlying the salmon debate becomes clear only in light of unresolved questions about development and preservation in the high-tech Northwest. The Endangered Species Act is concerned with protecting the fish and nothing more, but for most people in the region, the ideal is to eat the fish and have them, too. An important part of the region's self-image is tied up not just with eating salmon but with the idea that they're waiting to be caught. It is a land of limitless abundance that everyone fears is being lost.

An episode on the Fourth of July illustrated this attitude. The house where my wife and I lived in Seattle had a dramatic view of Lake Washington. On the Fourth we awoke to see it covered with hundreds of small craft. The front page of *The Seattle Times* carried the explanation: for the first time in four years a sockeye-fishing season had just been opened on the lake.

The background of the story was testament to the adaptive vigor of salmon, and implicitly another strike against the idea that dams are the real problem. Before Seattle was heavily developed, Lake Washington supported a large population of lake-spawning "kokanee" salmon, and perhaps a smaller population of sockeye salmon, which unlike the kokanee must make their way to the ocean to mature. Around the time of World War I locks and other construction projects, which lowered the lake's level, blocked access to the sea for whatever sockeye were then in the lake. In the 1930s sockeye eggs were transplanted into the lake, and the salmon established a run that made its way to and from the sea via the Ballard Locks. The size of the run rose and fell, apparently for natural reasons, but in 1988 a local fishing writer named Brad O'Connor discovered that sockeye would bite a bare, unbaited hook. The daily limits at the time were as high as six fish a day per angler. Fishing increased; the sockeye population went down. In most years fishing was banned, and the population recovered, to this year's robust level. All this occurred with no change in locks, dams, or habitat.

The opening of this summer's season was greeted with V-J Day-style glee in the local press; this was the Northwest life-

style everyone wanted to bring back. Yet there was, so to speak, a catch. A spokesman for the National Marine Fisheries Service was quoted in the paper as saying that a number of "listed" Chinook salmon were out in the lake with the sockeye, and anglers "may in fact catch some"; if they did, they would just "have to release them safely back into the water." Anyone who has seen this done knows how euphemistic that "safely" is. If the goal really were only species preservation, no fishing that might accidentally harm an endangered fish would be allowed. But if the goal—or at least an additional goal—is preserving the fishing lifestyle, then the effect on the Chinook is an acceptable cost. The surest route to "paving the river with salmon," in a favored regional phrase, would be to maximize hatchery operations, use technical means to increase the survival of young salmon en route to the sea (for instance, putting them in tanks and sending the tanks downriver by barge), shoo off the Caspian terns and sea lions, and not worry so much about what happens to the endangered runs.

Pursuit of this vision is complicated by the ESA and also by the debate's underlying—and usually unspoken—agenda. That is the desire to limit the development of pristine territory, and to return rivers where possible to their unspoiled, pre-dammed condition—not necessarily for the sake of the salmon. Arguments about dams increasingly turn on the phrase "normative river," which means a river in as close to its original condition as possible. Couching the argument like this is a way of obviating scientific disagreements over what approach will produce the most salmon. Dams are the antithesis of normative rivers, and therefore must go.

If you've seen the difference between dammed and undammed rivers, it's hard to dismiss the normative-rivers plea. In late June I spent a day flying over the eight dams that lower Snake River salmon must traverse—the four big ones on the Columbia and the four objects of controversy on the lower Snake—and then circled up to central Washington to view the Grand Coulee. I spent half the time marveling at the ambition that created the structures, and the other half appalled at how radically the natural landscape had been transformed. The debate about whether this transformation should be undone is worth carrying out on its own terms—not on the backs of the fish. ☛

Janet wants to make it stick.

The "Under 18, No Tobacco. We Card" sign, that is. As a major sponsor of the "We Card" program, Philip Morris U.S.A. sales managers like Janet Rodriguez help provide retailers with the tools and training they need to spot fake IDs and uphold the law. "We Card" is a part of Philip Morris U.S.A.'s comprehensive effort to help prevent youth smoking. To learn more, visit philipmorrisusa.com/ysp.

Working to make a difference.

THE PEOPLE OF THE PHILIP MORRIS COMPANIES



PHILIP
MORRIS
U.S.A.



© 2000 Philip Morris Companies Inc.

Legal age 19 in Alabama, Alaska and Utah

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Shoot to Kill

In the post-Columbine world, police departments all over America are adopting new, no-nonsense SWAT-team tactics

HIS ears ringing from gunfire, his uniform damp with sweat, his breath labored and acrid-tasting from the gunpowder in the air, Officer Larry Layman ran heavily down a hallway toward an insistent *pop-pop-pop*. A gunman was running through a school shooting children, and Layman

by Timothy Harper

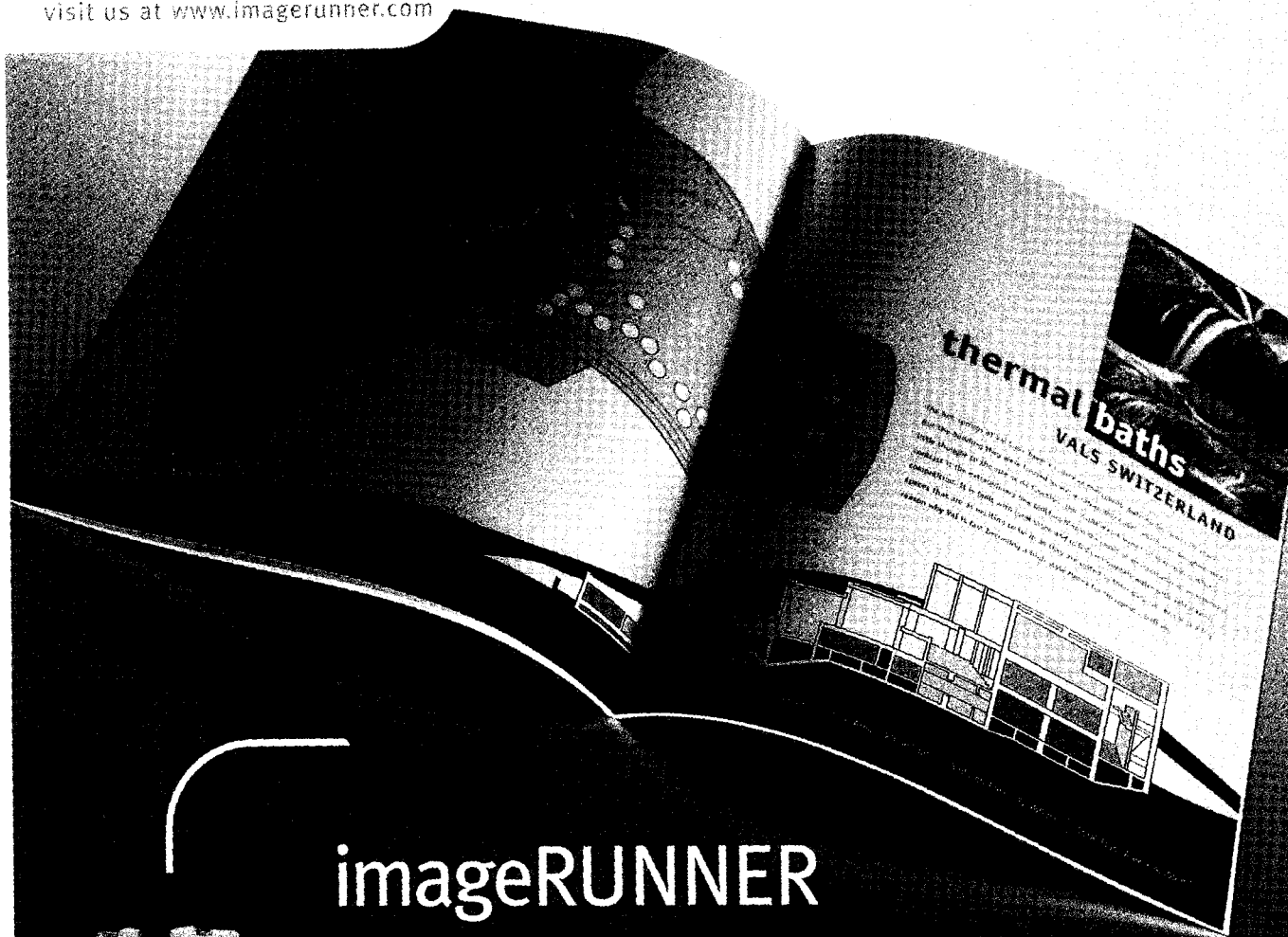
was chasing him. Layman rounded a corner, holding his gun in front of him with two stiff arms, and stopped dead. The gunman stood facing him, with an arm around a hostage's neck and a gun held to the hostage's head. "Drop your gun or I'll blow his head off!" the gunman screamed. Layman, a police offi-

cer for more than half his fifty years, had been trained always to drop his gun at a moment like this. Now he fired.

This was only a training exercise. But the point of this training is something radically new and different, and it is unsettling for Larry Layman, his fellow officers in Peoria, Illinois, and thousands of other law-enforcement officers across the country. Historically, the police in the United States have employed a standard response when confronted with armed suspects in schools, malls, banks, post offices, and other heavily populated buildings. The first officers to arrive never rushed in. Instead they set up perimeters and controlled the scene. They tried to

Above: making a rapid-response training film at a high school in Doylestown, Pennsylvania

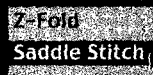
Call 1-800-OK-CANON, or
visit us at www.imagerunner.com



imageRUNNER finishes documents others can't even start.

Imagine creating 200-page, three-hole-punch documents right from your desktop.

The Canon imageRUNNER 600 Digital Production System lets you do just that.



With ingeniously easy-to-operate Canon document finishing software and the touch of a mouse,
the imageRUNNER 600 enables you to saddle-stitch booklets, side-staple reports, plus z-fold
and index as you see fit. So look into the Canon imageRUNNER 600. Then, look out.



imageRUNNER 600

Canon KNOW HOW™

IMAGEANYWARE™ is a service mark of Canon U.S.A., Inc. IMAGERUNNER and Canon Know How are trademarks of Canon Inc. © 2000 Canon U.S.A., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

contain the suspects, and called in a rigorously trained Special Weapons and Tactics (SWAT) team. The SWAT team arrived, assumed positions to keep the suspects pinned down, and negotiated with them until they surrendered. SWAT teams stormed buildings only when necessary to save lives, such as when hostages were being executed one by one.

Today, however, police officers are setting aside traditional tactics. They are being taught to enter a building if they are the first to arrive at the scene, to chase the gunman, and to kill or disable him as quickly as possible. This sweeping change in police tactics—variously called rapid-response, emergency-response, or first-responder—is a direct result of the shootings that occurred at Columbine High School, in Littleton, Colorado, on April 20 of last year, which was the worst in a series of shootings in schools across the United States in the 1990s. Two students armed with bombs and guns invaded Columbine and wandered through the school, firing indiscriminately. Twelve students and a teacher died, and twenty-three other students were wounded. The shooters took their own lives.

The first 911 call from Columbine that day came at 11:19 A.M. Nearly all the victims were shot during the next seventeen minutes, according to a reconstruction released a year later by the Jefferson County Sheriff's Department. The report noted that a deputy sheriff reached the scene at 11:23, four minutes after the call. Many more officers—eventually nearly a thousand of them—quickly converged on the school. But the first policemen to go in—a five-man SWAT team, moving cautiously—did not enter the school until 12:06, forty-three minutes after the first officers had arrived. The two shooters killed themselves at 12:08. Some of the wounded were not brought out until after 3:00 P.M. The teacher, reportedly, died from loss of blood before the paramedics reached him.

Fifteen families of Columbine victims have filed lawsuits against Jefferson County, and several of those suits claim that lives could have been saved if the police had entered the school sooner. The consensus among law-enforcement authorities across the country is that Columbine was handled by the book—but that the book should be rewritten. The traditional police response was designed for dealing with trapped bank robbers, an-

gry husbands, or disgruntled employees—not with disaffected teenagers running through a school killing as many people as possible.

Larry Glick, the executive director of the National Tactical Officers Association, says that Columbine almost immediately became a seminal event in the history of police training and tactics. Most of the nation's 17,000 police agencies, he says, especially the roughly 2,000 agencies with fifty or more officers, have instituted new rapid-response training programs in the past year. These programs are intended to train all police officers—not just SWAT teams—to respond swiftly and aggressively if they are among the first officers on the scene. Glick's association, with 37,000 members from 3,500 participating police agencies, teaches SWAT specialists to retrain their fellow officers, including everyday patrolmen like Larry Layman.

"The time line of the violence—from the time the shooting begins until it's over—is short," Glick says. "Traditional police responses just may not cut it." Typically, he says, an officer arrives on the scene within three or four minutes, but it takes thirty to sixty minutes to muster a SWAT team. Under the new training, the first four or five officers on a scene, no matter what their rank or experience, form a "contact team" and go in. "Their sole purpose is to move right to the shooter and stop him, using whatever force is necessary," Glick says. The contact team is supposed to pursue gunmen, pressure them to keep moving, and prevent them from taking over populated areas. (The Columbine killers seized the school library, where they killed ten and wounded twelve of their victims.)

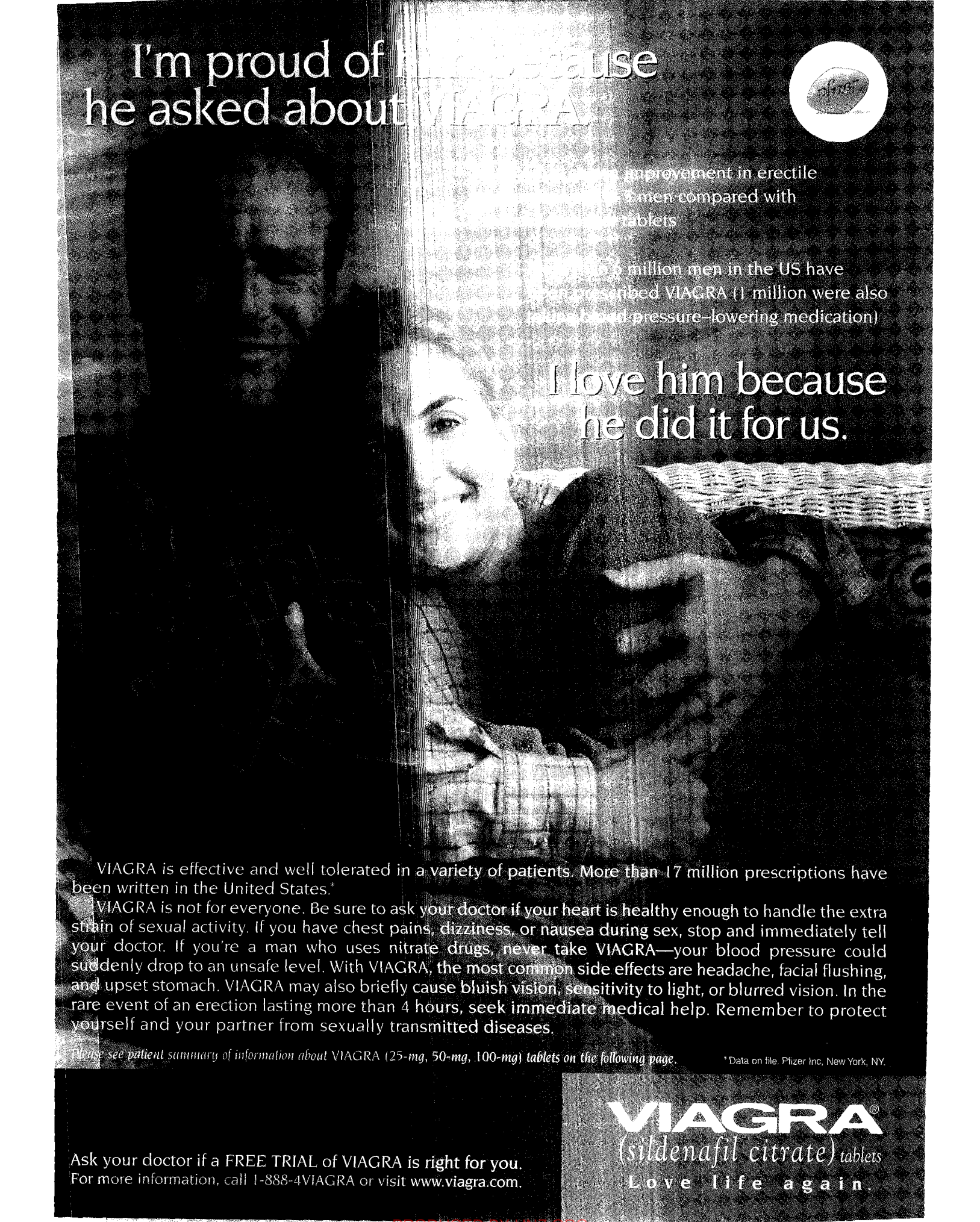
The training simulates the horror and confusion of a Columbine-style shooting. Bombs explode. Water gushes from broken pipes and rains down from sprinkler systems. The lights go off. Trainers acting like madmen fire "simunitions"—nonlethal bullets that splatter paint on contact—at the trainees. Other trainers, acting as innocent bystanders or wounded victims, run toward the officers, pleading for help. Officers were traditionally trained to help the wounded and evacuate bystanders. Now they are taught to step over the wounded, push bystanders aside, and keep pursuing the shooters. In the past SWAT marksmen were expected to put a shooter down. Now every officer is

instructed to "take the shot if you have it." Glick acknowledges that the fear of lawsuits is one factor behind the new tactics. "Do lawsuits drive training?" he says. "Absolutely. But the bottom line is that this training can save lives."

THE day after Columbine, municipal officials and police chiefs across the nation asked their SWAT team leaders, "If it had happened here, what would have been the result?" They received answers similar to the one that Sergeant Jeff Adams, a longtime SWAT team leader and trainer in Peoria, gave: "The same thing would have happened here." Adams and other trainers for Peoria's Special Response Team (which, he says, was renamed because "SWAT" emphasizes weapons) went through their own retraining last winter. In March they began passing along the new tactics to each of Peoria's 235 active officers. "Columbine was a wakeup call," Adams says.

Under the Peoria Police Department's new rapid-response protocol, the first officer on the scene of a Columbine-style shooting waits until three others arrive to form a contact team. Officers in a smaller group or alone would not have 360-degree coverage, Adams says, and Rambo-style freelancing would confuse communications and increase the chances of "blue on blue" casualties: police officers shooting each other. The contact team forms a diamond, with a point, two flanks, and a rear guard handling radio communications. The team enters the building and moves through it as quickly as possible; team members maintain their relative positions so that they can see and hear each other. In a large building a second team may go in, either to help track down the shooters or to rescue bystanders and the wounded.

Adams says that gunmen are less likely to fire at innocent bystanders if they are shooting at pursuing police officers. "We train them to move to the sound of gunfire," he says. "Shooting scenes are very chaotic and stressful. You experience sensory overload. Every time you hear a gunshot, assume someone has been wounded. Try to take ground, and isolate the shooter. If the shooter decides to commit suicide by police, we'll oblige. The person making the decision on how it will end is the bad guy. We're just reacting." Adams says, however, that "deadly force imperatives" have not changed for the



I'm proud of him because he asked about VIAGRA.



VIAGRA showed a statistically significant improvement in erectile function in clinical studies in 21 million men compared with placebo. (Data from 12-week, double-blind, placebo-controlled study)

More than 17 million men in the US have been prescribed VIAGRA (1 million were also taking blood pressure-lowering medication)

I love him because he did it for us.

VIAGRA is effective and well tolerated in a variety of patients. More than 17 million prescriptions have been written in the United States.*

VIAGRA is not for everyone. Be sure to ask your doctor if your heart is healthy enough to handle the extra strain of sexual activity. If you have chest pains, dizziness, or nausea during sex, stop and immediately tell your doctor. If you're a man who uses nitrate drugs, never take VIAGRA—your blood pressure could suddenly drop to an unsafe level. With VIAGRA, the most common side effects are headache, facial flushing, and upset stomach. VIAGRA may also briefly cause bluish vision, sensitivity to light, or blurred vision. In the rare event of an erection lasting more than 4 hours, seek immediate medical help. Remember to protect yourself and your partner from sexually transmitted diseases.

Please see patient summary of information about VIAGRA (25-mg, 50-mg, 100-mg) tablets on the following page.

*Data on file. Pfizer Inc, New York, NY.

Ask your doctor if a FREE TRIAL of VIAGRA is right for you.
For more information, call 1-888-4VIAGRA or visit www.viagra.com.

VIAGRA[®]
(sildenafil citrate) tablets
Love life again.



PATIENT SUMMARY OF INFORMATION ABOUT

VIAGRA[®] (sildenafil citrate) tablets

This summary contains important information about VIAGRA[®]. It is not meant to take the place of your doctor's instructions. Read this information carefully before you start taking VIAGRA. Ask your doctor or pharmacist if you do not understand any of this information or if you want to know more about VIAGRA.

This medicine can help many men when it is used as prescribed by their doctors. However, VIAGRA is not for everyone. It is intended for use only by men who have a condition called erectile dysfunction.

VIAGRA must never be used by men who are taking medicines that contain nitrates of any kind, at any time. This includes nitroglycerin. If you take VIAGRA with any nitrate medicine your blood pressure could suddenly drop to an unsafe or life threatening level.

What is VIAGRA?

VIAGRA is a pill used to treat erectile dysfunction (impotence) in men. It can help many men who have erectile dysfunction get and keep an erection when they become sexually excited (stimulated).

You will not get an erection just by taking this medicine. VIAGRA helps a man with erectile dysfunction get an erection only when he is sexually excited.

How Sex Affects the Body

When a man is sexually excited, the penis rapidly fills with more blood than usual. The penis then expands and hardens. This is called an erection. After the man is done having sex, this extra blood flows out of the penis back into the body. The erection goes away. If an erection lasts for a long time (more than 6 hours), it can permanently damage your penis. You should call a doctor immediately if you ever have a prolonged erection that lasts more than 4 hours.

Some conditions and medicines interfere with this natural erection process. The penis cannot fill with enough blood. The man cannot have an erection. This is called erectile dysfunction if it becomes a frequent problem.

During sex, your heart works harder. Therefore sexual activity may not be advisable for people who have heart problems. Before you start any treatment for erectile dysfunction, ask your doctor if your heart is healthy enough to handle the extra strain of having sex. If you have chest pains, dizziness or nausea during sex, stop having sex and immediately tell your doctor you have had this problem.

How VIAGRA Works

VIAGRA enables many men with erectile dysfunction to respond to sexual stimulation. When a man is sexually excited, VIAGRA helps the penis fill with enough blood to cause an erection. After sex is over, the erection goes away.

VIAGRA Is Not for Everyone

As noted above (*How Sex Affects the Body*), ask your doctor if your heart is healthy enough for sexual activity.

If you take any medicines that contain nitrates—either regularly or as needed—you should never take VIAGRA. If you take VIAGRA with any nitrate medicine or recreational drug containing nitrates, your blood pressure could suddenly drop to an unsafe level. You could get dizzy, faint, or even have a heart attack or stroke. Nitrates are found in many prescription medicines that are used to treat angina (chest pain due to heart disease) such as:

- nitroglycerin (sprays, ointments, skin patches or pastes, and tablets that are swallowed or dissolved in the mouth)
- isosorbide mononitrate and isosorbide dinitrate (tablets that are swallowed, chewed, or dissolved in the mouth)

Nitrates are also found in recreational drugs such as amyl nitrate or nitrite ("poppers"). If you are not sure if any of your medicines contain nitrates, or if you do not understand what nitrates are, ask your doctor or pharmacist.

VIAGRA is only for patients with erectile dysfunction. VIAGRA is not for newborns, children, or women. Do not let anyone else take your VIAGRA. VIAGRA must be used only under a doctor's supervision.

What VIAGRA Does Not Do

- VIAGRA does not cure erectile dysfunction. It is a treatment for erectile dysfunction.
- VIAGRA does not protect you or your partner from getting sexually transmitted diseases, including HIV—the virus that causes AIDS.
- VIAGRA is not a hormone or an aphrodisiac.

What To Tell Your Doctor Before You Begin VIAGRA

Only your doctor can decide if VIAGRA is right for you. VIAGRA can cause mild, temporary lowering of your blood pressure. You will need to have a thorough medical exam to diagnose your erectile dysfunction and to find out if you can safely take VIAGRA alone or with your other medicines. Your doctor should determine if your heart is healthy enough to handle the extra strain of having sex.

Be sure to tell your doctor if you:

- have ever had any heart problems (e.g., angina, chest pain, heart failure, irregular heart beats, or heart attack)
- have ever had a stroke

- have low or high blood pressure
- have a rare inherited eye disease called retinitis pigmentosa
- have ever had any kidney problems
- have ever had any liver problems
- have ever had any blood problems, including sickle cell anemia or leukemia
- are allergic to sildenafil or any of the other ingredients of VIAGRA tablets
- have a deformed penis, Peyronie's disease, or ever had an erection that lasted more than 4 hours
- have stomach ulcers or any types of bleeding problems
- are taking any other medicines

VIAGRA and Other Medicines

Some medicines can change the way VIAGRA works. Tell your doctor about **any medicines** you are taking. Do not start or stop taking any medicines before checking with your doctor or pharmacist. This includes prescription and nonprescription medicines or remedies. Remember, VIAGRA should never be used with medicines that contain nitrates (see *VIAGRA Is Not for Everyone*). If you are taking a protease inhibitor, your dose may be adjusted (please see *Finding the Right Dose for You*). VIAGRA should not be used with any other medical treatments that cause erections. These treatments include pills, medicines that are injected or inserted into the penis, implants or vacuum pumps.

Finding the Right Dose for You

VIAGRA comes in different doses (25 mg, 50 mg and 100 mg). If you do not get the results you expect, talk with your doctor. You and your doctor can determine the dose that works best for you.

- Do not take more VIAGRA than your doctor prescribes.
- If you think you need a larger dose of VIAGRA, check with your doctor.
- VIAGRA should not be taken more than once a day.

If you are older than age 65, or have serious liver or kidney problems, your doctor may start you at the lowest dose (25 mg) of VIAGRA. If you are taking protease inhibitors, such as for the treatment of HIV, your doctor may recommend a 25 mg dose and may limit you to a maximum single dose of 25 mg of VIAGRA in a 48 hour period.

How To Take VIAGRA

Take VIAGRA about one hour before you plan to have sex. Beginning in about 30 minutes and for up to 4 hours, VIAGRA can help you get an erection if you are sexually excited. If you take VIAGRA after a high-fat meal (such as a cheeseburger and french fries), the medicine may take a little longer to start working. VIAGRA can help you get an erection when you are sexually excited. You will not get an erection just by taking the pill.

Possible Side Effects

Like all medicines, VIAGRA can cause some side effects. These effects are usually mild to moderate and usually don't last longer than a few hours. Some of these side effects are more likely to occur with higher doses. The most common side effects of VIAGRA are headache, flushing of the face, and upset stomach. Less common side effects that may occur are temporary changes in color vision (such as trouble telling the difference between blue and green objects or having a blue color tinge to them), eyes being more sensitive to light, or blurred vision.

In rare instances, men have reported an erection that lasts many hours. You should call a doctor immediately if you ever have an erection that lasts more than 4 hours. If not treated right away, permanent damage to your penis could occur (see *How Sex Affects the Body*).

Heart attack, stroke, irregular heart beats, and death have been reported rarely in men taking VIAGRA. Most, but not all, of these men had heart problems before taking this medicine. It is not possible to determine whether these events were directly related to VIAGRA.

VIAGRA may cause other side effects besides those listed on this sheet. If you want more information or develop any side effects or symptoms you are concerned about, call your doctor.

Accidental Overdose

In case of accidental overdose, call your doctor right away.

Storing VIAGRA

Keep VIAGRA out of the reach of children. Keep VIAGRA in its original container. Store at room temperature, 59°–86°F (15°–30°C).

For More Information on VIAGRA

VIAGRA is a prescription medicine used to treat erectile dysfunction. Only your doctor can decide if it is right for you. This sheet is only a summary. If you have any questions or want more information about VIAGRA, talk with your doctor or pharmacist, visit www.viagra.com, or call 1-888-4VIAGRA.

23-5515-00-4

VIAGRA[®]
(sildenafil citrate) tablets



Pfizer U.S. Pharmaceuticals

Peoria police. "We teach that you should shoot what you know, not what you think you know. That man with a gun in his hand who steps out of a doorway may be a plainclothes police officer or a school security guard. Or maybe a teacher who brought a gun to school."

Neither trainees nor trainers doubt that the new tactics heighten the risks that police officers must accept in the line of duty. "Most officers fit into a rescue role better than an attack role," Adams acknowledges. His message to reluctant trainees in Peoria is grim: "You are a police officer. No one wants to do this. But you swore an oath of office. Your oath of office promises to serve and protect. Let's say it's your wife or children in there. What do you want me to do?" Adams has had to pull aside a couple of officers who were having difficulty with the training. "What you're seeing is terrible," he said to them. "That's why we've got to stop it."

To David Klinger, a former police officer who is now a professor of criminology at the University of Missouri at St. Louis, the unease caused by the new training is understandable. "It points up how most policemen don't ever think of using force, deadly force," he says. "It's not something officers contemplate. But now they have to contemplate it. It goes against the doctrines that we've been teaching officers for a long time. It's not going to be easy. The answer is to train more, and to let officers know that ninety-nine percent of the time they should still wait, but that in some circumstances waiting is wrong."

So far rapid-response training has encountered little public opposition, but Klinger expects that will change the first time the police kill a suspect instead of capturing him, or the first time an officer firing at a suspect hits an innocent person instead. "We're going to have to come to the conclusion in our society that in some situations the police need to shoot people," he says. "Regardless of the outcome, we have to accept that, even knowing that mistakes are possible. It's an incredibly complex situation in an incredibly dynamic environment."

THE Peoria Police Department conducted its training in a department store that had gone out of business. Larry Layman and his fellow trainees wore and carried standard equipment, including

bulletproof vests. The only special items employed in the exercise were simunitions, carried by the officers as well as by the trainers, and hockey-style helmets with clear-plastic visors. After lectures and videos explaining the new tactics, Layman and the three other officers in his contact team were sent into a "live" exercise. They were told that one or more gunmen were running rampant in a school. Layman was the team's point man when the trainer shouted "Go!"

"It was instant chaos," Layman recalls. He heard gunfire down the hall, and began moving quickly, almost running, toward it. A man shot him and then disappeared around a corner. Layman felt the pain in his arm, glanced at the splotch of red paint, and knew he'd have a bruise later. He kept jogging, making sure he didn't get too far ahead of his team. "The trainers told us we couldn't quit, even if we were hit," he said. "We had to keep going."

Layman stepped over people who were lying on the floor, playing wounded students. They moaned that they were hurt, clutched at his legs, and begged him to stop and help them. One man, playing a terrified but unhurt student, leaped from a doorway and grabbed him. Layman wrestled the man away and pushed him toward his trailing teammates, who in turn pushed the man behind them and told him to run back down the hallway to the exit. Another man leaped from a doorway, but this one fired at Layman's team. Others, with guns blazing, attacked from behind or sniped at the officers from doorways. When the contact team's blue-paint simunitions struck the attackers squarely on their vests or helmets, the gunmen stepped aside. They were out of the exercise.

One gunman stayed just ahead of Layman, shooting and then ducking around corners as Layman chased him and fired back. Often during his career Layman had considered switching to one of the high-powered semi-automatics that many younger officers now carry. Maybe a .45-caliber or a 9mm, maybe a fifteen-shot rapid-fire Glock. At that moment, however, he was glad to have his old .38, the six-shooter he had been carrying for twenty-six years. Younger policemen laughed at his weapon and called it an underpowered antique, but it felt like an old friend in his hands as he fired all six shots and reloaded on the run,

again and again. "In the old days, if you had to shoot your gun, they taught you to fire in a burst of two shots and then assess," Layman says. "You'd pause. Then another burst of two, and assess again. In this new training they teach you that if you are going to shoot your gun, you empty it."

When he came upon the suspect holding the gun to the hostage's head, Layman's initial impulse was to drop his gun. "That's what you were always taught—drop the gun, just like on the TV shows," he says. "Now they teach you to shoot. They say if you don't shoot, the hostage is probably going to die anyway." Most of the gunman's body was shielded by the hostage, but Layman did not hesitate. He took the shot. Blue paint exploded against the gunman's helmet. "Only about a quarter of this bad guy's head was visible, but I hit it," Layman says, marveling. "I surprised myself. At the end of the chase I was able to hit a target. I was able to stay focused and just keep shooting."

His clean head shot ended the exercise. The whole thing had taken barely three minutes, but it had seemed like three hours to Layman. He accepted muted congratulations on his shot, and then sat with his contact team in a debriefing room. Layman was panting and exhausted. He was having trouble hearing in the aftermath of the gunfire. His muscles ached as his adrenaline level returned to normal. He was going to be sore all over, and black and blue where he'd been shot in the arms and legs. The trainers went over what Layman and his team had done well, and reviewed the instances in which they had been "killed." The trainers and the contact team talked for twenty minutes about what the officers could or should do differently in a live situation.

"Okay, you guys, good job," the officer overseeing the training finally said. "Now let's do it again."

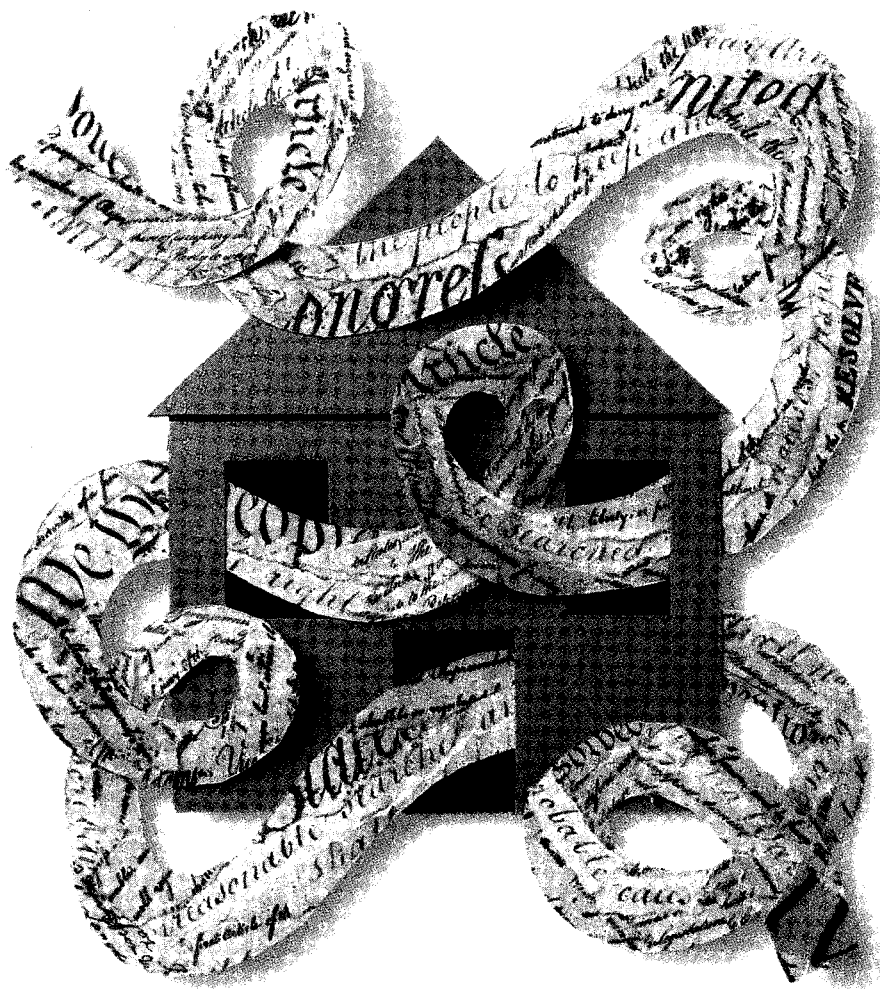
Layman groaned. He grudgingly strapped his vest and helmet back on, and reloaded his gun. "You can't imagine the fatigue from a shoot-'em-up scenario like that," he says. A few minutes later he and his team were in a different part of the old department store, with a different layout and different shooters. This time they were the second team in, the rescue team. Their job was to follow the contact team, direct unhurt people toward a safe exit, and get the wounded

out. "Triage is a big part of it," Layman says. "You have to make immediate decisions about who to take out, who to stop and help. It's tragic, but if several people are down, you go to the first one, and if that person is going to die, you go on to the next one."

A COUPLE of nights later, nursing his aches and pains with a light beer and a cheap cigar, Layman confessed that the training unnerved him. "It's so different from what we've always been taught. It's contrary to what's become almost instinct for us," he told me. He said he's also uncertain whether all police officers can or should be put into rapid-response situations. "The first cops running into that building are going to be beat cops. If it's a school or an office building, it's probably going to be daytime during the week. The cops with the most seniority work days—the old cops, like me. A lot of older cops are just putting in their time until retirement. They don't sit around talking about police tactics. They talk about where they're going to live in Florida, or the fishing trips they're going to take in Wisconsin. I let myself get out of shape over the years, and there are other fat old doughnut-eating cops who are worse than me. I wouldn't want to go into a situation like Columbine with those guys, and I wouldn't blame another cop for not wanting to go in with me. It scares me."

At the same time, he says, he's glad he had the training. "Even the thought of it is terrifying, but as long as the nuts are out there, we have to prepare for them," he says. He would welcome more training, but doubts that his department, or any other, can adequately train every single police officer for a Columbine-style shooting. "The new training doesn't come close to what would be needed," he says. "To be really prepared for something like that, we would need to be trained almost weekly."

Two months after that rapid-response training session, Layman told me that it had helped motivate him to get into better shape. He began working out more, and went on a diet. He managed to lose twenty-five pounds. "The whole experience has been a real reminder of what cops are supposed to be able to do," he says. "I pray to God I'm never in a situation like that, but if I am, I want to be able to do my part." ☞



Rescuing Search and Seizure

Our hands-off attitude toward aggressive search and seizure arises out of a misreading of the Constitution. The Fourth Amendment doesn't mean what we think

STEVEN Dewayne Bond was on a Greyhound bus traveling from California to Little Rock, Arkansas, when the bus stopped at a permanent Border Patrol checkpoint at Sierra Blanca, Texas, and a Border Patrol agent, Cesar Cantu, came on board to check for illegal aliens. Can-

by **Stephen Budiansky**

tu worked his way back through the bus and then started toward the front. As he walked up the aisle, he gave each bag in the overhead racks what he termed a "squeeze." When he got to Bond's bag, he felt a "brick-like" object. Cantu asked Bond if he could look in the bag. Bond said he could.

When Cantu opened it, he found that the "brick" consisted of a considerable quantity of methamphetamine wrapped in duct tape. Bond was arrested, charged under federal drug laws, and convicted.

Last spring the case reached the U.S. Supreme Court. In a brisk and brief 7-2 decision the Court held that the drugs should not have been allowed as evidence at Bond's trial, because they were the fruit of a search that violated the Fourth Amendment's prohibition on unreasonable searches and seizures. His conviction was overturned.

In another Fourth Amendment case decided by the Court last spring, the police in Miami had received an anonymous tip that a young black male wearing a plaid shirt and standing at a particular bus stop was carrying a concealed gun. Police officers went to the bus stop, saw a teenager who matched the description, frisked him, found a gun, and arrested him. The Court ruled unanimously that the tip lacked "sufficient indicia of reliability" to establish that a crime might have been committed, and thus that the trial court, which had barred admission of the gun into evidence, had acted correctly.

These cases are very much of a piece with the modern jurisprudence of the Fourth Amendment. Virtually every search-and-seizure case the Supreme Court has decided in the past century arose when a criminal defendant claimed that evidence used against him was obtained by an illegal search—usually because the police did not strictly follow the complex set of rules the courts have erected for warrantless searches. Virtually every time the Court has agreed, it has ruled that the seized evidence must be excluded.

The familiar debate over the Supreme Court's interpretation of the Fourth Amendment turns on this point of exclusion of evidence. Conservatives have bitterly attacked the process that lets criminals off on "technicalities." Liberals have staunchly defended the exclusionary rule as necessary to protect the rights of defendants and to ensure fair play and as a deterrent that keeps police officers from overstepping bounds in their treatment of the public at large.

Akhil Reed Amar, a Yale Law School professor who has written several highly original analyses of the Bill of Rights, ar-

B E T T E R S O U N D T H R O U G H R E S E A R C H ®

BOSE®

At its best, technology can be virtually indistinguishable from magic. So it is with our two newest Lifestyle® systems. The Personal™ music center replaces an entire rack of components. Yet you can hold it in your hand. Jewel Cube® speakers use neodymium iron boron magnets and spiral ports. They're about the size of a computer mouse. These, and other unique Bose® proprietary technologies are part of the reason we're the most respected name in sound. The bottom line? If you get something that doesn't have Bose technology, you're paying for something that doesn't have Bose sound.

TECHNOLOGY

To discover which Bose product
is best for you, please call
1-800 ASK BOSE
please request circ. 510
or visit us at
ask.bose.com/ws10

For your home. Your car.
Your business. Your life.

© 2005 Bose Corporation

PRODUCTS SHOWN APPROXIMATELY 1/2 SIZE

gues that a much broader debate ought to be taking place. Both liberals and conservatives, he says, should be outraged over the way the Fourth Amendment has become trapped in a never-never land. There is little to cheer either civil libertarians or law-and-order conservatives in what Amar unabashedly calls the “screw” and “perverse” “jumble of judicial pronouncements” on the law of search and seizure—rules that not only let the clearly guilty go free but, in his view, fail to protect the innocent from the very sorts of harassment and abuse by government officials that the amendment was designed to prevent. The Fourth Amendment “is a priceless constitutional inheritance,” he has written, “but we have not maintained it well.”

Amar’s views stand strikingly outside the usual left-right debate, and he himself defies easy categorization. His law-review articles and books on constitutional law—most recently *The Bill of Rights* (1998)—have been praised and attacked on both the left and the right. Although often labeled a conservative, Amar is a passionate civil libertarian, feminist, and civil-rights advocate. The son of Indian immigrants, both physicians, he grew up in the San Francisco area, attended Yale and Yale Law School, and clerked for Judge Stephen Breyer on the U.S. Court of Appeals. (Breyer was later appointed to the Supreme Court by President Clinton.) Returning to Yale as an assistant professor at age twenty-six, he rose rapidly in academia, becoming a full professor at thirty-one and being named the Southmayd Professor of Law at thirty-four.

Amar is also well versed in history—something that sets him apart from most legal scholars, who are trained to look to recent precedents. Amar looks to the earliest precedents; his writings are full of English cases from the eighteenth century and the views of Revolutionary politicians and pamphleteers. In the lexicon of constitutional interpretation, that makes him an “originalist”: he wants to understand what the words in the Constitution “really mean” and what the Framers understood when they wrote them.

Those who advocate a return to “original intent” are of course usually conservatives who complain that “judicial activists” have manufactured new rights not found literally in the Constitution—for example, the Supreme Court’s decision that the Fourteenth Amendment

right to liberty protects a woman’s right to an abortion. But Amar’s originalism sometimes leads him to very radical conclusions. He finds, for example, that the Constitution confers both an individual right to keep arms and a right to serve in the militia, which means that keeping women out of combat and homosexuals out of the military raises serious constitutional concerns.

On the Fourth Amendment, Amar insists that by disregarding its historical context and the historical wrongs it was meant to right, the Court has actually allowed a fundamental civil right to wither. “It’s not just that the bad guys are going free,” Amar explained to me over a recent lunch in New Haven; “innocent people are actually worse off” as well.

Amar’s Fourth Amendment critique begins with the Talmudic distinctions that have characterized the Supreme Court’s rulings in recent years. The root of the problem is the Court’s finding that all searches and seizures normally require a warrant, or at the very least probable cause of criminal activity, which forces the Court into all sorts of contortions to justify some warrantless searches. If Steven Bond’s case was true to form in arising from a question of excluding evidence in a criminal case, it was also true to form in the way it turned on an almost bizarre semantic issue. In its ruling in *Bond v. United States* the Court did not even explore the question of whether the agent Cesar Cantu had been acting “reasonably.” Instead, as in almost every other recent search-and-seizure case, the Court focused on whether a search had in fact taken place. A lower court had held that giving a bag a squeeze is not a search. The Supreme Court majority reversed that finding, holding that a squeeze—or at least a hard squeeze—is a search.

Some of the Court’s findings on when a search is a search would seem to owe more to Lewis Carroll than to the Talmud. Squeezing luggage is a search, but having a dog sniff luggage is not. Hovering in a helicopter 400 feet over someone’s yard and looking into his greenhouse is not a search, nor is climbing over a farm fence and trespassing across a private field to peer into the owner’s barn—but attaching a listening device to the outside of a public telephone booth to catch a bookie phoning in his bets is a search. The majority in *Bond* suggested that if Cantu had subjected the bag only

to “touching” or “handling” rather than “feel[ing] the bag in an exploratory manner,” he might have been acting legally. In a dissenting opinion an exasperated Justice Breyer complained that the Court was now erecting a “constitutional jurisprudence of squeezes” that will only further complicate the already convoluted rules the Court has created in Fourth Amendment law.

Certainly, these rules are hard for a layperson to make much sense of. Even more bewildering than the rules for when a search is a search are the exceptions the Court has carved out to its “warrant requirement.” These include an “arrest exception” (the police may arrest—that is, seize—someone without a warrant, as they have for hundreds of years under common law); an “incident to arrest exception” (the police may search an arrested person and the immediate vicinity); an “exigent circumstances exception” (the police may act without a warrant in a fast-breaking situation or if a crime is in progress); a “stop-and-frisk” exception (police officers who have observed “unusual conduct” may stop a person and, to ensure their own safety while questioning the suspect, may carry out a “carefully limited” search of his outer clothing—but only his outer clothing—for weapons); and myriad special exceptions of “compelling interest” to the government, such as airport metal detectors, border searches, and auto-emissions tests.

MUCH in the legal code, of course, turns on semantic fine points and the splitting of hairs. But in the case of Fourth Amendment jurisprudence, Amar says, the emphasis on semantics and exceptions is an act more of desperation than of measured legal balancing. The Court, he argues, has painted itself into such an impossible constitutional corner over the past century that its only escape is to assert that sometimes paint is not paint or corners are not corners. Having declared that almost all searches require warrants, and that exclusion of evidence is the only remedy for a violation of this rule, the Court can avoid a total collision with reality only by adding “except when they don’t require warrants” or “except when they are not searches.”

The historical reasons for this situation are complex, but Amar points to three fundamental missteps that have led to the

(Continued on page 44)

OCTOBER 1990

arts

ENTERTAINMENT

PREVIEW



THEATER

A Tantalizing Look
at the Trojan War

Trent Summar's
Contagious
Enthusiasm

The Latest From
Charles Lloyd

Il Trovatore
Returns

Chaos Theory
According to
Stephen Petronio

A SPECIAL ADVERTISING SOUTHERN PRESENTED BY

CHRYSLER



THEATER

BY JOHN ISEL

OF MYTHIC PROPORTIONS

Rehearsing *Tantalus*

In 1998 the American Theatre Critics Association nominated the Denver Center Theatre Company for the Tony Award for outstanding regional theater. The company won, and it seems the Tony served as an arrow-prick to its ambition. On October 21, in an act of hubris that would wake a pantheon of Greek gods, the DCTC opens the world premiere of a ten-play, ten-hour dramatization of the Trojan War with the surprisingly economical title *Tantalus*. The epic drama has taken years to bring to fruition and has assembled forces from several different countries. The writer and classical-acting aficionado John Barton and the director Sir Peter Hall, who had previously teamed up to produce *The Wars of the Roses*, began the project at England's Royal Shakespeare Company in the 1980s. With *Tantalus* they seem intent on not making a reverential roadtrip to survey the scenic overlooks of Greek tragic drama. Hall asserts that the tales of Helen, Achilles, Odysseus, et al. are "rattling good stories" begging for a radical reinvestigation; the lights will rise on a scene in which there are, as Hall explains, "a dozen attractive girls on a beach in bikinis, drinking wine and being funny." And the title? Barton named the cycle after the Greek king who stole secrets from the gods and, according to one version of the myth, was punished by having to live for eternity

with a "rock of doom" over his head. "It's a wonderful, paradoxical, ironical metaphor," says Barton, "for civilization and the state of the world." For tickets call 303-893-4100.

TALLULAH'S TURN

Before social-boundary breakers like Madonna and Courtney Love came Mae West and Tallulah Bankhead, two brazen "broad" (meant in the best sense of the word) whose images have been preserved primarily in drag shows. Things change, *dahling*. Last season belonged to West, thanks to an acclaimed off-Broadway production of her play *Sex*, and to Claudia Shear's meditation on her iconicity, *Dirty Blonde*, which moved to Broadway. This month it's Bankhead's turn: Kathleen Turner, fresh from her revealing appearance as Mrs. Robinson in a London stage adaptation of *The Graduate*, returns to *Tallulah*, a play she first performed in England in 1997 and then in Florida last year. Beginning October 3, at Minneapolis's Historic State Theatre (612-673-0404), she starts *Tallulah* on its slow crawl to Broadway, stopping in Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Pittsburgh, among other cities. The playwright Sandra Ryan Heyward will rework the script, and the sitcom stager Michael Lessac will helm the one-woman play. To young generations Bankhead's acting skills may be unknown; her role in Hitchcock's film *Lifeboat* (1944) remains her best-remembered performance. It is her offscreen and offstage persona that most people recollect. As Quentin Crisp once remarked, "She smoked a



Kathleen Turner as Tallulah

hundred and twenty gaspers a day, swore like a fisherman, drank like a fish, and was promiscuous with men, women, and Etonians. To these vices she added the sin for which there can be no redemption. She allowed—nay, arranged—for all these activities to be known."

UTTAR BRILLIANCE

Throughout its history American theater has been invigorated by visits from influential international companies. Last century tours by Stanislavsky's Moscow Art Theatre, Dublin's Abbey Theatre, and Grotowski's Polish Laboratory Theatre broadened our theatrical horizons. Another inspirational infusion occurs this month when director Ratan Thiyam brings his Chorus Repertory Theatre, one of the most acclaimed companies in India's history, to six U.S. cities, concluding with appearances in the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Next Wave Festival, October 25–28. (The other tour stops are Berkeley; Durham, N.C.; Los Angeles; Minneapolis; and

John Istel is the editor-in-chief of Stagebill.

Tucson. For details visit www.asiasoc.org.) Classically trained at the National School of Drama, in New Delhi, Thiyam returned to his native Manipur in the 1970s and created a collective. "Theater is a collective work—a collective expression," Thiyam says, "and there is no place for... individual approaches to life." Performers farmed, raised chickens, and learned carpentry when not practicing martial arts or arduous vocal techniques. Thiyam's touring folk parable, *Uttar-Priyadarshi*, focuses on a vainglorious emperor seeking revenge on his mocking critics, and with spectacular stage imagery explores an ageless theme—the battle between good and evil. The play generates universal appeal through not verbal but physical and

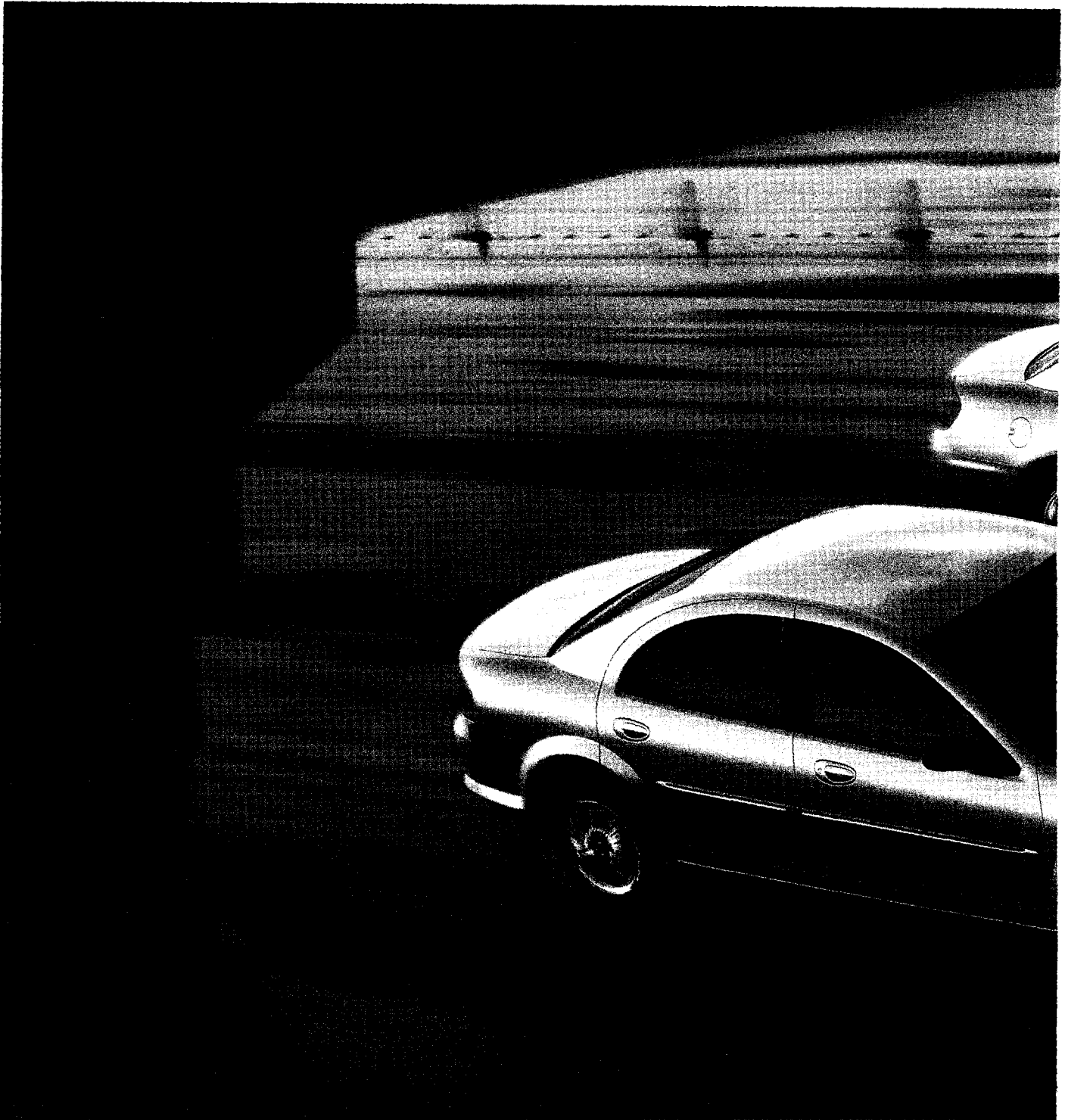
visual virtuosity—an emphasis born partly of necessity: India recognizes eighteen official languages and more than 1,500 different dialects. The pageant-like stage pictures in the eighty-minute piece should stay in the mind for years.



Ratan Thiyam's Chorus Repertory Theatre

COVER ILLUSTRATION BY LARA TOMLIN

Just a suggestion.



SEBRING FAMILY

You're looking at automobiles that beg to be driven. The new Chrysler Sebrings. All are available with 200 horsepower* V6 multi-valve engines. All offer the availability of the remarkable AutoStick® and deliver the kind

*Coupe achieves horsepower with premium fuel.



of crisp handling that bridges the gap between smart sophistication and all-out performance. The new Chrysler Sebrings are sure to have a monumental effect on driving. Call 1.800.CHRYSLER or visit www.chrysler.com.



POPULAR MUSIC & JAZZ

BY BOB BLUMENTHAL AND CHARLES M. YOUNG

A RHYMING GOOD TIME

The first and last thing to understand about Trent Summar & the New Row Mob is that they play with wildly contagious enthusiasm. Fast or slow or in between, they are having fun, and you will too. Formerly with Hank Flamingo, another contagiously enthusiastic band, Summar falls squarely in the Chuck Berry/George Jones school of songwriting: stuff a short story into two and a half minutes, make it rhyme, make it funny, and don't make it abstract. In the group's debut album (VFR) Summar's nonabstractions range from the role of anima inspiration in dirt-track car racing ("I'll tell you what I'm gonna do/I'm gonna paint your name in purple on the side of the door/Drive

around and 'round for you") to odder material, like painful nostalgia for a beau-

tiful old apartment building in Nashville that was torn down and replaced with a Walgreens drugstore. The band careens between country and rock-and-roll—think Buck Owens and His Buckaroos crossed with the Sex Pistols. They can play their instruments and they can roar; you don't have to get suspicious that they're concealing incompetence with guitar wash. Even when they dirty up their sound, they remain remarkably clean with no sacrifice of intensity. And Summar's lyrics are proof that Chuck Berry and George Jones didn't already write all the good rhymes. If *The Beverly Hillbillies* ever gets remade for television, "New Money" should be the theme song. —C.M.Y.



The honky-tonk rocker Trent Summar

A CONTEMPLATIVE QUINTET

Since his success in the late 1960s in bringing acoustic jazz to rock crowds at the Fillmore, the tenor saxophonist Charles Lloyd has possessed an uncanny ability to merge the urgency of John Coltrane with a more muted, almost clandestine delivery. Lloyd spent much of the decade following his popular success meditating rather than performing, and his sound grew even more ethereal. On *The Water Is Wide* (ECM), Lloyd's latest work, pristine cries and almost-swallowed arpeggios often seem to emerge from a fog.

The lean, reflective aesthetic carries surprising weight, thanks in part to the supporting voices in Lloyd's studio quintet. Pianist Brad Mehldau and bassist Larry Grenadier set aside the stormy romanticism they practice in Mehldau's trio for contributions of a more lyrical nature; John Abercrombie's terse, spectral guitar recalls Gabor Szabo, one of Lloyd's early partners; and Billy Higgins makes the beat dance with finely calibrated patterns. The overall mood is contemplative, with lovely ballad readings of "Georgia" and Billy Strayhorn's "Lotus Blossom"; but Lloyd also generates subtle drama within his ascetic approach, bringing the music to peaks in "The Monk and the Mermaid," his complex duet with Mehldau, and in his conversation with Higgins in "There Is a Balm in Gilead." In a fall tour with Abercrombie and Higgins, Lloyd visits twelve U.S. cities, including Washington, D.C. (October 3-4); New York (October 5-7); and Los Angeles (October 12). For full tour details call 805-969-2882. —B.B.



The meditative Charles Lloyd

Bob Blumenthal is a jazz critic for The Boston Globe. Charles M. Young reviews music for Playboy and other publications and for Allmusic.com.

LONG TIME COMING

In this age of hypersexualized schmaltz pop and witless shock rock, the introspective singer-songwriter hasn't been much of a presence on the charts. Musical archetypes never die, though; what goes around comes around again in the next generation. Now, for fans of James Taylor and Jackson Browne, Teddy Thompson is coming around with his eponymous debut album (Virgin). Son of Richard and Linda Thompson, one of the greatest folk acts ever to come out of England, Thompson brings to music only slightly less ancestral baggage than Prince William brings toward the Crown. He does not sound a lot like his father, however. Thompson the elder sings mostly about love after it has gone bad, rarely getting more positive than bittersweet and often remaining just bitter. Teddy sings sweetly about the infatuation stage of love, exploring the manic-depressive state of praying that someone you're attracted to will turn out to be someone you actually like. The dominant emotion is longing—and why not? Teddy is twenty-four years old; when he longs, you feel like you're twenty-four too. The only sign of genetic bitterness comes in "Thanks a Lot," a complaint about critics that recalls Roy Scheider throwing chum off the boat in *Jaws* (don't summon the beast unless you're in a position to kill it). The best songs are "Wake Up" (it's the morning after and he's still in love) and "Days in the Park" (a plea to remember the good times before breaking up). Nobody has longed this well since Crowded House in the mid-eighties. —C.M.Y.

The next generation: Teddy Thompson

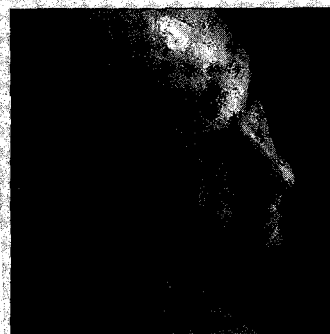


CLASSICAL MUSIC & DANCE

BY AUSTIN BAER AND NANCY DALVA

CHOREOGRAPHED CHAOS

Hether dissolved into lyricism or seemingly seized by the demonic, Stephen Petronio appears dedicated to the idea that movement is self-sustaining. This is not to say that he is not musically ambitious (he is), or that his work does not teem with imagery (it does). Although he founded his own company in 1985 and thus is well into his second decade as a choreographer, Petronio tends still to be fondly regarded by many as a great performer. Dancing for Trisha Brown, to whose company he made a memorable and



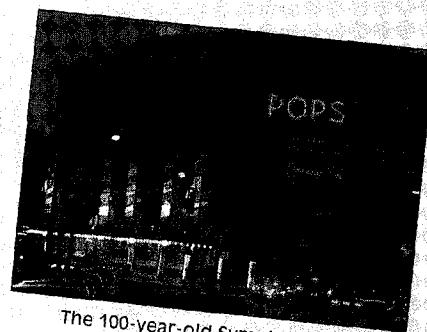
Stephen Petronio

distinctive contribution from 1979 to 1986, he was wickedly intense, seductive, and pantherine. He retains this intensity, yet now he is at work creating pieces in which he is not a participant—often a perilous point in the careers of gifted dancers turned choreographers. His marvelous recent dances have clear structures and intellectual underpinnings, but the work is visual, even visceral, reminding us that the eye is an organ of pleasure. This month you can

see Petronio's new show, *Strange Attractors*, a two-part, evening-length dance based on chaos theory. It opens at The Joyce Theater, in New York (October 17–22; 212-242-0800), and then moves to the Virginia Beach Pavilion Convention Center (October 28; 757-437-7629). Subsequently the company will travel to London before beginning a U.S. tour that will include performances in Portland, Oregon; Pittsburgh; New York; and Washington, D.C. —N.D.

DECK THE HALL

Something old, something new. It's business as usual at Boston's fabled Symphony Hall, but the mood this season is unusually festive, and justifiably so: numbered among the world's top acoustic marvels, the building has reached the venerable age of one hundred. As part of the celebration the 120-year-old Boston Symphony Orchestra is announcing an architectural master plan to upgrade the streetscape and social spaces. Look forward also to a pair of books on the Hall's history, and a ten-CD set of historic broadcasts documenting work by six music directors from the past eight decades. A "Centennial Weekend" (October 12–15) kicks off with a ball for the swells and culminates with an open house for all. Beethoven, the single composer whose name was chosen unanimously for inscription on the Symphony Hall proscenium a century ago, brackets this season. His towering *Missa Solemnis*, part of the inaugural concert of 1900, was the opening salvo in September, conducted by the BSO's music director, Seiji Ozawa. The complete piano concertos, with Alfred Brendel as soloist, will follow in April. In between, major commissions from John Corigliano (a symphony) and Tan Dun (a multimedia concerto written for Yo-Yo Ma), plus important American premieres of music by Osvaldo Golijov and Arvo Pärt, promise to open new horizons. For details call 617-266-1492 or visit www.bso.org. —A.B.



The 100-year-old Symphony Hall

RETURN OF THE TROUBADOUR

When comedy was king, Verdi's tragic *Il Trovatore* was an easy mark. The Marx Brothers had their fun with it in their slapstick classic *A Night at the Opera*, which even today strikes some people as the Platonic summation of the absurdities of not only Verdi but of opera itself. In a rare excursion into high culture *Mad* magazine also once rang its loony changes on the same theme. In the abstract the story may seem a knee-slapper—a crazed gypsy tossing the wrong baby (her own) into a fire and then raising the "right" one (her mortal enemy's) as the instrument of her tardy revenge. But we mock what touches us, and *Il Trovatore*

Rekindling *Il Trovatore*

takes possession of an audience's imagination with a power that is useless to deny. For lack of a credible tenor, major companies have been avoiding the opera for what has begun to feel like forever. The title role requires a clarion-voiced warrior and lover capable of melancholy romance and fierce, macho passion. This season new contenders will be appearing in new productions at the Washing-

ton Opera (October 28–November 25; 202-295-2400) and at the Metropolitan Opera (December 7–April 5; 212-362-6000). The principal hopeful in Washington is Fabio Armiliato; on November 10 Bojidar Nikolov gets a shot. At the Met, Neil Shicoff will lead the way, with Armiliato deputizing in select performances. With luck, one or more of these brave fel-

lows will succeed in fanning the sparks of Verdi's tragedy to full flame. —A.B.

CHRYSLER



1-800-CHRYSLER

This month tune in to the A&E Network for a celebration of the pianist and conductor Daniel Barenboim. On October 15 at 9:00 A.M. EST, see Barenboim with Plácido Domingo and the Berlin Philharmonic, performing works by Berlioz, Schubert, Verdi, and Wagner. And don't miss the All-Beethoven Concert on October 22 at 9:00 A.M. EST. Chrysler is proud to sponsor these concerts and other fine programming on the A&E Network, and this edition of the Arts & Entertainment Preview.

Austin Baer is a writer based in New York. Nancy Dalva's essays appear in the magazine twice.

(Continued from page 36)

legal confusion. First was the Court's discovery of a "warrant requirement." In a 1948 narcotics case, *Johnson v. United States*, the Court held that under the Fourth Amendment the determination of "when the right of privacy must reasonably yield to the right of search is, as a rule, to be decided by a judicial officer, not by a policeman." Except in certain circumstances, the Court decreed, such as when time does not permit, the police have a "constitutional duty" to present their evidence to a "neutral and detached magistrate." Since then the Court has erected a vast legal edifice on the foundation of this warrant requirement. Yet that is simply not what the amendment itself says, Amar insists—a claim that is hard to deny if one reads the text:

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by Oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

Amar's fundamental point is that the text sets forth two different standards, which recent jurisprudence has jumbled together: the first clause of the amendment states simply that all searches and seizures must be reasonable, and the second clause enumerates more-specific requirements for when courts may issue a warrant in support of a search or seizure. There is ample historical evidence that both before and after the adoption of the Constitution officials were routinely empowered to conduct searches and seizures without warrants. Amar notes that there is indeed not a single precedent during the first hundred years of the United States, or a single word in any of the public debates over the Bill of Rights and similar guarantees in state constitutions or in contemporary legal treatises, to support the idea that warrants were required for all searches and seizures. On the contrary, state courts in the early nineteenth century explicitly rejected claims that warrantless searches and seizures were intended to be forbidden under the Fourth Amendment or equivalent provisions in state constitutions.

Courts did, however, repeatedly question whether specific warrantless searches and seizures were justifiable in their

specific circumstances. And, as Amar points out, the history of the Fourth Amendment makes clear that its authors expected that "unreasonable" searches would be swiftly punished by the robust use of a legal mechanism that was universally known and applauded in eighteenth-century America but that is virtually unknown and, indeed, inaccessible today: trespass lawsuits against police officers and other officials who stepped over the line in conducting searches on private property.

The early American enthusiasm for trespass lawsuits against officials arose directly from a famous English legal case of the late eighteenth century, which Amar refers to, only slightly tongue-in-cheek, as the "Rodney King case of the Framing Era." John Wilkes was a member of the British Parliament who in 1763 published an anonymous attack on the government. Lord Halifax, the Secretary of State, issued a sweeping warrant authorizing officers to arrest whomever they thought responsible. Officers entered Wilkes's house, rifled through his papers, arrested him, and hauled him off to the Tower of London. Wilkes was able to obtain his release under habeas corpus, and struck back with a vengeance, filing suit against Halifax and other officials. The judge in the case ruled that the sweeping warrant was no warrant at all, and that Halifax was thus liable not only for the direct damages that Wilkes and others suffered from trespass but also for punitive damages, to deter such acts in the future. (This was the case that established the precedent for punitive damages in Anglo-American law.) All told, the British government paid out probably £100,000 in damages and costs—a huge sum, on the order of \$20 million today.

The case thrilled American patriots, who named cities and children after Wilkes and after Lord Camden, the judge who had ruled in Wilkes's favor. It was not unusual around 1800, Amar says, to find families in which the three eldest sons were named Franklin, Jefferson, and Wilkes. (Perhaps the most famous American to be named after this champion of liberty was Abraham Lincoln's assassin, John Wilkes Booth.) The case also galvanized American lawyers, who both before and after the Revolution brought frequent, and frequently successful, trespass actions against government officials for overstepping the bounds of reasonable-

ness in conducting searches and seizures.

Amar believes that a crucial point has been all but forgotten in the past hundred years: although today we tend to think that requiring a warrant for a search is good, the Framers saw it as fundamentally bad, because the point of a warrant was that it indemnified the officers who executed it against civil lawsuits. And that, he argues, is why the second half of the Fourth Amendment narrowly prescribes the conditions under which warrants can be obtained—and also why the Framers intended probable cause to be the standard not for all searches but merely for those granted this extraordinary immunity from after-the-fact scrutiny and thus from the most powerful deterrent to government abuse of power—namely, the threat of crippling damages awarded by a civil jury.

This latter point affords the originalist approach especially strong backing: in recent cases the Supreme Court held that it is "fundamental and obvious" that if probable cause is required for a warrant, it is absurd to set a lower standard for those special cases when the police are permitted to act without a warrant. The Court in effect has made probable cause, not reasonableness, the standard for all searches and seizures. Yet a look at the historical context makes it clear that the Framers fully intended that searches involving warrants should meet a higher standard, given their special status and the immunity they conferred.

Amar says that in many ways warrants are just as bad today, if not worse: although they carry a sort of halo of judicial sanction and due process, in fact they are an affront to the normal rules of fair play in our legal system—they are a friend to the searcher, not the searched. Warrants are usually issued by a low-level court official, such as a magistrate who is not even a judge; they are issued *ex parte*, meaning that the target of the warrant is not informed or given a chance to be present and argue his side of the case; and they are almost never subject to after-the-fact review or challenge.

The second misstep that Amar sees took place when the Supreme Court ruled, in the late nineteenth century, that federal courts must exclude improperly seized evidence. Originally this ruling was applied in a rather muddled way that turned on the issue of self-incrimination. The landmark case was *Boyd v. United States*, in 1886, and the question

was the constitutionality of legislation requiring companies suspected of evading customs laws to turn over documents such as shipping invoices to a court. In *Boyd* the Supreme Court held that the Fourth Amendment's reasonableness clause and the Fifth Amendment's protection against self-incrimination "run almost into each other," joining to forbid such a use of a company's papers against itself.

Having set that precedent in a case of white-collar crime (which was the main area dealt with by federal law at the time), the Court began to extend the exclusionary rule beyond personal papers to contraband—notably in a 1925 case, *Agnello v. United States*, in which illegally seized cocaine was excluded on the same theory of a fusion of the Fourth and Fifth Amendments. The Supreme Court applied exclusion to all state criminal cases in 1961.

Finally, and this is the third misstep, courts in the twentieth century have erected a series of impediments to tort lawsuits by citizens against government officials, for trespass or anything else. One of the greatest of these impediments is the "good faith" defense, because under today's laws civil damages cannot be assessed against an official who believed that he or she was acting properly.

The plainest problem with the current state of law, Amar says, is that innocent people who are harassed by the police, or whose property is damaged during searches and seizures, or who are subjected to brutality in being arrested, have little or no recourse under the Fourth Amendment as it is now interpreted. Because of the warrant requirement the courts focus on probable cause and the reliability of evidence that supported a search or a seizure or an arrest, but almost never on reasonableness, which is, after all, supposed to be the touchstone of the Fourth Amendment. "You can't squeeze brutality into the language of probable cause," Amar says, "but it *is* a matter of reasonableness." Another aspect the Court neglects by not focusing on reasonableness, he says, is whether the police action is commensurate with the seriousness of the crime being investigated and the means required to obtain the evidence. If, for example, a subpoena could have been issued to obtain some sought-after evidence, it is probably not reasonable for the police to come in the middle of the night and break down the door, warrant or no warrant. "We should

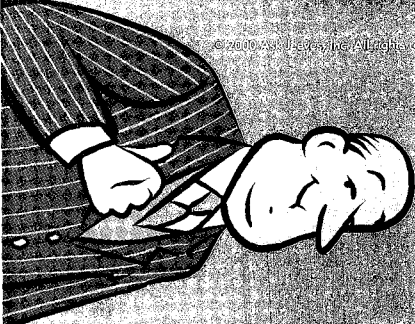
be more attentive to the manner in which arrests and searches are done," Amar says. "The Supreme Court should have fifty cases like that. But instead they're just springing guilty people."

Applying the plain words of the amendment and requiring a reasonableness standard would also free the courts from the logical box they've put themselves in. And it could actually give the police more power to do their job under circumstances that few people would find, well, unreasonable. "Part of what's reasonable is the reason," Amar told me. "For example, if you're trying to find a kidnap victim, stopping every car leaving a neighborhood might be reasonable, where it would not be if you were looking for a shoplifted pack of chewing gum."

Eliminating the exclusionary rule, Amar says, would be another step toward returning the Fourth Amendment to its rightful status. Amar argues that it is an inescapable fact that the exclusionary rule rewards people who are not merely possibly guilty but unquestionably guilty (and the more heinous their crime, the greater the reward), and furthermore, the rule has also exacerbated the tendency of the courts to interpret the Fourth Amendment in a cramped and meager way: "In a close case the judge rules against the Fourth Amendment. He says that if saying the Fourth Amendment was violated means letting off a guilty defendant, then the solution is to say it hasn't been violated."

Amar says, "I believe in deterrence, but there is an area of law that's about deterrence, and that's tort law." He believes that Congress could enact legislation to do away with the exclusionary rule and institute a strong system of civil recovery in its place, and that this could pass constitutional muster—or, more precisely, that it might squeak by with five votes on the Supreme Court. Under such a regime, he argues, "We'd see innocent people in the courtroom [bringing lawsuits against police officers in search-and-seizure cases] that we're not now seeing, and that would be good for civil liberty. We'd have a lot more attentiveness to brutality and property destruction [by the police]. And we'd have a more open conversation about race"—and about the selective targeting of minorities by the police.

"The world would be better if you're innocent and worse if you're guilty," he concludes "And that's okay with me" ☛



© 2000 Ask Jeeves, Inc. All rights reserved.

Why was Aaron Burr vice president instead of president of the U.S.?

Ask Jeeves

ask.com

askjeeves



Undiscovered Bilbao

Beyond the Guggenheim Museum lies a many-faceted city worth getting to know

THESE days Bilbao has become a destination for travel sophisticates eager to see Frank Gehry's Guggenheim Museum and, now, Santiago Calatrava's just-opened additions to the international airport.

But it seems their curiosity about the city ends there. To me, a New Yorker at work on a book here in northern Spain, this represents a missed opportunity. Bilbao is the

kind of city that many travelers long for—a city where the streets aren't jammed with tourists, where “authentic culture” hasn't been consigned to souvenir shops, where the pleasures of place can still be discovered firsthand.

by Marisa Bartolucci

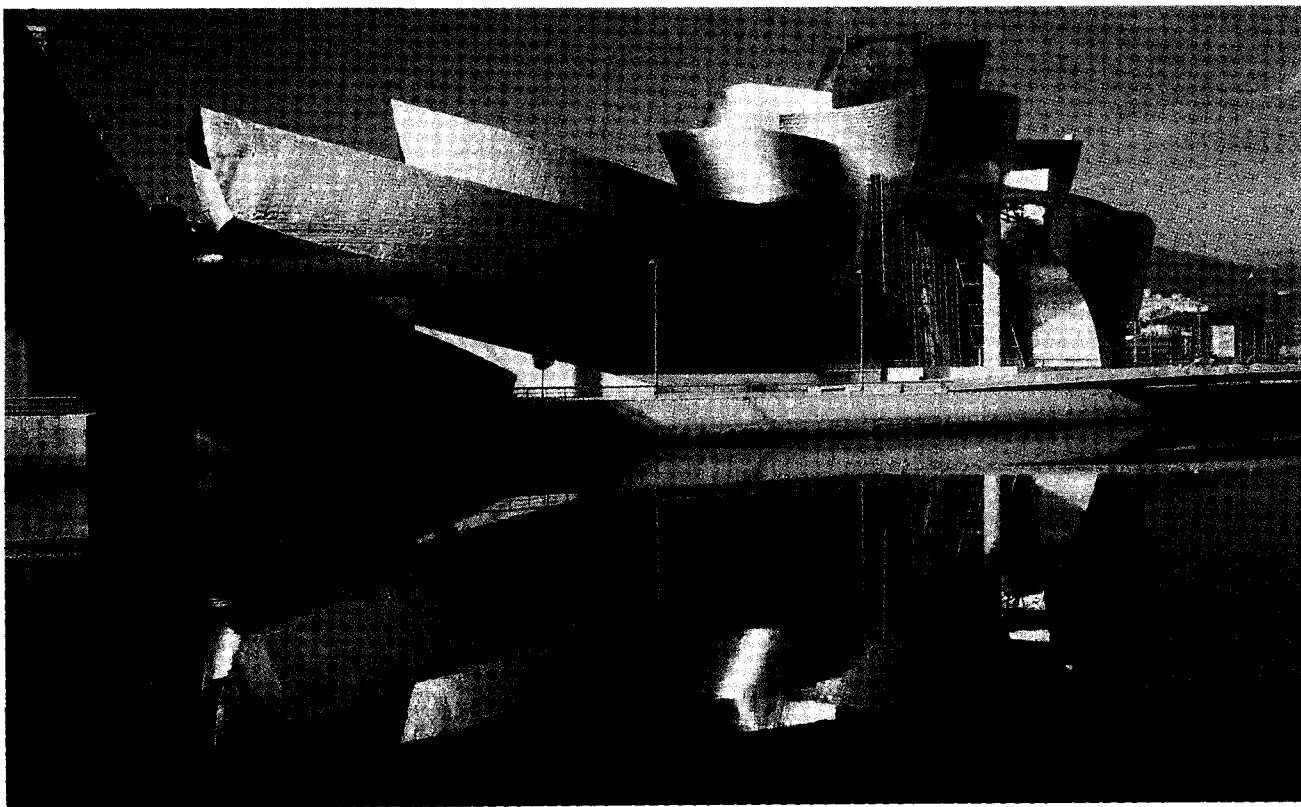
Not that the Guggenheim isn't the city's most spectacular attraction: an architectural rhapsody in titanium and limestone, it glistens and beguiles from every angle,

joyously inviting this sober city to join in its cavorting. I can't think of another architectural masterpiece that is so convivial. (Indeed, so diverting is the building, even inside, that it is often difficult to concentrate on its exhibitions, which span the realms of modern and contemporary art.) But Bilbao also has a couple of other splendid, if architecturally modest, museums, a surprisingly enticing array of boutiques, an enchanting old quarter, and a vibrant street culture, in addition to a sublime cuisine. It's certainly intriguing enough to keep travelers entertained for a week or so, especially if they venture out for day trips or full-fledged excursions to the region's alluring coast and countryside.

It's hard here to resist the lure of the landscape. Bilbao is that rare old-fashioned sort of city where the urban and the rustic continue to meld. Turn down almost any avenue in the Ensanche, Bilbao's buttoned-up downtown, and you'll be greeted with views of emerald-velvet hills, across which you might glimpse a shepherd guiding his flock. Visit the Mer-

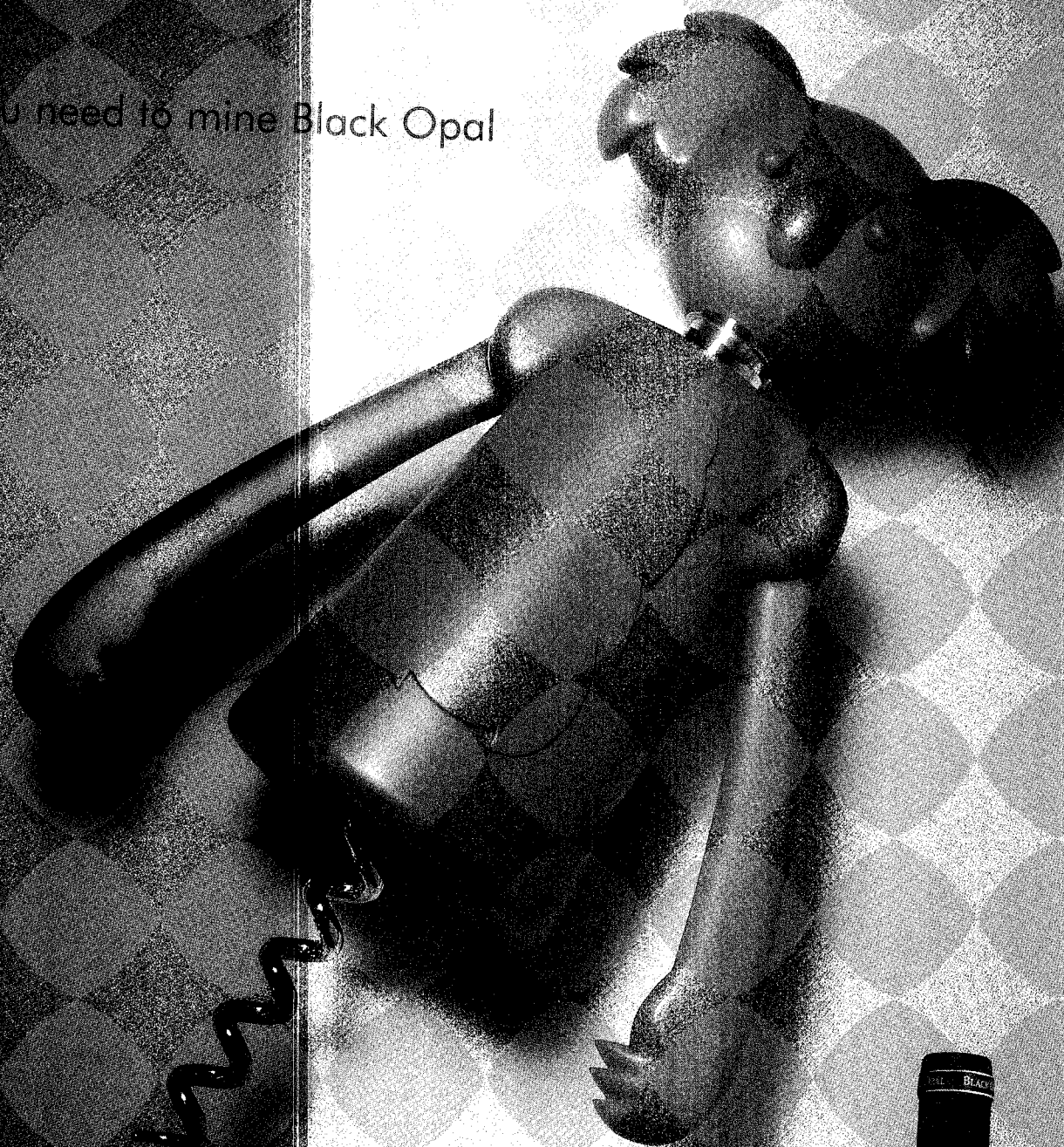
Bilbao's Guggenheim both highlights and hides its urban home

THIS PAGE: ANDREA PISTOLESI



© 1999 Black Opal Wines, Ltd.

All you need to mine Black Opal



...your glass, Black Opal is as alive with light and
...And so rare, you'll be surprised to learn all you
...Mine a little Black Opal at your table tonight.

The gem from down under

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



cado de la Ribera, in the Casco Viejo, or “Old Town,” and you’ll find yourself amid piles of green-red tomatoes (the best I’ve ever tasted), purply-red peppers, delicate *cogollos* (a Spanish version of Bibb lettuce), and other tantalizingly fresh produce that comes from the surrounding farms. Take a short drive beyond the metropolis proper and you’ll be in an alpine arcadia of steeply pitched fields and chalet-roofed stone farmhouses and dense pine forests, wild with boar and roe deer. Travel the brief distance to the coast and you’ll discover idyllic fishing villages, some nestled into rocky cliffs. Mundaka and Elantxobe are two of my favorites, and happily for such enchanting spots, they seldom get much play in the guidebooks.

If the Basque country’s delights have largely gone unsung, it is because the Basques are too modest to crow about them. Moreover, they have been obscured by gruesome news items about Basque terrorism. Until the Guggenheim opened, terrorism was about the only thing American reporters ever wrote about here. ETA (Euzkadi Ta Azkatasuna, or “Basque Homeland and Liberty”), the

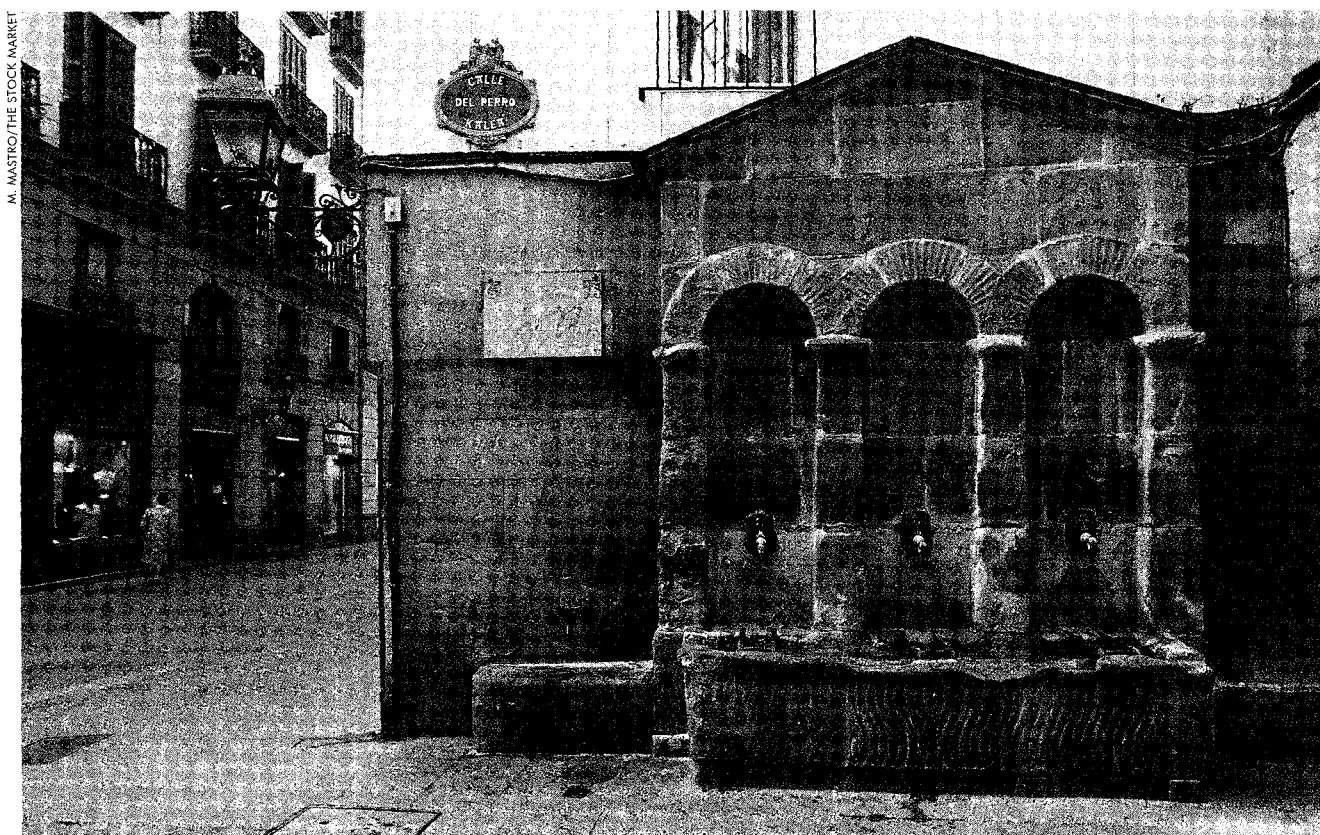
Basque separatist group, has intermittently rocked the country with its bombings and political assassinations. The group began as resistance fighters against Franco’s regime, and as heroes to the Basques. Once democracy was firmly established in Spain, however, attitudes changed. Most Basques still chafe under Madrid’s rule, and long to regain the prized political and fiscal independence that was theirs before the nineteenth-century Carlist wars, when their ill-fated support for the reactionary Don Carlos, the brother of Ferdinand VII, lost them their unique privileges. The majority no longer support ETA’s violent ways, and few are even sure of the goal of its terrorism, which, though abhorrent in itself, is rarely directed at tourists.

That political unrest continues at all enormously frustrates most Basques, especially now that the region’s future seems so bright. For centuries Bilbao was an industrial dynamo, an international center for shipbuilding, shipping, mining, and metallurgy, and also banking, and it produced many noble stone buildings and many wealthy Bilbaínos. But all that industry turned the air a sooty yellow and the River Nervión, which runs through Bilbao, a mephitic white. In the late 1980s the region’s political leaders decided to

move industry out of the city, in order to attract more service and high-tech companies. Today the air is clean, and the water is verging on it. Where not more than a decade ago sulfurous blast furnaces lined the riverbanks, now there are the Guggenheim and a sparkling white, sleekly arcing footbridge, designed by Santiago Calatrava, called the Zubi-Zuri (the name just means “White Bridge” in Euskara, the Basque language). Farther west along the river a striking new concert and convention hall, Euskalduna Palace, clad in dark-brown steel, stands on the site of what was not long ago one of the largest shipyards in Europe. Along with the futuristic “*fosteritos*”—Slinky-shaped glass-and-steel metro stations designed by Sir Norman Foster—these new landmarks have become the icons of Bilbao’s millennial metamorphosis. This urban transformation has been so dramatic, so lightning quick, that most Bilbaínos are still a bit dazzled. Not since Richard Rogers and Renzo Piano’s Centre Pompidou regenerated the Marais district of Paris, a quarter of a century ago, has a museum been such an engine for urban renewal as the Guggenheim.

The Bilbaínos don’t have many museums, but they’ve always been shrewd in the use of the ones they have. In the early

The fountain of el Perro, in the Casco Viejo



1900s, when the city was at its industrial zenith, a group of prominent business leaders endowed Bilbao with two museums, one for traditional and one for modern art, to burnish its cultural image. These later merged into the Museo de Bellas Artes. Just a few blocks from the Guggenheim, the discreet-looking Bellas Artes surprises visitors with an exceptional cache of European art, especially works by Spanish and Basque masters, ranging from Zurbarán, Goya, and Velázquez to Tapies and Chillida. Despite its riches, for much of its existence the museum has been a dusty, lonely place. Recently, though, the Guggenheim has stirred the Basques' curiosity about their artistic heritage, and the Bellas Artes has unexpectedly become a favored haunt of locals.

For the traveler, a visit to the Bellas Artes provides a further reward in the chance to discover the works of Jorge Oteiza. In the 1950s and 1960s Oteiza's imposingly minimalist, powerfully architectural sculptures won him international acclaim. But, ornery and, some say, half mad, he refused to sell his work and soon stopped making sculptures at all. In the decades that followed, his reputation faded outside the Basque country. But he has at least two ardent fans in America who are anything but obscure: the minimalist sculptor Richard Serra and Frank Gehry, both of whom are said to consider him the greatest abstract sculptor of the twentieth century.

IF the Basques themselves have a passion for art, it is for the art of cooking. Theirs is a cuisine of the freshest ingredients and the most savory sauces. I am convinced that alchemy plays a role in the making of these sauces, concocted as they are out of only a few elemental ingredients. Take the legendary *pil pil* sauce: olive oil, garlic, chilies, and the juices of the cooking *bacalao*, or salt cod, result in an ambrosial emulsion.

In the Ensanche you can sample *bacalao al pil pil* made by one of its masters, Jenaro Pildain, the chef at Guria, a gastronomic mecca and the staid temple of classic Basque cuisine. If you choose to go, book way ahead—the restaurant has only twelve tables (telephone 011-34-94-441-5780). And if you don't speak Spanish, bring along a phrasebook that lists culinary terms, because the waiters will never pass for polyglots. (Few Bilbaínos have yet adapted to the city's

new tourist trade and learned English.) I suggest that you fast the day before, and then order the fabulous tasting menu: for about \$50 per person you'll get quite a feast. Among the delicacies brought to me on my most recent visit were *kokotxas a la Donostiarra*, hake cheeks in a green sauce; *angulas a la Bilbaína*, baby eels in garlic sauce; and *txangurro*, flaked seasoned spider crab, stuffed and served in its shell. You might also want to try the flavorful T-bone steak, which comes from the tawny cattle raised in the surrounding hills.

For a Basque dining experience less religious and more gregarious, also in the Ensanche, there is Café Iruña, which whether I visit in the morning or at night is always abuzz with diners and drinkers. Established in 1903, it has one of Bilbao's most sumptuous interiors, its walls and floors adorned with richly colored Moorish-style tiles—like a miniature Alhambra. Close by the restaurant is another culinary landmark, the Pescaderías Vascas. You must see this place to understand how the Basques revere their food. The toniest of the city's many tony fish stores, it is known as "The Jeweler's," because its window displays of salt cod, seaweed, and coral are worthy, in their exquisite invention, of Tiffany's.

THE Ensanche is reminiscent of London, but before 1870 there were none of the genteel buildings that make it so; the area was farmland dotted with hamlets. The city's expansion here, across the Nervión from the Casco Viejo, was paid for with wealth amassed from producing the iron that transformed England into an industrial giant. More than just commercial partners, the Bilbaínos were ardent fans of the British—of their economic might, their understated style, their men's clubs, their posh hotels, all of which they tried to emulate. When I first visited the city, a few years back, I had the good fortune to stay at the recently renovated Carlton, a neoclassical confection as elaborate as a wedding cake, made of brilliant-white limestone. The Carlton is situated—quite appropriately for a hotel with British pretensions—along the rim of the Ensanche's garden-adorned traffic circus. It was built in 1926 as a miniature tribute to the Ritz—though the imposing oval-domed skylight in the lobby seems to be a copy of the one in Nice's Hotel Negresco. Thanks to the

DON'T BE AFRAID
WE'LL MEET A STRANGER SUDDENLY
 RAISE HIS ARM WHEN YOU WALK BY

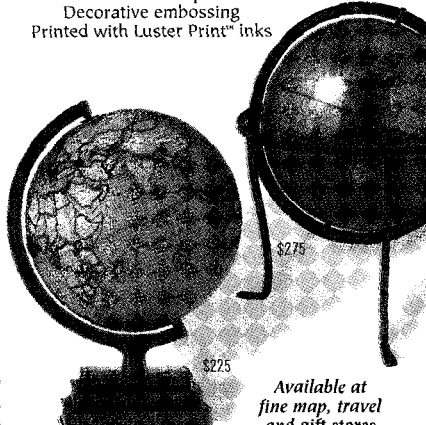
HELLO

Steamboats a place where the skiing has become legendary and where visitors are always treated like locals. It just sounds like where you need to be. Call 1-800-7-89-12628 or drop in at www.steamboat-ski.com



**Eureka
 Globes**
Masterpiece Collection

10 Beautiful Table & Floor Models
 100% Accurate & Updatable
 Decorative embossing
 Printed with Luster Print™ inks



Available at
 fine map, travel
 and gift stores

Call today
 for the store nearest you
 or to request your free catalogue
1-888-473-9505 (toll free)
www.eurekaglobes.com
 1796 University Avenue, Berkeley, CA 94703

Fine Decorative Globes for Home and Office

current favorable foreign-exchange rate, at about \$150 per night for a double (\$90 on weekends) this five-star hostelry is not nearly as dear as the original, in London. It is quite a historic place, too, having served during the Spanish Civil War as the headquarters of the Basque government. (For more information phone the hotel at 011-34-94-416-2200 or fax 011-34-94-416-4628.)

When friends come to stay, however, I usually direct them to the pension across the street from my flat in the Casco Viejo. The Iturriena Ostataua, with its lace-curtained French windows and wrought-iron balconies dripping with geraniums, is as picturesque as can be, and the prices are equally charming, with double rooms for about \$50 a night (telephone 011-34-94-416-1500; fax 011-34-94-415-8929).

Wandering around the Casco Viejo, I find it hard to imagine that up until the turn of the century its maze of ancient stone *palacios* contained all the enterprise of this ambitious city. Founded in 1300, Bilbao accreted out of just seven parallel streets, the Siete Calles, which run down to the riverfront and still serve as the neighborhood's heart. Indeed, this city's antique half remains wonderfully alive.

Bilbaínos work, shop, and live in these austere edifices, which are crammed with bars, cafés, restaurants, bakeries, tobacconists, hole-in-the-wall groceries, furniture shops, and boutiques. So tradition-bound are the Basques that similar businesses may well have occupied these spots for centuries. Sometimes I imagine that the Basque faces I see on my daily jaunts—long, rectangular, square-chinned visages, almost always sober in expression—are the same as those of the people who walked these streets long ago. They appear as much a part of the place as the paving stones, worn smooth with the ages.

These people often feel more like roommates than neighbors, because just about

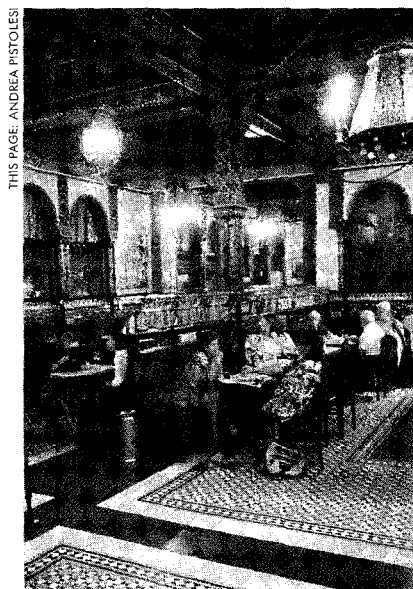
everyone in this quarter all but lives in the street. (The temperateness of the climate encourages such behavior—although, mind you, this is the Atlantic coast of Spain, and days are more likely to be cloudy and damp than sunny and hot.)

Grandmothers gossip outside the fishmonger's, children play ball in front of the lamp store, teenagers in grunge attire and riotously colored hair wander in small packs from the record store to the café

to the tattoo shop. People are outside from early in the morning, when housewives set off to the bakery for the breakfast baguette, till the evening, when everyone—young lovers, families, groups of hearty old men—partakes in the *paseo*, the ritual pre-dinner stroll through the streets. And they're there late at night, when gregarious night owls, who seem to make up the majority of the population, roam about in another sacred Bilbaínan rite: bar-hopping. The only time the streets are empty is during lunch and siesta. I always know when it's one-thirty, because the neighborhood echoes with the clang of iron shutters coming down over shop fronts. Basques take this Spanish rite of the day seriously, and shops don't reopen until four o'clock.



Casco Viejo façades



The Moorish-style Café Iruña

Casco Viejo, a dramatic change from its crooked, narrow streets, is the Plaza Nueva, a great square enclosed by grand nineteenth-century apartment buildings and an arcade chockablock with cafés, bars, and shops. It's a delightful place to rest your feet after a day of exploring and sample some *pintxos*, the Basque ver-

sion of tapas. My favorite haunt for these is Victor Montes, one of the oldest and liveliest of the square's restaurants and bars, which has a wonderfully jaunty Belle Epoque décor that's all black and

white and gold. Start off with some *rabas* (fried squid rings) and a *txikito* of rioja. The *txikito* is a sturdy short glass with a thick stem and a small hollow that holds only a few sips of wine. After the last sip it's Basque custom to move on to the

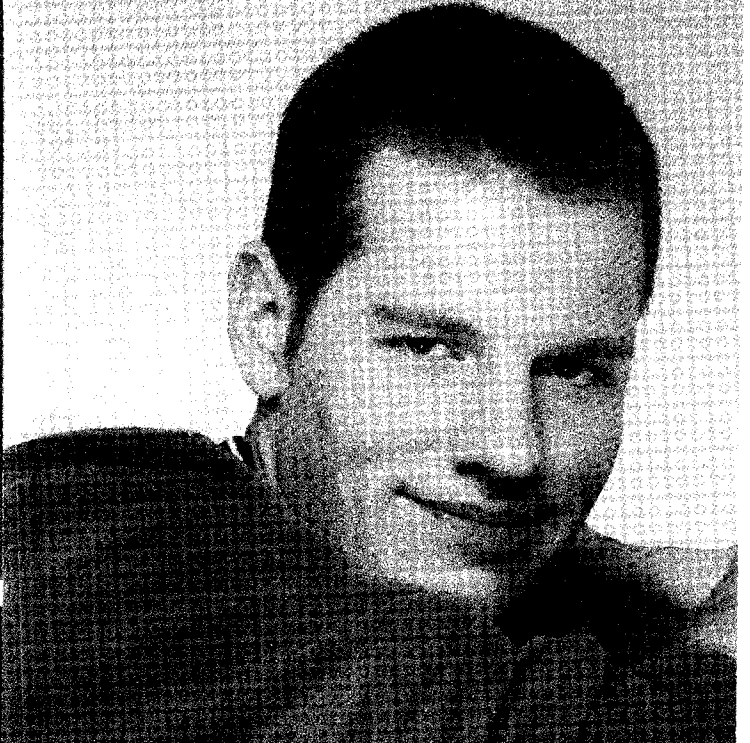
next bar. The plaza has so many that you may never get beyond the square before the evening's out. But bar-hopping here is not the activity of beer-guzzling gaulots that it is in the States. On Sundays you can see three generations of a family making their way through the neighborhood bars drinking rioja in sips and feasting on *pintxos*.

Another favorite place of mine in the Casco Viejo is the Euskal Museoa, where you can learn much about the Basques and their culture. This little museum boasts an eclectic variety of archaeological findings, quaint ethnographic tableaux, and historical exhibits. According to its energetic director, Amaia Basterretxea, an archaeologist, some tourists confess that they prefer her museum to the Guggenheim. Though it is certainly not as rich or provocative as that distinguished institution, I confess to feeling the same way. Glorious as the Guggenheim is, it offers the artistic trophies of the modern-day global culture in which we all live and breathe, whereas this modest institution reveals a world that seems as fascinatingly remote as it is vivid. I value what's displayed here because I know that this world of shepherds, fishermen, and farmers will in but a few more decades disappear—as will, most likely, the deep ties most Basques feel to the land.

IF the Basques have succeeded in preserving themselves as a people, it has been through the proud nurturing of their rural traditions. With a population that numbers not much more than two million, in a territory about the size of Con-



Money.



It's just not what
it used to be.

New money is different
than old money.
For one thing, it's younger.

Are you certain about where you
and your new money are headed?
Phoenix has been showing people
innovative new directions for
nearly 150 years. We understand
that making money—and knowing
what to do with it—are two
different skills. It's one reason
high net-worth people turn to
Phoenix for help. To learn more
about how Phoenix could be
helping you, call 1-800-753-1516
or visit our Web site at
www.phoenixwm.com.

 **PHOENIX**

WEALTH MANAGEMENT



The Zubi-Zuri footbridge, across the Nervión, has decking of glass

necticut, the Basques remain a people apart. Genetically distinct from every other group in Europe, the Basques are thought to be the direct descendants of Cro-Magnon man, having survived the Indo-Aryan invasion with their culture intact. Their language is equally ancient. With its guttural double *rrs*, peculiar couplings of consonants, and preponderance of polysyllabic words ending in *k*, Euskara certainly sounds as remote as prehistory. Yet it remains the defining force of this culture. "The Basque language is a country," Victor Hugo observed on a visit in 1843, "almost a religion." Euskara remains a glue for this people, keeping the culture vital and oddly adaptable despite its conservatism.

The strength of the language is especially remarkable when one considers that it was outlawed during Franco's reign and those caught speaking it were often imprisoned and tortured. Now Euskara is a mandatory part of the elementary school curriculum. Now, too, many middle-aged Basques, forbidden to learn their native tongue as children, have taken up its study.

As much as this has been about ethnic pride, it has also, for some, been a matter of professional survival. In the Basque country speaking Euskara is almost a prerequisite for teaching or working for the government. But Euskara's long-term fate remains uncertain. The Basque birth rate is 7.7 per thousand—the lowest in all of Western Europe, for a constellation of economic and cultural reasons—and the language may well die out as the Basque people decline in number.

Historians say that the Basques—hidden away in and behind the Pyrenees Mountains—were so isolated for so long that most of them remained pagans well into the tenth century. According to legend, however, their conversion to Christianity was abrupt. In the myth, the Basques had learned to worship the sun and the moon from the friendly giants known as the *jentillak*, who also taught them to farm and who erected the many dolmens—upright stone structures—throughout the countryside. One day, after seeing strange omens in the sky, the *jentillak* announced, "Christ is born, our time is done," and without another word disappeared under a dolmen, leaving only a trail of folktales in their stead.

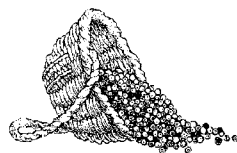
When I drive south of Bilbao toward Durango, through the verdant landscape with its mist-covered mountains, my mind often turns to Basque folktales, so strong is the air of enchantment. On a ridge of the lofty, dolmen-shaped Goikoa Mountain, just a half hour outside the city on this route, is an inn and restaurant called Mendi Goikoa, another of my favorite places to eat (telephone 011-34-94-682-0833; fax 011-34-94-682-1136). Mendi Goikoa's slogan is "Silence you can hear." It is said that Mari, a witch who watches over the Basques, lives atop the mountain's peak, and when the peak is hidden by clouds, Mari is at home. The restaurant is celebrated as much for its cooking as for its bucolic setting, and has attracted many notables. The King and Queen of Spain, Nobel Prize winners, and various Prime Ministers have all eaten in the dining room, which once served as a stable. Ask the waitress for a tour and, if she's feeling sociable, she'll show you the upstairs, furnished like an old-fashioned farmhouse; she might even point out the bed where Queen Sofia took her siesta after her meal.

The best time to visit rural spots like this one is during a fiesta, when in the village square you can watch the locals

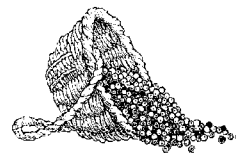
competing in the *herri kirolak*, or “popular sports”: stone lifting, log splitting, tug-of-war. To mark the occasion there is always a group of *bertsolariak* performing—rural troubadours, many of whom are barely literate farmers. They compose improvisatory songs that are extraordinarily complex in form and thought, on subjects offered up by the villagers. (The Basques were rapping centuries before U.S. youths.) These singers are a mainstay on Basque television, where the exploits of one *bertsolari* have been turned into an animated cartoon for children.

IF you venture out into the countryside or to the glorious coast, I recommend that you choose the Cadogan guide to Spain, by Dana Facaros and Michael Pauls, to help you plan. Most travel books on Spain give the Basque country short shrift, because with the exception of its beach resort, San Sebastián, it has never been a major tourist destination. This book covers the Basques knowledgeably and wittily, and offers detailed itineraries. Also good but not as comprehensive is *Discovering Spain*, by Penelope Casas. And on any trip to this region you should bring along Mark Kurlansky’s book *The Basque History of the World*, as a primer on Basque culture. For insight and enjoyment, though, my favorite is *A Book of the Basques*, published in 1930 by an Englishman, Rodney Gallop, and reissued in 1998. During his boyhood Gallop spent his summers in St. Jean de Luz, in the French Basque country, and I think his book best describes the Basques’ history, their reserved and rustic spirit, and their appealing if idiosyncratic ways.

Those, at least, are the terms in which I talk to myself about the Basque spirit in the wee hours, when I’m often kept awake here in Bilbao. City or country, the Basques start loosening up by *pintxos* time, and once dinner’s over, you’ll often find these dour-by-day souls merrily singing. In the Casco Viejo groups of *txikiteros*, young and old alike, carol Basque folk songs as they stroll from bar to bar. By late at night the singing is likely to give way to howls and strange guttural utterances, and I have to remind myself once again how grand it is to be amid a culture where people don’t just sit home watching late-night television but go out serenading in the street. In the morning, after a strong café con leche, I feel lucky, again, to be living in this place. ☪



Other coffee
companies know this
basket contains about
20 pounds of beans.



Equal Exchange
knows this basket is
called a “canasta” and that
it’s worn around the necks
of the men and women
who pick coffee beans
so they can afford food
and clothes for themselves
and their children.
We also know that after
the farmers and their
families have picked
coffee for an entire day,
the basket can feel like
it weighs not 20 pounds,
but more like 200 pounds.
To find out more about
our fairly traded gourmet
coffee, email us at
info@equalexchange.com
or call 800-406-8289,
extension 261.



— COFFEE THAT AWAKENS THE CONSCIENCE —

**BY USING LOTUS,
STATE STREET
INCREASED THEIR CLIENT BASE
BY 400%.
AND NO, THEY'RE NOT
A DOT-COM
STARTUP.**

Make that 447%, to be exact. They did it simply by providing better customer relationship management. State Street, one of the world's largest financial services providers, created OnCourse, a powerful suite of integrated applications using Lotus Notes® and Domino™ R5. This unified system gives employees shared access to data on their clients. Employees use this data to provide customized solutions to fit their clients' needs. It's just one of the ways super.human.software helps e-business people work together.

To learn more, visit www.lotus.com/superhumansoftware

SUPER.HUMAN.SOFTWARE

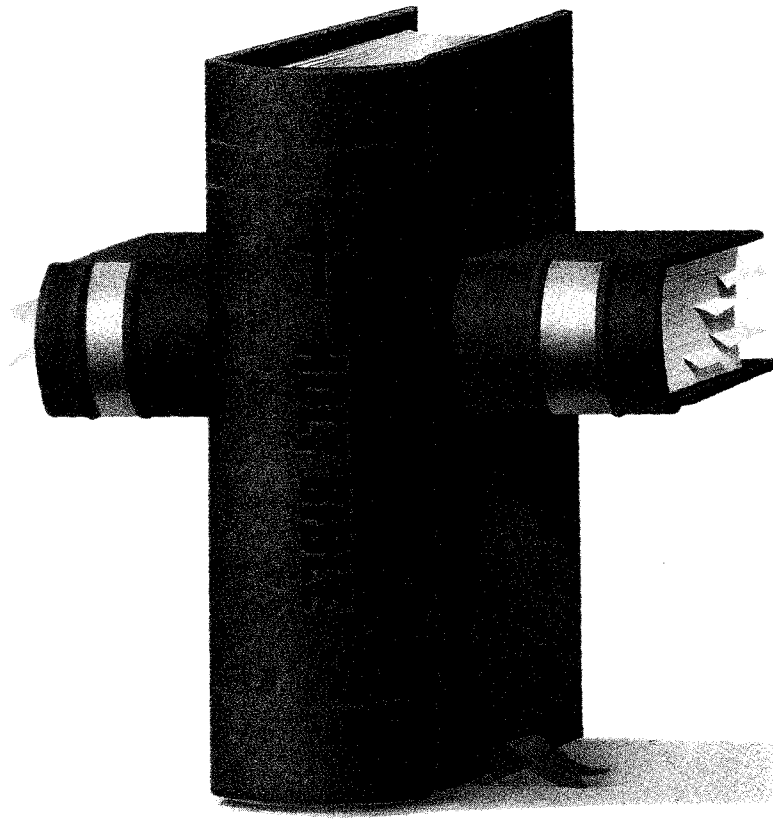
Lotus®

An IBM Company

Over 20,000 Lotus Business Partners can provide solutions for you today. For more information, call 1-800-872-3387, ext. F112. In Canada, call 1-800-872-3387, ext. F112. Lotus, Lotus Development Corporation, an IBM company, All rights reserved. Lotus and Lotus Notes are registered trademarks and Domino and Super Human Software are trademarks of Lotus Development Corp. IBM is a registered trademark and the e-business logo is a trademark of International Business Machines Corp. All other company names are trademarks or registered trademarks of their respective companies.

THE OPENING OF THE EVANGELICAL MIND

by ALAN WOLFE



Of all America's religious traditions, the author writes, evangelical Protestantism, at least in its twentieth-century conservative forms, has long ranked "dead last in intellectual stature."

Now evangelical thinkers are trying to revitalize their tradition.

Can they turn an intellectual backwater into an intellectual beacon?

ON June 29, 1989, in Providence, Rhode Island, Deborah Weisman graduated from Nathan Bishop Middle School. "God of the free, hope of the brave," Rabbi Leslie Gutterman offered in the graduation's ceremonial prayer, "for the legacy of America where diversity is celebrated and the rights of minorities are protected, we thank you. May these young men and women grow up to enrich it." Deborah's father, who had objected to the inclusion of the prayer, sued the school's principal, Robert E. Lee. By the now familiar margin of 5-4, in

1992 the U.S. Supreme Court ruled in favor of the Weismans.

Writing for the majority, Justice Anthony Kennedy applied the First Amendment's prohibition of an established religion. The prayer was nonsectarian, Kennedy acknowledged, and anything but an effort by Christians to impose their faith on religious minorities. Nonetheless, he said, government was involved in all its aspects. Not only was the prayer delivered at an official school function but its very inclusiveness was the result of guidelines supplied to all clergy by school authori-



THE HISTORIAN RICHARD HOFSTADTER QUOTED THE THE WORD OF GOD SAYS ONE THING AND SCHOLA

ties. "The undeniable fact," Kennedy continued, "is that the school district's supervision and control of a . . . school graduation ceremony places public pressure, as well as peer pressure, on attending students to stand as a group. . . . This pressure, though subtle and indirect, can be as real as any overt compulsion." America is a society committed to the principle of individual freedom, and by forcing Deborah Weisman to participate in a ritual that violated her conscience, the prayer interfered with her rights.

All this was too much for Justice Antonin Scalia. Morality has always played a role in the public life of America, he argued in dissent, and because religion is the traditional source of that morality, the Court's decision represented one more step away from the faith of the Founders. In Scalia's view, the majority had succumbed to a kind of coercion inflation, equating something as harmless as a nondenominational prayer with "coercion of religious orthodoxy . . . by force of law and threat of penalty." In words seemingly designed to be provoking, Scalia wrote that the Court's opinion treated religion as a "purely personal avocation that can be indulged entirely in secret, like pornography, in the privacy of one's room."

Lee v. Weisman is a wonderful case to use in undergraduate political-science classes, because it presents two passionately argued, and utterly contrasting, views of America. I recently visited such a class, at a four-year liberal-arts college in the Midwest, in which the question of the day was whether the case had been correctly decided. Defying every stereotype of apathetic students and indifferent professors, the discussion was vigorous, intelligent, and informed. As one might expect from a generation taught to believe that tolerance is the highest moral value, the overwhelming response of the students was to endorse Kennedy's opinion. "I may be a Christian," one said, "but Christians may not be in the majority forever." Another said that he had grown up Christian in a Jewish community, so he understood what it meant to be in the minority. Scalia's dissent, said a third, was "inflammatory." When a fourth student tried to criticize the majority decision, the others laughingly disagreed. These students understood, as if instinctively, the fundamental principle of liberalism hammered home by philosophers such as Immanuel Kant and John Rawls: A just policy is one to which we would agree if we could not know whether it would benefit us personally or not.

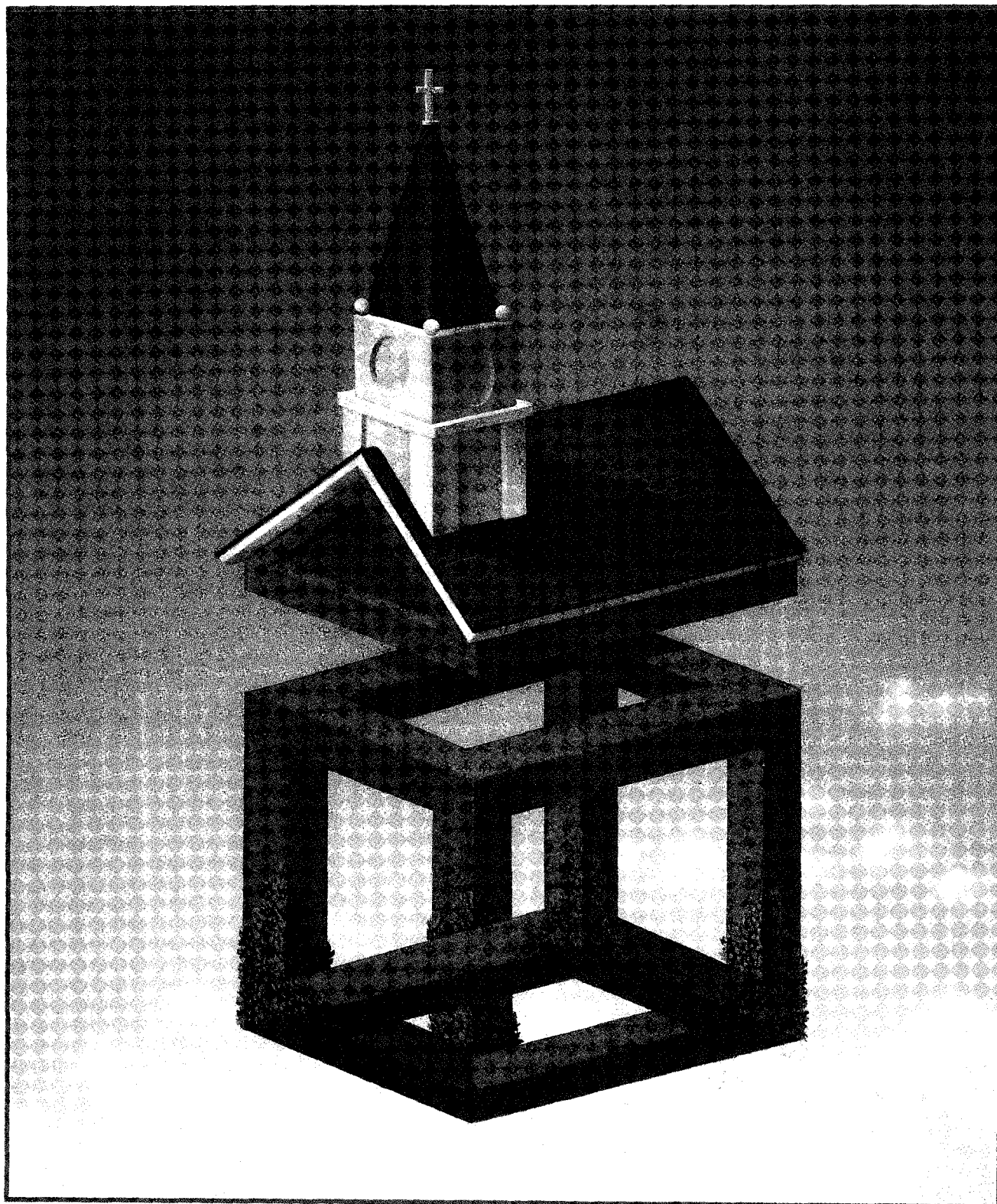
Although *Lee v. Weisman* involved a Jewish student and a rabbi, none of the students in this political-science class were Jewish. Wheaton College, in Illinois, where the class was held, is an evangelical-Protestant institution. "We believe that God has revealed Himself and His truth in the created order, in the

Scriptures, and supremely in Jesus Christ; and that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are verbally inspired by God and inerrant in the original writing, so that they are fully trustworthy and of supreme and final authority in all they say," reads the doctrinal statement of Wheaton, prominently printed in the college catalogue. Wheaton takes its doctrinal statement seriously, I was informed by the college's president, Duane Litfin. All prospective faculty members must take the pledge, and as Stanton L. Jones, Wheaton's provost, told me, they are considered to have reaffirmed it when they sign their annual salary letter. Indeed, to obtain tenure at Wheaton, faculty members not only must teach and do research but also must write, and have approved, a thirty- to fifty-page paper demonstrating that they can approach their academic discipline from a Christian perspective.

Because its doctrinal statement is so heavily committed to an evangelical-Protestant understanding of God, Wheaton excludes Jews and most Catholics. There are a few Catholic students at the college (fourteen out of 2,732 last fall), some of whom converted in college and others who see no contradiction between their faith and the statement. But there are no Catholics on the faculty, and except for four "Jewish Christians," as the college calls Jews for Jesus, no Jews at all. What would the college do, I asked Litfin, if a faculty member decided to convert to Catholicism? He would be asked if he would not be more comfortable working elsewhere.

OF all America's religious traditions, evangelical Protestantism, at least in its twentieth-century conservative forms, ranks dead last in intellectual stature. High-church Protestants established most of those universities we now call Ivy League. Methodism, with strong evangelical roots in England, came to America, eventually lost its revivalist spirit, and produced Northwestern, Boston University, and Emory. Three Catholic universities—Georgetown, Notre Dame, and Boston College—are now ranked in the top fifty of America's research universities. If there are only one or two great universities that are distinctively Jewish, that is because Jews have been so successful throughout American academic and intellectual life. No comparable legacy has come from those fundamentalist sects that have flourished in the American heartland. Fundamentalism emerged in the United States toward the end of the nineteenth century, as a reaction against the increasing cosmopolitanism of most American Protestant denominations. Convinced that the United States was living through a period that threatened the disintegration of Christian civilization, fundamentalists believed that a return to strict principles was America's

FUNDAMENTALIST PREACHER BILLY SUNDAY: "WHEN
HIP SAYS ANOTHER, SCHOLARSHIP CAN GO TO HELL."



only salvation. Published as *The Fundamentals*, a twelve-volume paperback series issued from 1910 to 1915, those principles insisted on the literal truth of the Bible, outlined the ways in which Jesus would return to earth, and attacked competing religions, including Mormonism and Catholicism. While the rest of American religion accepted modernity, and with it freedom of thought, fundamentalists moved backward. So hostile were they to the life of the mind that they managed during the Scopes “monkey” trial, in July of 1925, to transform the bigoted H. L. Mencken, who was immortalized in *Inherit the Wind*, into a paragon of liberal tolerance. When Sinclair Lewis, the most celebrated American novelist never to have written a great work of literature, created the improbable Elmer Gantry, the behavior of one conservative preacher after another seemed to make him, of all things, lifelike.

Searching for roots in American culture, fundamentalists looked back to the revivalism that flourished throughout the nineteenth century, a religious outlook usually characterized as evangelical. The terms “fundamentalist” and “evangelical” are sometimes conflated, because the movements have common origins. But beginning in the 1930s some conservative Protestants began to distance themselves from the extreme anti-modernism of more-vocal fundamentalists, and adopted the term “neo-evangelical” to describe themselves. Since then it has been possible to describe evangelicals as Christians who are conservative in their theology and usually, although not necessarily, conservative in their politics.

Wheaton College was in the middle of these debates over the form that conservative Protestantism would take. When its second president, Charles Blanchard, died, in 1925, the college adopted as its creed a set of principles that Blanchard had helped to draft for the World’s Christian Fundamentals Association. From then to now Wheaton has been an institution committed to a strict interpretation of Christian principles. Yet at the same time Wheaton is an interdenominational school and sufficiently open to the world to be characterized as evangelical. Its most famous graduate, Billy Graham, played a crucial role in moving American fundamentalism away from its self-imposed rejection of the larger world in which it existed.

Wheaton thus bears little resemblance to Elmer Gantry’s Terwillinger College, with its “standard of scholarship equal to the best high-schools,” but it does retain legacies from its fundamentalist years. No college is likely to attract a world-class faculty if it peremptorily eliminates members of most of the world’s religions. Students at Wheaton sign their own pledge, vowing to desist from smoking, drinking, and dancing. Required attendance at chapel (patrolling monitors note any vacant seats) is not the way to appeal to student consumers who expect their colleges to respond to their every whim.

And yet the class I attended was fascinating, both because the students understood and accepted the arguments behind the First Amendment and because they were so intellectually curious. In its own way, campus life at Wheaton College re-

sembles that of the 1960s, when students and a few professors, convinced that they had embarked on a mission of eternal importance, debated ideas as if life really depended on the answers they came up with. Students at Wheaton, moreover, are as outstanding as any students in America. Wheaton’s rejection rate last year was higher than the University of Chicago’s. Its class of 2003 includes sixty-one National Merit Scholars. The average SAT score of last year’s entering class was 1,310, putting Wheaton in the same range as Oberlin College and the University of Virginia. One political-science major I met had just been accepted for the doctoral program at Yale, another for the one at the University of California at San Diego. Wheaton does even better in the hard sciences than in the social sciences, ranking among the nation’s leading colleges in the percentage of its graduates who go on to earn doctorates. Surprisingly, for a college deriving from a religious tradition that was hostile to Darwinism, Wheaton managed to recruit the chairman of its biology department—the first place where conservative alumni are likely to look for insistence on the Bible’s inerrancy—from the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine.

And Lyman Kellstedt, the professor who led the discussion of *Lee v. Weisman*, was no slouch. Kellstedt taught at Georgetown, the State University of New York at Buffalo, and the University of Illinois at Chicago before coming to Wheaton. At Wheaton he took a deep salary cut, saw his teaching load expand from four courses a year to six, and gave up his tenure, because Wheaton grants no immediate tenure to faculty members, not even those who have already earned it at other institutions. Why did he do it? “Because I had a calling from God,” he told me. Kellstedt is about to retire, but his family’s relationship with political science goes on: his son teaches that subject at the decidedly non-evangelical Brown University.

Wheaton College is part of a determined effort by evangelical-Christian institutions to create a life of the mind. At Calvin College, in Michigan; Fuller Theological Seminary and Pepperdine University, in California; Baylor University, in Texas; Valparaiso University, in Indiana; and even the Catholic Notre Dame, also in Indiana, evangelical scholars are writing the books, publishing the journals, teaching the students, and sustaining the networks necessary to establish a presence in American academic life. Should they fail, the reaction of most secular academics—those who bother to notice—will be “I told you so.” But should they succeed, their efforts will matter. Christian Smith, a sociologist at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, relying on a 1996 survey, concluded that 29 percent of Americans could be described as conservative Protestants, with roughly equal numbers of evangelicals and fundamentalists, making them the largest religious group in America. Even if a relatively small number of them want to participate in the wider world to which a good education has always provided entree, the rest of America cannot continue to write off conservative Christians as hopelessly out of touch with modern American values.

Knowing a community means more than
just finding your way around it in a truck.



JR Luna, UPS Manager
St. Margaret of Scotland Intern

Of course UPS employees know the neighborhoods they work in. But not just in the way you might think. Because for 30 years, UPS has sent its managers through a unique job experience. It's called the Community Internship Program. For a month, they live and work in communities that need help. They feed the homeless, visit children with HIV, build homes for underprivileged families. Ask people who've participated like JR Luna, and they'll tell you the experience makes them more sensitive to the needs of other people. It also teaches them about themselves. And that makes them better managers. To learn more, visit www.community.ups.com.

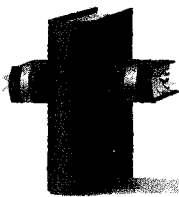
AN "INTELLECTUAL DISASTER"

FIRST published in 1963, when liberals were beginning to recognize the growing power of what was then called the radical right, Richard Hofstadter's *Anti-Intellectualism in American Life* recounted the hostility of fundamentalists such as Dwight Moody and Billy Sunday to anything resembling a complicated idea. "When the word of God says one thing and scholarship says another," Hofstadter quoted Billy Sunday as saying, "scholarship can go to hell." Liberals have long assumed that fundamentalist Christians cannot sustain disinterested inquiry. Yet fundamentalism is a cross that evangelicals, not liberals, have to bear. For if it is true, as the historian Mark Noll has written, that "fundamentalist intellectual habits . . . have been more resilient than fundamentalism itself," the impact of fundamentalism will be felt most among those academics whose religious heritage includes such proclivities as biblical literalism, apocalyptic prophecy, and numerology.

Noll, who is the Carolyn and Fred McManis Professor of Christian Thought at Wheaton, spent the 1999 spring semester at the Harvard Divinity School. In 1994 Noll published *The Scandal of the Evangelical Mind*. Although he wrote that

as the historian George Marsden has shown in *Reforming Fundamentalism* (1987), began to attract a faculty unlikely to be satisfied with providing the kind of education offered at, for instance, the Moody Bible Institute.

Any effort to create an academically respectable seminary for evangelical Christians was bound to arouse the suspicions of fundamentalist leaders such as Bob Jones, who founded his eponymous college in 1927, and the Reverend Carl McIntire, one of the most militantly sectarian of all the early fundamentalists. Charles Fuller also ran the risk of losing financial support and facing a boycott of his radio program should anyone on the faculty at the seminary take an unpopular position. In its second year of existence Fuller's president, Harold Ockenga, tried to hire a European theologian of impeccable conservative credentials, Béla Vassady, but Vassady's lack of familiarity with theological correctness (he once said favorable things about the neo-orthodox, and also foreign, theologian Karl Barth, and applauded ecumenism) aroused furious opposition. The matter was resolved after Fuller adopted a credal statement that was to be adhered to "without mental reservation"—a formulation that Vassady, who believed that only God could truly lack mental reservations, was unwilling to sign. The Vassady case defined the conflict the seminary



STUDENTS AT THE EVANGELICAL WHEATON COLLEGE LAST YEAR WHEATON'S REJECTION RATE OF APPL

Hofstadter's analysis was too simple, Noll went even further than Hofstadter in categorizing what he called "the intellectual disaster of fundamentalism." Fundamentalists, Noll wrote, had "a weakness for treating the verses of the Bible as pieces in a jigsaw puzzle that needed only to be sorted and then fit together to possess a finished picture of divine truth." They neglected "forces in history that shape perceptions and help define the issues that loom as most important to any particular age." And they had an unwarranted "self-confidence, bordering on hubris, manifested by an extreme antitraditionalism that casually discounted the possibility of wisdom from earlier generations." *The Scandal of the Evangelical Mind*, Noll would later say, "came very close to being my letter of resignation from the evangelical movement."

Noll's book was meant as a charge to evangelical intellectuals to avoid creation science and similar embarrassments. His was not the first such effort. In the years immediately after World War II the radio evangelist Charles Fuller, whose *Old Fashioned Revival Hour* boasted the largest radio audience in America, had a like-minded inclination. Fuller wanted to create a "Cal Tech of the evangelical world," and he used his entrepreneurial energy to buy prime land in Pasadena, not far from Caltech. Founded in 1947, Fuller Theological Seminary,

would face: would it really become a Caltech, determined to hire the best people it could find, or would it conform to the certainties of the religious base from which it grew?

For the first quarter century of its existence that question was easily answered: Fuller could never be stronger than the religious movement that defined its identity. Only two institutions in conservative-Christian America had any academic credibility during those years, and neither was of much help to Fuller. Wheaton was one. Many members of Fuller's original faculty had been Wheaton undergraduates in the 1930s, and Billy Graham, who was widely trusted in fundamentalist circles in the late 1940s and later became a Fuller board member, was sympathetic to the move toward evangelicalism. But J. Oliver Buswell Jr., the Wheaton president who had built up the institution's reputation, had been fired in 1940 for being, as two historians of the college put it, "too argumentative in temperament and too intellectual in his approach to Christianity." After that, despite the efforts of the philosopher Arthur Holmes, a faculty member who wrote extensively about the necessity for Christian learning, the college went into a period of intellectual somnambulism from which it has only recently awakened.

The other source of intellectual strength in conservative-Protestant circles was the Christian Reformed Church, found-

ed in America in 1857 by immigrants from the Netherlands. Abraham Kuiper, the Church's leading theologian (and from 1901 to 1905 the Prime Minister of Holland), believed that one of God's greatest creations was the human mind; much in the spirit of Saint Augustine, he urged his followers to engage in philosophical reflection. His legacy in America includes Calvin College, which from the 1920s to the 1950s left its mark on an extraordinary number of well-known philosophers, including O. K. Bouwsma, William Frankena, and William Harry Jellema. But Calvin, too, was of little help to the Fuller modernizers in their early years. If anything, Dutch Reformed intellectuals like Cornelius Van Til and Clarence Bouma were on the side of ultra-orthodoxy—even warning against the appointment of Béla Vassady.

It was not until the 1964–1965 academic year—when Fuller removed the “without mental reservation” from its statement of faith—that the institution finally began to leave fundamentalism behind. By the end of the 1960s Fuller had abolished compulsory chapel attendance, officially condemned racism, begun to admit women, and been accepted as a legitimate institution by the Los Angeles Presbytery. Yet it had hardly achieved its founder's goal and become the Caltech of religious scholarship. Enrollment expanded dramatically throughout the 1970s, in part

of the endowment's major areas of interest. Although Lilly had an affinity with mainstream Protestant denominations, and although by tradition it focused on the state of Indiana, its grants—even to Notre Dame and other Catholic institutions—eventually helped to create a network of evangelical scholars. Because its programs have not been devoted specifically to evangelicals, it is impossible to know how much the endowment has spent on them, but the amount must surely be in the millions of dollars. (The endowment has funded some of my own research, and also a seminar on religion and higher education of which I was a member.)

A more directed effort in the movement to make evangelical scholarship respectable came from the Pew Charitable Trusts. J. Howard Pew, of the Sun Oil Company, was a supporter of Fuller Theological Seminary. The Pew trusts were established in 1948, a year after Fuller's founding, and eventually became a major supporter of evangelical-Christian institutions. Eventually Pew, like many other foundations, moved to the left, but it has never lost its focus on religion. In 1988 Pew commissioned a paper on the status of evangelical scholarship and developed a ten-year plan for overcoming its marginalization. Joel Carpenter, a historian of American fundamentalism, went to Pew from Wheaton College in 1989 to

ARE AS OUTSTANDING AS ANY STUDENTS IN AMERICA. HUMANITIES WAS HIGHER THAN THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO'S.

because of a religious revival in the United States. But intellectually speaking, Fuller Theological Seminary remained a marginal institution in American academic life.

By the early 1980s one could find a few distinguished scholars teaching at conservative-Christian institutions, such as the theologian and historian Jaroslav Pelikan at Valparaiso, and the philosophers Alvin Plantinga, Richard Mouw, and Nicholas Wolterstorff and the historian George Marsden at Calvin. In the grand tradition of American academic life, however, most of these scholars would make their institutions famous by leaving them for more-prestigious places—Pelikan and Wolterstorff for Yale, and Plantinga and Marsden for Notre Dame. (Mouw became the president of Fuller in 1993.) Left behind were a disproportionate number of mediocre faculty members burdened with heavy teaching loads and students not generally known for their intellectual depth. Evangelical Christians hoping to achieve intellectual respectability needed help. That help came from two philanthropic foundations.

The Lilly Endowment, established by the family that founded Eli Lilly and Company, grew dramatically during the 1980s and 1990s, eventually surpassing the Ford Foundation to become the largest philanthropic foundation in America. (Currently, Lilly ranks among the top six.) Religion was one

lead the effort. Mark Noll would later identify the scandal of the evangelical mind as the fact that there was not much of one. Carpenter's efforts were dedicated to changing that situation. By century's end Pew had allocated some \$14 million to the revitalization of evangelical intellectual life.

NETWORKS OF MODERNIZERS

A COMBINATION of generous financial support and awakened intellectual activity has transformed the landscape of evangelical scholarship. Here are some of its notable features:

- Because of the work of historians such as Noll, Marsden, Carpenter, and Nathan Hatch, the provost of Notre Dame, no serious student of American history can any longer dismiss evangelical Christianity as little more than a backward reaction against modernity. In particular, the Institute for the Study of American Evangelicals, at Wheaton College, currently directed by Edith Blumhofer, has sponsored scholarship exploring the contributions of evangelicals to American democracy, music, race relations, and popular culture.
- At a time when humanities departments at American univer-

sities are obsessed with theory, conservative Christian scholars have kept alive a humanistic tradition of writing about poetry and fiction for the informed lay reader. That tradition is best represented by *Books & Culture*, a magazine modeled on *The New York Review of Books*. With close ties to Wheaton College, *Books & Culture*, edited by a polymath named John Wilson, publishes articles by evangelical scholars on topics ranging from Jean Jacques Rousseau to popular film. In addition to evangelicals, figures as diverse as the economist Glenn C. Loury; the historian Eugene Genovese; Richard Bernstein, of New School University; and the novelist Larry Woiwode have written for the magazine, which has featured interviews with Stanley Crouch, Adam Michnik, and Francis Fukuyama.

- It may well be true that many Americans, their attention span shortened by television and the Internet, no longer read books, but evangelical scholars continue to publish them in overwhelming numbers. The publishing company Eerdmans, another offshoot of the Dutch migration to America, is a main source of serious religious literature in the United States. It performs a service for all scholars of religion by undertaking such projects as the five-volume *Encyclopedia of Christianity*, the *Eerdmans Dictionary of the Bible*, and *The New International Commentary on the New Testament*.

- Reflecting some of the confidence that stems from finding a scholarly voice, a number of evangelical scholars, and those sympathetic to them, have begun to participate actively in public debate. Eerdmans recently published *Who Are We?*, by Jean Bethke Elshtain, a political philosopher at the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, and *Judgment Day at the White House*, a collection of essays commenting on the Clinton scandal and the President's efforts to ask for forgiveness from Christian ministers. The latter book demonstrated the increasing diversity of evangelical voices; although most were critical of the President, an essay by Nicholas Wolterstorff argued that "one cannot determine a person's moral standards just from observing what he or she does." The President's sins, if such they were, concerned only him and his God.

- Considering that their votes tipped the balance in favor of Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan, evangelical Christians were long the most important group of Americans about whom we knew little. That deficit has been made up with the help of Lyman Kellstedt, the political scientist whose class I visited at Wheaton. Together with three colleagues at other universities, Kellstedt insisted that the University of Michigan's National Election Studies, the main source of voting data in America, take religion more seriously as an analytic category, with results that have benefited all students of American political life.

- During the past half century, as Anglo-American academic philosophy has become excessively technical and abstract, Christians have participated in a major effort to return philosophy to its historical preoccupation with metaphysical questions. Alvin Plantinga and Nicholas Wolterstorff, both of whom have delivered the Gifford Lectures (the same lectures that gave rise to William James's classic *The Varieties of Re-*

ligious Experience), use all the tools of modern philosophy to argue that belief in God is, in Plantinga's term, "warranted" even under contemporary assumptions of rationality. Both men have served as president of the Society of Christian Philosophers, founded in 1978 to promote discussion of the relationship between Christianity and philosophy. With more than a thousand members, the SCP is one of the largest groups of professional philosophers in America.

- Michael McConnell, a member of the Evangelical Free Church of Salt Lake City, Utah, has emerged as one of America's leading constitutional scholars. Best known for his insistence that a strict interpretation of the First Amendment's separation of Church and State clause deprives religious Americans of equality before the law, McConnell was instrumental in *Rosenberger v. University of Virginia*, a 1995 case that overturned the university's refusal to allow student fees to be used to publish a conservative-Christian newspaper. *Christian Perspectives on Legal Thought*, a book McConnell edited with two colleagues, was recently accepted for publication by Yale University Press. He remains the Presidential Professor of Law at the University of Utah even as Harvard—whose law school has already hired another evangelical Christian, William Stuntz—is aggressively trying to recruit him.

- As William James famously recognized, psychology and religion inevitably interact. Stanton Jones, Wheaton's provost, published a paper in the March, 1994, issue of *American Psychologist* that reviews the evidence establishing a "mildly positive relationship" between mental health and religious faith and explores the ways in which belief interacts with psychology's clinical and scientific sides. Along similar lines, some mental-health professionals are persuaded that a capacity to forgive can have therapeutic benefits, and few scholars have devoted more attention to the paradoxes and conditions of forgiveness than two members of the Fuller faculty: the theologian Lewis Smedes and the pastoral counselor David Augsburger.

Evangelical scholars see all this activity as an indication that they have finally made it in American academic life. One of Joel Carpenter's objectives in going to work for Pew, he told me recently, was "to help the religious community to which Pew is closest—Christianity generally and evangelical Protestantism specifically—make a difference." Looking back on its initiatives, the staff of the Pew religion program, in a paper published last October, concluded that Carpenter (who is now the provost at Calvin College) and his successors had made "a major contribution" toward rectifying the lack of serious intellectual work that Mark Noll had identified in the fundamentalist and evangelical traditions. Heartened by these developments, Noll reconsidered his thoughts of leaving the evangelical movement. "Prospects for Christian scholarship," he wrote in 1997, "now seem to me better than even five or six years ago."

Are these conclusions justified? It seems to me that, with some qualification, they are. Conservative Christians have enlivened and enriched the humanities, political and social theory, and even empirical social science. At the same time, their

Get a **FREE SONY WALKMAN®** when you try **3 best-selling** **Recorded Books™** at a special price!



#1



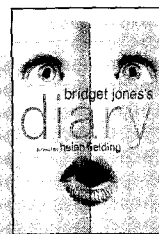
#2



#3



#4



#5



#6

Recorded Books™ Best-Sellers

7 **ISAAC'S STORM**
by Erik Larson

8 **ANGELA'S ASHES**
by Frank McCourt

9 **LEFT BEHIND**
by Tim LaHaye and Jerry B. Jenkins

10 **GAP CREEK**
by Robert Morgan

11 **DAY OF RECKONING**
by Jack Higgins

12 **THE RUN**
by Stuart Woods

13 **THE CAT WHO ROBBED A BANK**
by Lilian Jackson Braun

14 **MRS. POLLIFAX UNVEILED**
by Dorothy Gilman

15 **WHITE OLEANDER**
by Janet Fitch

16 **GARDEN OF EVIL**
by Edna Buchanan

17 **BLUE AT THE MIZZEN**
by Patrick O'Brian

18 **AT HOME IN MITFORD**
by Jan Karon

19 **A WALK IN THE WOODS**
by Bill Bryson

20 **UNDER THE TUSCAN SUN**
by Frances Mayes

21 **SONG OF SOLOMON**
by Toni Morrison

The pleasure of complete, unabridged audiobooks you can't find in stores

For over two decades, Recorded Books™ has offered complete, unabridged audio productions of the best books by today's top authors, as well as the classics of literature. Produced in our New York studios and featuring award-winning actors, Recorded Books are not the abridged recordings you most often find in bookstores, where up to half or more of the author's original work has been cut out. Recorded Books audio productions give you everything the author originally intended—plus the added bonus of hearing fine actors bring the characters to life! It's like going to the theater.

Unabridged enjoyment for the price of an abridged audiobook

Since unabridged recordings can be as long as ten or more cassettes, they often cost far more than the abridged versions you'll find in stores. Why pay an outrageously high price for an audiobook you plan to listen to just once? Renting Recorded Books can cost as little as one-sixth the retail price of unabridged audiobooks. With Recorded Books, you always get great books at a great price. Best of all, there are no commitments; you'll never be sent a book you don't order. You simply order the books you want, whenever you want!

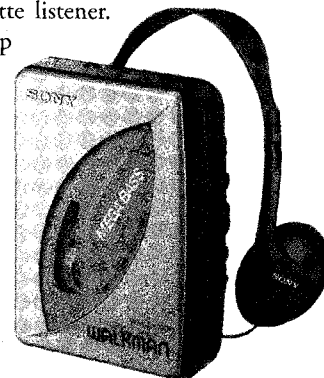
Easy rentals by mail

Recorded Books™ offers convenient audiobook rentals by mail. Simply choose the books you want to hear, and we'll deliver them to your home within a few days. When the audiobooks arrive, you'll have up to a month to listen to them. All of our shipments include a post-paid return box for your convenience. When you finish the last great chapter, simply drop the tapes in your mailbox. You never have to leave home. It's easier than renting movies!

A great special offer

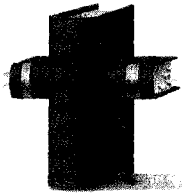
Once you start listening to Recorded Books, you'll want to hear best-sellers wherever you go. So to make listening easy, we're offering this **FREE SONY WALKMAN®** when you rent three books for the low price of \$39.95*. With Mega Bass® Sound System, this Walkman® is perfect for the active cassette listener. It even comes with a belt clip to keep your hands free.

Operators are
standing by now with
information about our
over 3000 titles. Call
today! 1-800-638-
1304. Ask for offer
ATLM3.



Recorded Books, LLC
www.recordedbooks.com

New customers only. Phone orders only please.
Offer expires October 30, 2000. *Plus shipping and handling



CONSERVATIVE CHRISTIANS HAVE SUCCEEDED IN CRI IMAGINATIVE THAN ANYTHING PREVIOUSLY FOUND

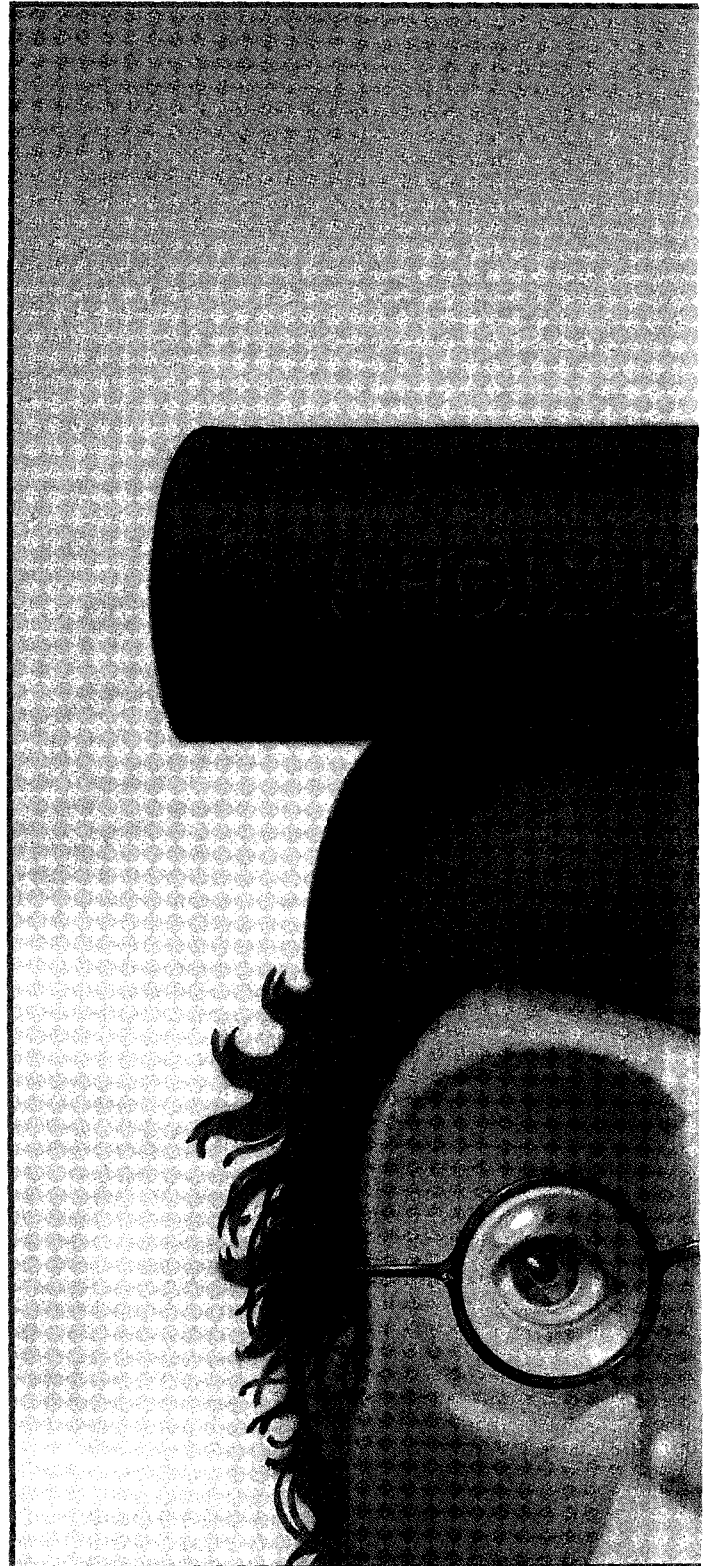
success is uneven. There are not, and in all likelihood there never will be, similar developments in the natural sciences, and whereas there may be such a thing as Christian economists, there is no serious effort to create a Christian economics. Still, since the early 1960s, when Hofstadter wrote his book, conservative Christians with roots in American fundamentalism have indeed created a life of the mind broader and more imaginative than anything previously found in their tradition. The big question is whether they can maintain it.

A VISIT TO FULLER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

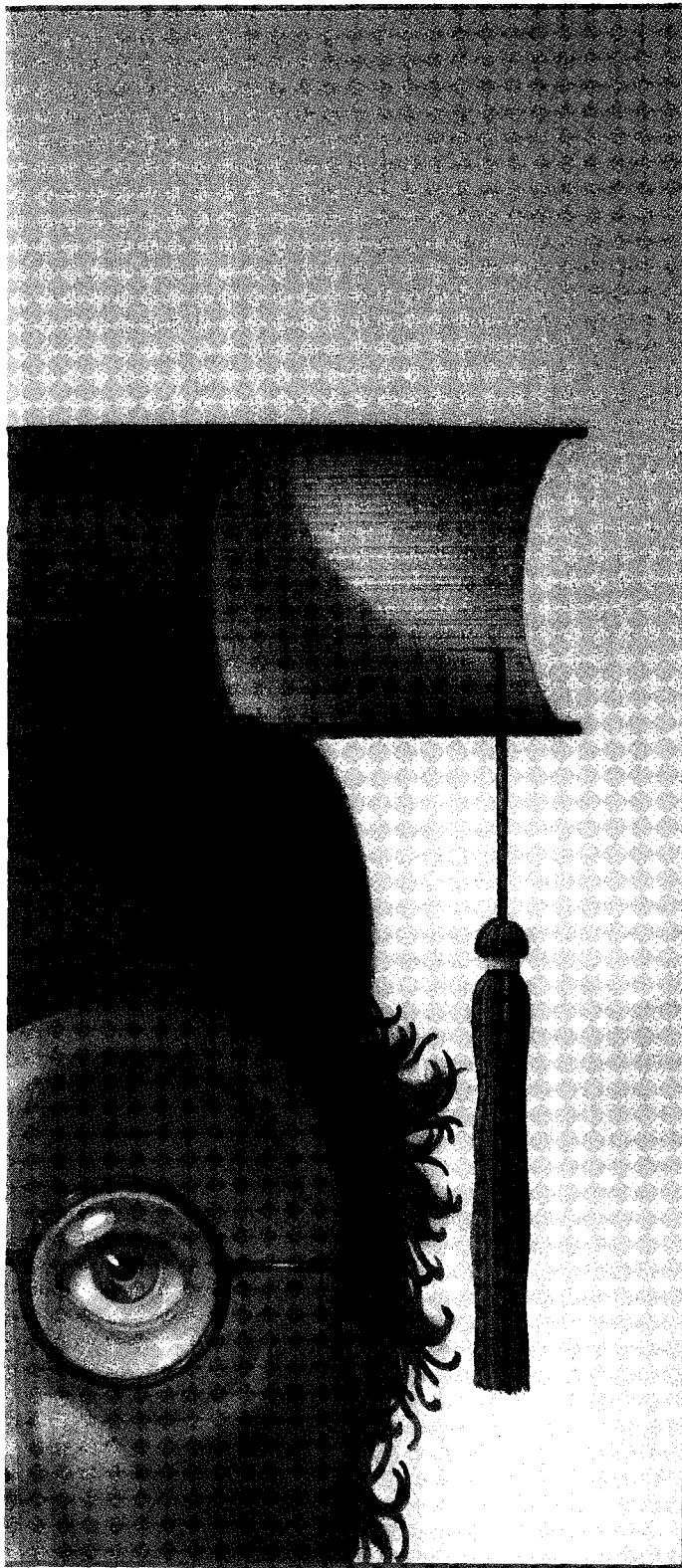
ALTHOUGH it is something of a well-kept secret, fundamentalism has had strengths as well as weaknesses, none greater than its populist appeal to ordinary people. In his award-winning book *The Democratization of American Christianity* (1989), Nathan Hatch explains the growth of revivalist sects in the early nineteenth century as part of the same forces that produced Jacksonian democracy. Suspicious of gentility, hierarchical authority, and ties of tradition, evangelicals in their religious energy unleashed democratic impulses that took the form of popular pamphlets, mass rallies, and the spontaneous expression of emotions. In Hatch's view, the vitality of American evangelicalism is as important to the success of American democracy as the ideas of Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine.

Hatch himself warns against taking his argument too far. He points out that Alexander Campbell, an early revivalist leader, "championed the interests of simple Christians and insignificant congregations against concentrated ecclesiastical privilege, yet he became one of the wealthiest men in western Virginia and ruled with an iron hand." One can see legacies of that authoritarianism at many evangelical colleges, and particularly at Baylor. Despite his determination to make Baylor the Notre Dame of the Baptist world, Robert Sloan, the university's president, has found himself continually criticized for such actions as creating a center on religion and science without consulting the faculty and firing two psychologists (who later married) after rumors of what he felt was an improper relationship began to surface. (*The Chronicle of Higher Education* has quoted Sloan as saying that the pair's failure to "exercise good judgment was certainly a factor" in his decision.)

Still, the democratic character of early evangelicalism has its contemporary counterparts. In contrast to Sloan, the evangelical scholars with whom I have spoken are democratic to a fault. They tend to see good in nearly everyone. Ruthless meritocracy



ATING A LIFE OF THE MIND BROADER AND MORE IN THEIR TRADITION. CAN THEY MAINTAIN IT?



is as foreign to their sensibility as it is to that of their counterparts in liberal secular academies. Hierarchies make them uncomfortable. Hating to see anyone hurt, they do not like rejecting younger people for tenure. Wanting to ensure that everyone succeeds, they spawn a multiplicity of journals and publishing houses so that anyone can publish anything. They are as insistent on multicultural diversity as any good leftist. Evangelicals have created institutions as sensitive and caring as any in America. The downside of all this is that evangelicals sometimes find themselves with no adequate way of distinguishing between ideas that are pathbreaking and those that are gibberish.

The sensitivity of the evangelical mind is perhaps best illustrated by developments at Fuller Theological Seminary. Like Wheaton, Fuller has been transformed by the arrival of serious scholars who are widely respected in the academic world. Its president, Richard Mouw, has none of those authoritarian proclivities that have alienated accomplished faculty members at Baylor. Nancey Murphy, a highly regarded philosopher, and Marianne Meye Thompson, a biblical scholar, are among Fuller's stars. By any criterion, including comparison with the divinity schools at Harvard and Duke, Fuller has become an institution of higher learning in the best sense of the term.

Reflecting such recruiting, Fuller is no longer just a theological seminary. In the 1960s it created a school of psychology that was accredited by the American Psychological Association a few years later and began to offer doctoral degrees in clinical psychology, thereby embarking on a course that would bring it closer to Freud and Jung than to Jonathan Edwards. All students in the Fuller School of Psychology are required to take theology courses, because the mission of the program is "to train qualified Christian persons to function as competent practitioners in the field of mental health." At the same time, Fuller's psychology program covers subjects one would expect to find in any clinical program, such as human sexuality and child abuse.

God only knows what Charles Fuller would have made of his institution's turn toward psychology; introspection has never been one of fundamentalism's noteworthy features. But populist democracy has; and psychology, at least in the therapeutic form practiced at Fuller, is the most populist of the disciplines. Hard-science topics such as psychometrics and psychopharmacology are taught at Fuller, but the program does not emphasize them. Fuller's psychology is meant not to divide and classify but to unite and heal. Enter the School of Psychology, turn right, and look immediately to your left: you will see a bookcase devoted to the writings of M. Scott Peck, one of America's best-known New Age psychologists. That exhibit, I later learned, is only a small part of Peck's relation-

ship with Fuller. Peck has donated his personal papers to the seminary's library, and during my visit I attended one class in a semester-long course devoted to his writing.

Leading the class was James D. Guy, the product of as pure an evangelical background as one could find. Guy is a Wheaton graduate with a doctorate from Fuller who spent most of his career at Biola University (formerly the Bible Institute of Los Angeles). The dean of Fuller's School of Psychology when I visited, Guy, like just about everyone else I met at Fuller, was gracious and welcoming. He and the class were discussing Peck's most famous book, *The Road Less Traveled* (1978). This is not a book that would seem at first glance to appeal to the evangelical mind. Peck, a psychiatrist, grew up in a high-church Episcopalian environment; his book, reflecting his sympathy for a wide variety of Eastern religions, argues for a capacious understanding of religion that need not even include belief in God. No wonder the PsychoHeresy Awareness Ministries, of Santa Barbara, California, which exists to warn Christians against psychologizing the faith, finds that Peck's theology "clashes with Christianity at every crucial point."

But Peck's writings did not clash with Christianity in Jim Guy's class. Guy resonated with Peck's criticism of science, his belief in miracles, and his flirtation with mysticism. Twenty-five years ago, Guy explained to his class, we were convinced that science could allow us to know everything. Now, attracted to postmodernism, we think we cannot know anything. Peck stands right in the middle, the proper place to be. Guy proudly informed his students that they would have a chance to talk to Peck themselves—for although Peck's retirement and declining health prevent him from giving lectures, Guy had arranged for him to place a conference call to the class the week after my visit. "This is one powerful guy," he said. "Throw him anything." In anticipation of the event, the rest of the class time was devoted to a discussion of what questions the students ought to pose.

To a certain kind of skeptical liberal, M. Scott Peck is the very embodiment of mindless twelve-step recovery. "Even Peck's most avid readers," Wendy Kaminer wrote in *I'm Dysfunctional, You're Dysfunctional* (1992), "would probably have trouble explaining his ideas." If Guy's class is any indication, Kaminer is right; the discussion rarely moved beyond an exchange of clichés. But the class environment was as warm and caring as Peck's reassuring text. Every student's comment, no matter how trivial, was taken as a serious reflection on the human condition. (My impression, based on what I admit is an unrepresentative sample of classes, is that the ethos of Fuller makes it inconceivable that any professor would ever say that a student's comment was simply wrong.) No one wanted to reject any of the students' suggestions for questions to ask Peck during the conference call, and when one suggestion was received lukewarmly (Would Peck be as sympathetic today to sometimes breaking the rules of therapeutic treatment as he was in *The Road Less Traveled*?), considerable time was spent revising the wording to make it acceptable.

The students I spoke to after class, all of whom planned to become either ministers or mental-health professionals, loved the class and loved Guy. Their jobs will require them to maintain an optimistic outlook on the world, and Peck's spiritualism will come in handy when they are plagued by doubts.

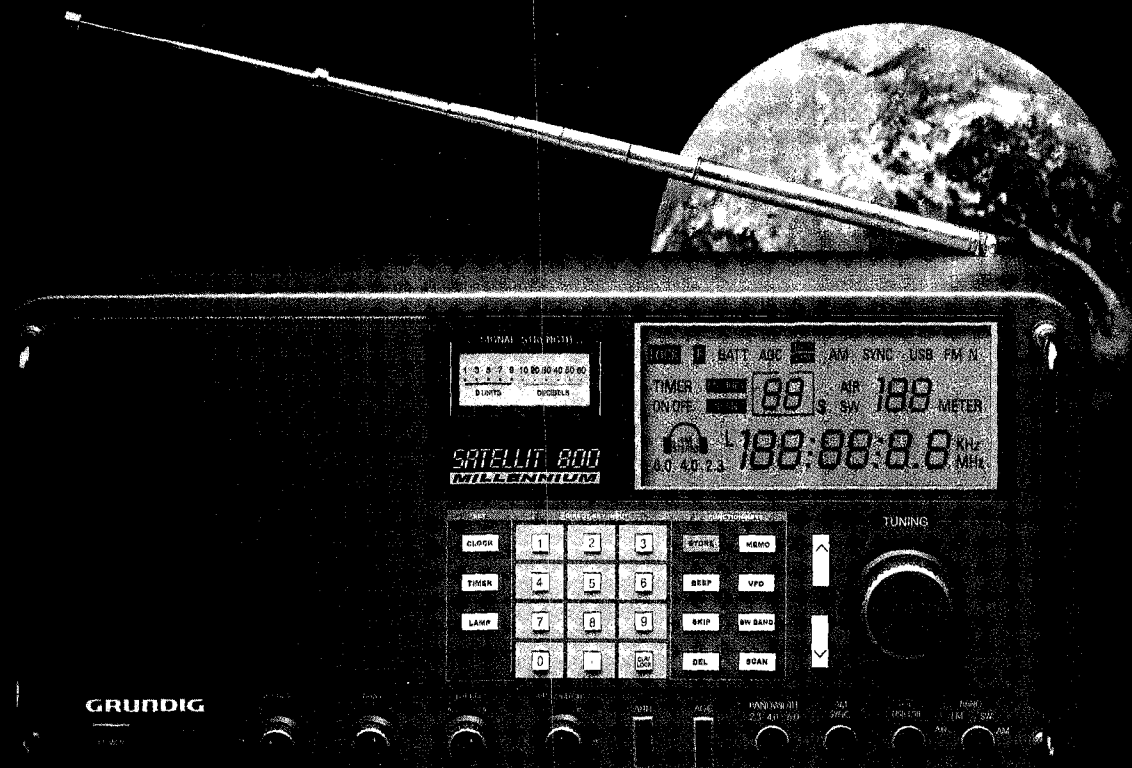
SOCIOLOGY is another populist discipline that sees itself as speaking for the oppressed against the machinations of various power elites. Fuller has one sociologist, Jack Balswick, and except for the fact that he views the Bible as an authoritative text, Balswick's views are indistinguishable from those of many others in his profession. (Before coming to Fuller, Balswick taught for sixteen years in the well-regarded sociology department at the University of Georgia.) Balswick is committed to his discipline's core belief that individual life choices are shaped by social structures. He also believes that as a sociologist, he ought to teach his students, and to use in his research, the very best empirical materials available. A specialist in marriage and the family, Balswick offers parenting as an example of how sociological and biblical teachings work together. He believes that Christian parenting, properly understood, is not authoritarian but authoritative. Citing empirical studies demonstrating the negative effects on children of heavy-handed discipline, Balswick and his wife, Judith (Fuller's director of clinical training), wrote in their textbook, *The Family: A Christian Perspective on the Contemporary Home* (1989), that "God's ideal is that children mature to the point where they and their parents empower each other."

What happens, I asked Balswick, when sociological research does come into conflict with Christian teaching? Admitting that such conflicts are possible, Balswick responded that he goes into a "spiritual deep freeze," holding both his sociology and his faith in abeyance until the conflict is resolved. Scientific truth is tentative, he said, and so is the interpretation of Scripture. But because both are true, any apparent conflicts between them must be because either the science or the Scripture has been improperly understood.

The one issue that seems to challenge Balswick's efforts to be both inclusive and committed to the truths of the Bible is homosexuality, and "spiritual deep freeze" is as good a term as any to describe the way he approaches the question. He accepts Fuller's strong commitment to heterosexual marriage but at the same time wants to avoid anything that resembles gay-bashing. The result is language like this, from a book written by the Balswicks called *Authentic Human Sexuality: An Integrated Christian Approach* (1999):

We acknowledge that some gay Christians may choose to commit themselves to a lifelong, monogamous homosexual union, believing this is God's best for them. They believe that this reflects an authentic sexuality that is congruent for them and their view of Scripture. Even though we hold to the model of a heterosexual, lifelong, monogamous union, our compassion brings us to support all persons as they move in the direction of God's ideal for their lives.

THE BEST ON THE PLANET!



SATELLIT 800 MILLENNIUM

The ultimate in digital technology

THE WAIT IS OVER. THE MILLENNIUM BEGINS, THE LEGEND CONTINUES.

The ultimate in features, performance and sound, the Satellit 800 Millennium AM/FM/Shortwave receiver brings you the world! You'll find it a breeze to operate. Hear broadcasts from every corner of the globe: London, Beijing, Tokyo, Moscow... Hear the legendary Grundig sound on AM and FM-stereo (with the included high quality headphones)... Hear worldwide shortwave two-way communications with its SSB circuitry... And just for fun, listen to aircraft at your local airport on the VHF 118-136 MHz aircraft band.

From its massive, easy-to-read, fully illuminated 3" x 6" Liquid Crystal Display, elegant traditional analog signal strength meter, modern PLL circuit design, to the silky smooth tuning knob, the Satellit 800 defines the Grundig tradition. Includes a 110V AC adapter (a 220V AC adapter is available upon request). Operates on 6"D" cells (not included). Measures 20.5" x 9.4" x 8". Grundig offers a 30-day money-back refund of the purchase price, exclusive of shipping and handling, and a one-year warranty. For information on all Grundig radios, visit our web site: www.grundigradio.com



GRUNDIG

The Grundig Satellit 800 Millennium FM Stereo / AM / Worldwide Shortwave

To order, CALL TOLL-FREE:

1-800-793-6542, Ext. 68AM

Please send _____ Grundig Satellit 800 Millennium Radio(s)
☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ Discover ☐ American Express
The Satellit 800 Millennium is only \$499.95 (plus \$25 shipping and handling and tax, if applicable*), payable in six monthly credit card installments of \$87.49. To order by mail, send credit card number and expiration date or check or money order for \$524.95, plus tax, if applicable* to:

**Grundig Direct, 3520 Haven Ave., Unit L
Redwood City, CA 94063**

*CA orders add 8.25% sales tax. Canadian residents add 7% GST. Payment in US\$. Credit cards: applicable sales tax will be billed with shipment. Allow 4-6 weeks for shipment.

Fax 1-650-361-1724 - Email: grundig@ix.netcom.com

Credit Card No.	(please print clearly)	Expiration Date
Name _____		
Street address _____		
City _____	State _____	Zip _____
Signature _____		
Daytime phone (_____) _____		
We ship via United Parcel Service Grundig Direct, 3520 Haven Ave., Unit L, Redwood City, CA 94063		

Fuller's culture of inclusion, though reluctant to endorse homosexuality, has no problem condemning homophobia. "It is important for Christians to understand the great pain many homosexuals have experienced and to be compassionate to them," the Balswicks write, and many at Fuller agree. "Did God make gay people gay?" I was asked by Lewis Smedes, perhaps Fuller's most famous theologian, who is now a professor emeritus. Obviously not, he said, for God created human sexuality to make children. But, he continued, God also did not

OBLIVION

The dozen ways they did it—
off a bridge, the back of a boat,
pills, head in the oven, or
wrapped in her mother's old mink coat
in the garage, a brick on the accelerator,
the Cougar's motor thrumming
while she crossed over.

What they left behind—
the outline of a stalled novel, diaries,
their best poems, the note that ends
now will you believe me,
offspring of various ages, spouses
who cared and weep and yet
admit relief now that it's over.

How they fester, the old details
held to the light like a stained-glass icon
—the shotgun in the mouth, the string
from toe to trigger; the tongue
a blue plum forced between his lips
when he hanged himself in her closet—
for us it is never over

who raced to the scene, cut the noose,
pulled the bathtub plug on pink water,
broke windows, turned off the gas,
rode in the ambulance, only minutes later
to take the body blow of bad news.
We are trapped in the plot, every one.
Left behind, there is no oblivion.

—MAXINE KUMIN

ask mothers to give up their children—yet because they do, Smedes and his wife were able to adopt children of their own. "We have to do the best with what we have" is the lesson Smedes takes from his own life, and he sees no reason why gays and lesbians cannot be just as Christian as he is.

Fuller has evolved a "Don't ask, don't tell" policy with respect to homosexuality. Richard Mouw remembers the lesbian student who came to him shaking with hurt because another student had said in class that homosexuality was an example of "demon possession." Mouw told her that Fuller's policy was unambiguous: homosexuality violated the seminary's statement of faith, and his job was to enforce the school's policies. Moved by her, he then asked what it was like to be a lesbian at Fuller. She responded by saying that she had prayed many times for her sexuality to be changed, to no avail; she was attracted to women only. All she wanted was to preach the gospel, she told Mouw, begging him not to send her to a liberal seminary. Mouw asked if she would be willing to take a vow of celibacy until she graduated, which she agreed to do. "We want to be compassionate within the terms of our theology," he told me, justifying his action. Homosexual acts are sinful, but "homosexuality is not the worst thing in the world."

It would be inaccurate to describe Fuller's faculty as liberal. These men and women are, theologically speaking, conservatives; they have all signed Fuller's credal statement emphasizing that the Old and New Testaments "are the written word of God, the only infallible rule of faith and practice." Yet Fuller's widespread culture of care means that the faculty is hardly right-wing either. Jim Wallis, the editor of *Sojourners*, which describes itself as a "progressive Christian voice," has long argued that evangelical Christianity contains theological resources that make it a natural ally in struggles against social injustice. Once we leave homosexuality and other contentious issues behind, and focus on the way wealth and power are distributed around the world, Fuller seems little different from other campuses that have made issues of globalization and poverty central to their concerns.

Empowering the Poor was the name of a course taught by Jayakumar Christian, a visiting professor in the School of World Missions, whose class I attended. For the customary pre-class prayer Christian asked the students to name specific people living in poverty, so that everyone could pray for them. A student from Kenya offered an entire village; another, from the Philippines, added a family back home. A third student pointed out that a number of protesters had just been arrested in Washington, D.C., as they demonstrated against the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund, and urged that any prayer thank them for their good works. The student assigned to offer the prayer that day was a member of the Vineyard Church, a fast-growing effort to combine conservative evangelical Christianity with the enthusiasm of Pentecostalist and charismatic sects. This quintessentially Californian young man in yellow pants and a green sweater, his hair bleached two tones of blond, took it for granted that everyone in the

class believed in social justice and asked that “God give us strength to do what is right.” Missionaries inspired by their devotion to Jesus Christ once traveled the world seeking converts. Now they bring people from all over the world to Pasadena to introduce them to Western ideas about equality.

Fuller Theological Seminary was founded by men who made no place in their institution for women, Catholics, Jews, or blacks. In view of that, the democratic impulses that lead Fuller’s faculty to emphasize individual growth and social justice are surely worth celebrating. Yet democratic impulses are also, from an intellectual standpoint, problematic. Mark Schwehn, the dean of Christ College, an undergraduate honors program at Valparaiso University, argued in his book *Exiles From Eden* (1993) that humility and other Christian virtues could create a positive alternative to the competitive culture of the secular research university. At their best, evangelical sympathies do exactly that. But a therapeutic sensibility and a culture of nonjudgmentalism are inappropriate for hiring new faculty members, evaluating them for tenure, developing a syllabus, grading undergraduates, mentoring graduate students, writing books, or conducting experiments. All these tasks involve making judgments about who or what does or does not achieve a certain threshold of validity or excellence.

In addition, the democratic sensibilities of many evangelical faculty members are, in the situations they create, not unlike the rigid identity politics characteristic of many secular campuses. Reflecting its own version of political correctness, Fuller includes the following in its statement of institutional commitments: “We recognize that many women and men no longer find ‘man,’ ‘men,’ and ‘mankind’ acceptable as generic terms. . . . As Christians desiring to support human equality, we intend to avoid exclusive language which might express or encourage discrimination within the church or society.” Evangelical colleges, like secular ones, also want as many minority students as they can attract, yet once they attract them, they tend to treat them not as individuals but as representatives of their race. “What about you students from other cultures?” Jim Guy asked his class on M. Scott Peck, looking directly at one of the many foreign students. Turning to a black student, he asked her how “white” she found the book they were discussing. Given the appropriate cues, the students responded in color-conscious ways. Peck does not use “an oppression model,” one Third World student pointed out. Another wondered whether the book would work back home in Indonesia. If critical thinking involves the ability to debate ideas according to their merit, rather than according to the personal characteristics of those who hold them, then these students, paralyzed by their desire to treat everyone with respect, lack it.

Nathan Hatch wrote that the story of evangelical Protestantism is “how ordinary folk came to distrust leaders of genius and talent and to defend the right of common people to shape their own faith and submit to leaders of their own choosing.” That is also the story of why so many of the institutions of higher learning created by evangelicals have been so persis-

tently anti-intellectual. None of the religious traditions that have created first-class universities in America can rightfully be described as democratic. Whether Puritan or Presbyterian, Ivy League universities were typically founded by Calvinists who emphasized the inherent depravity of the individual and the need for stern instruction and against-the-grain moral discipline. Catholicism has a glorious philosophical tradition, one that continues to fashion the curriculum at most Catholic colleges and universities in America—yet of all Christian traditions it is the most hierarchical in structure, and to this day, of course, it excludes women from the priesthood. The tradition within conservative Protestantism that created a serious intellectual environment in America, the Christian Reformed Church, is anything but populist. When it comes to the life of the mind, democratic sensibilities are not always a help. Once sentenced to intellectual mediocrity because they kept too many ideas out, conservative-Christian institutions face the prospect of returning to mediocrity because they let too many in.

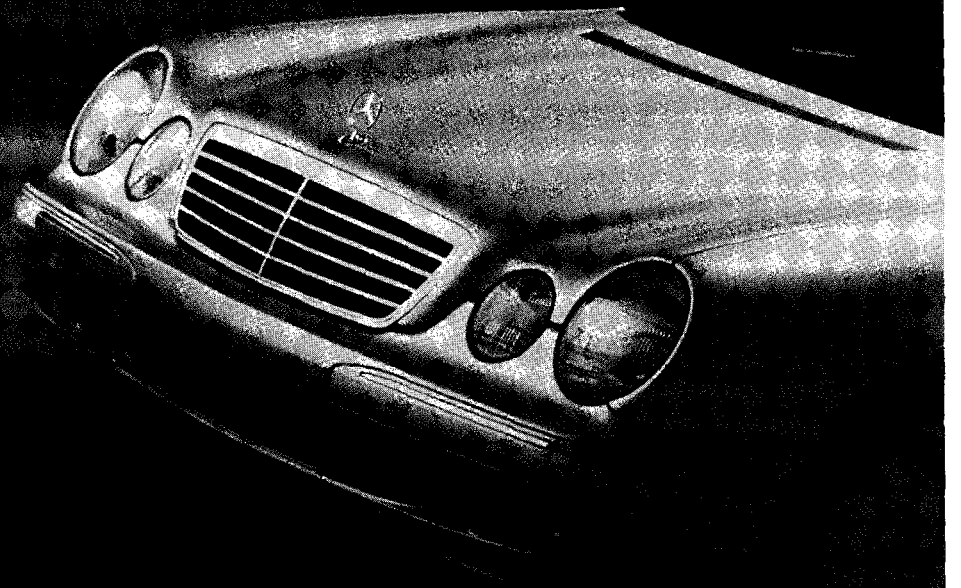
FAITH MEETS FOUCAULT

“**H**EAVE an egg out a Pullman window,” H. L. Mencken wrote in 1926, “and you will hit a Fundamentalist almost anywhere in the United States today.” Heave one out of a classroom in the world of evangelical higher education and you will hit someone discussing postmodernism.

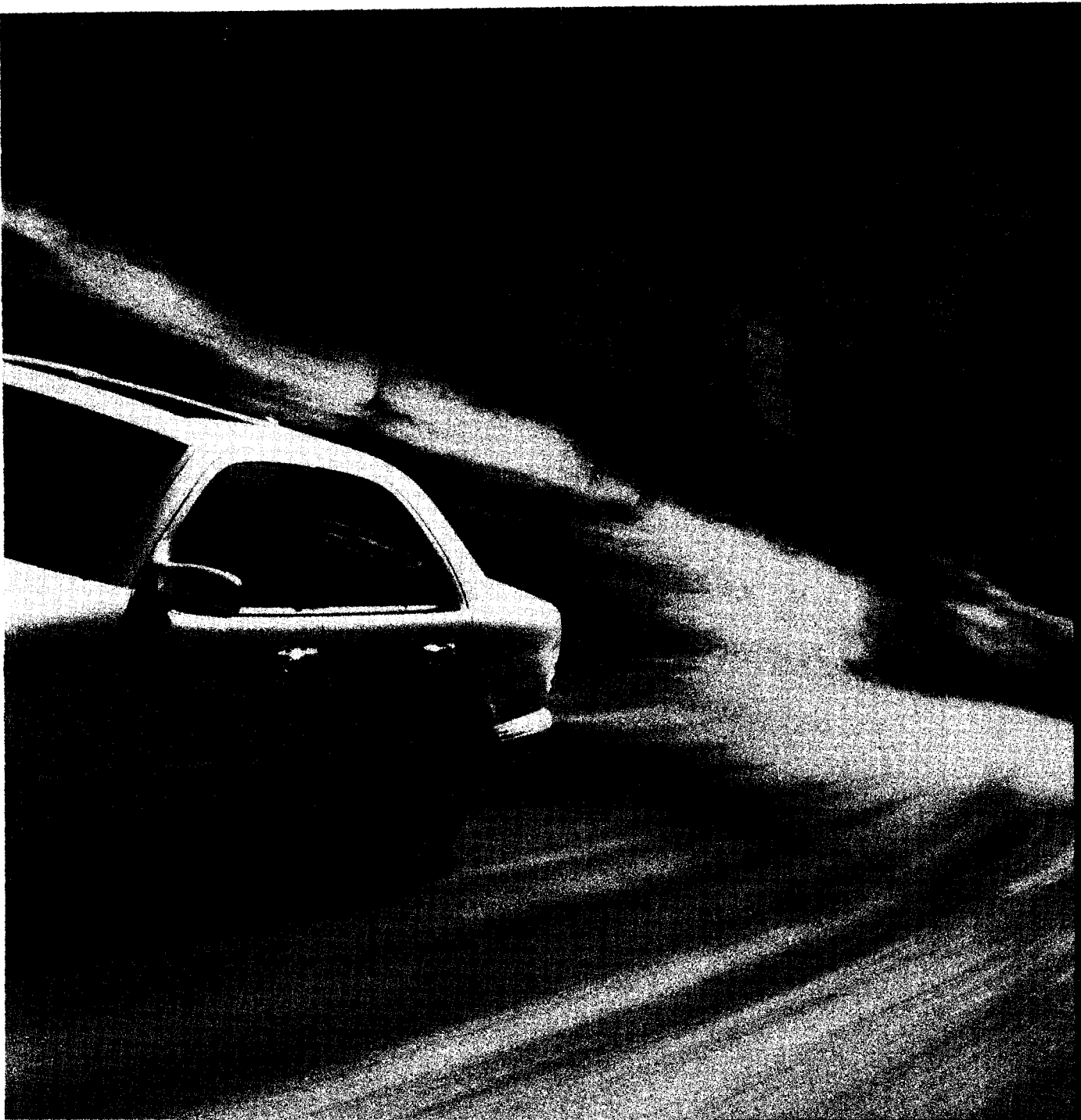
Imagine that you are a deeply religious Protestant, perhaps even the kind who occasionally speaks in tongues. Although a serious academic, you believe that the modern world made a wrong turn when it committed itself to the confidence in human reason so characteristic of eighteenth-century secular thinkers. Always a bit ashamed of your old-fashioned views, you keep them to yourself—until the day you discover that left-wing professors of English at America’s most prestigious universities share your misgivings about the Enlightenment. True, these professors seem unduly inspired by Michel Foucault, a gay man who may have died of AIDS, and they pronounce themselves committed to causes you cannot abide. But like you, they seem to blame liberalism for the world’s problems—so maybe there is something to their views after all.

When evangelicals read authors like Jean-François Lyotard and Jacques Derrida, they cannot accept pronouncements about the insufficiency of meta-narratives or the impossibility of grounding truth, because they believe that the Bible is the greatest meta-narrative ever written, in part because they understand it to be true. But everything else about postmodernism appeals to them. Descartes and Kant posited the primacy of the knowing self, a direct slap at God’s authority, and postmodernists are right, evangelicals believe, to take those thinkers down a peg or two. Postmodernism’s skepticism about progress is a reminder that secular rationality does not have all the answers to life’s mysteries. Its radical anti-humanism is compatible with the possibility of a superhuman intelli-

The E 320.
Where the rational mind
and the emotional mind collide.
Safely, of course.



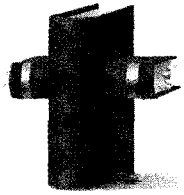
When it comes to buying a car, it's easy to be of two minds. The rational mind desires things like safety and value. The emotional mind is swayed by performance and style. Fortunately, there is the E 320. It's a role model for luxury cars, precisely because it embodies all those attributes. So you should have no difficulty making up both your minds. To learn more, call 1-800-FOR-MERCEDES or visit www.MBUSA.com. The E-Class



Mercedes-Benz

©2000 Mercedes-Benz USA, LLC, A DaimlerChrysler Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE REQUIREMENT THAT STUDENTS AND FACULTY
MAKE A MODERN LIBERAL UNCOMFORTABLE. IT IS



MEMBERS SIGN A STATEMENT OF FAITH IS BOUND TO RIGHTLY CONSIDERED HOSTILE TO ACADEMIC FREEDOM.

gence. And its rejection of the notion that knowledge can be grounded by appealing to a reality that exists beyond interpretation gives equality to all possible interpretations, including Christian ones.

Joining me for dinner one night at Wheaton College were two members of the English department, Alan Jacobs and Roger Lundin. They are the kind of people one hopes to find more of in the humanities departments of elite universities: they read actual texts, from many different fields; they believe that such texts mean something; and they dedicate their lives to conveying what those meanings might be in both scholarly venues and venues designed for the serious general reader. Yet despite their old-fashioned belletristic qualities, they are tempted by, and occasionally seduced by, postmodernism's hermeneutics of suspicion.

Jacobs, an expert on W. H. Auden who also frequently writes reviews for influential conservative magazines such as *The Weekly Standard* and *First Things*, teaches a course in contemporary literary theory in which the four required texts are works by Mikhail Bakhtin, Judith Butler, Jacques Derrida, and Michel Foucault. "Several of these thinkers challenge or shed valuable light on central Christian doctrines," Jacobs later told me in an e-mail, pointing out that "Foucault's universal suspicion is not too far from Calvin's emphasis on the utter depravity of unredeemed humanity" and that "Derrida's proliferation of interpretations certainly arises from his own understanding (from within Judaism rather than Christianity) of biblical study and commentary as a ceaseless activity." Roger Lundin, whose revivalist lecture style breathes passion and life into the poetry of Emily Dickinson, has published three books that, although critical of postmodernism, share its sense that the Enlightenment went wrong. "The hero of the anthropocentric world," as Lundin puts it, "became the free and powerful self," who, "under the program of the Enlightenment, and later in romanticism, . . . sought to assume the authority once granted to God in historic theism." Neither Jacobs nor Lundin would ever call himself a postmodernist, but neither man dismisses postmodernism as part and parcel of secular decadence either.

Postmodernism appeals even more strongly to evangelicals far removed from the humanities. I attended a class at Fuller in Eddie Gibbs's course Applied Church Growth. Because they believe in spreading the word, evangelical Christians are committed to church expansion, and Gibbs, an Englishman, is one of the leading authorities on the subject. I was unsure what the class would discuss when I asked to attend, but my assumption was that I would learn how evangelical churches

finance themselves and plan their strategies. Instead I was privy to a lecture on the way the "modern" church, described by Gibbs as elitist and hierarchical, is giving way to "post-modern" churches, organized horizontally through networking. The American churches that are growing the fastest, Gibbs pointed out, are "new-paradigm churches and movements"—those, for example, that reject the denominational idea of a central headquarters in favor of the idea that every church is a denomination unto itself. Perhaps pre-modern thinkers anticipated this postmodern development, Gibbs pointed out. After all, he explained, Jesus and his disciples were a kind of "hub and spoke" operation comparable to ones run by the airlines today, as they have responded to the postmodern conditions of deregulation and intense competition.

Postmodernism exercises such a fascination over the evangelical mind, I believe, because of the never-ending legacy of fundamentalism. In one sense evangelical scholars have moved away from Billy Sunday and in the direction of French post-structuralism: they cast their lot with those who question any truths rather than those who insist on the literal truth of God's word. Yet these scholars are still battling over questions about the nature of science which have long been settled in other religious traditions. There is nothing in either Catholicism or Judaism, both of which have fundamentalist adherents, quite comparable to the conservative-Protestant suspicion of Darwin; in 1996, for example, John Paul II restated the Church's position that belief in evolution is compatible with Catholic faith. But contemporary evangelical scholars cannot make peace with science in quite the same way. And so postmodernism offers them a chance to replay the Scopes trial; science, they believe, will have to defend itself against Jacques Derrida in a way it was never forced to do against William Jennings Bryan.

Although postmodernism's suspicion of textual certainty is the very opposite of fundamentalist literalism, postmodernism and fundamentalism are in a similar relationship to questions of power and authority. American academics attracted to postmodernism question the meaning of texts because they have mixed feelings about any kind of authority, including their own. Some—including Jane Tompkins, who, along with her husband, Stanley Fish, recently left the English department at Duke for the University of Illinois at Chicago—are so uncomfortable with authority that they have qualms about teaching in a traditional classroom format. Others move in the opposite direction; attracted to political correctness, they seek to ban from their campuses speech considered offensive to women, minorities, and homosexuals. This shift back and forth from the rejection of authority to the imposition of au-

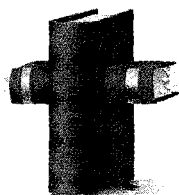
thority mirrors perfectly the combination of populism and authoritarianism that has characterized the history of fundamentalist churches in America. Stanley Fish and Billy Sunday turn out to have more in common than at first meets the eye.

THE LOYALTY-OATH PROBLEM

STANLEY Fish, the dean of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences at the University of Illinois at Chicago, has recently concluded that there is no such thing as academic freedom. Fish is not against the idea that academics should protect their interests; all guilds, he points out, try to do that. It is the arguments used to defend the idea that set his teeth gnashing. "Academic freedom," he writes, "rather than being open to all points of view, is open to all points of view only so long as they offer themselves with the reserve and diffidence appropriate to Enlightenment decorums, only so long as they offer themselves for correction." Adherents of academic freedom claim to be liberals, Fish argues—but confront them with an extreme idea, such as the idea that God exists and his truths are real, and liberals try to drive it out of their world. Liberalism is not neutral and above the fray but active,

fin, Wheaton's president, wrote in 1998, "... believe that a healthy academic marketplace of ideas will view academic freedom as the right not only of individuals, but also of those institutions [made up] of voluntary groups or communities of individuals." Pluralism, in Litfin's view, requires the existence of diverse institutions committed to diverse objectives. If there is a threat to academic freedom, it comes from what he calls "dogmatic rationalism." Naturalism, the belief that everything that exists in the world has a natural origin and can be explained by laws of nature, "becomes dangerous when, like the dogmatists of old, it declares its way of knowing to be the only legitimate one and then seeks to disenfranchise other voices." Implicit in Litfin's argument is the idea that the best way to pursue knowledge and to form the character of students is, as Antonin Scalia emphasized in *Lee v. Weisman*, to work with traditions rather than against them.

These arguments contain some truth. There are political-science departments at elite universities that will not hire anyone unwilling to subscribe to rational-choice theory, just as analytically trained philosophers do not like to hire Continental philosophers and vice versa. To be sure, no formal statements of faith have to be signed, but there are all kinds of ways—from the jargon applicants use to the journals in which they pub-



AT A TIME WHEN MANY HUMANITIES DEPARTMENTS HAVE KEPT ALIVE A TRADITION OF WRITING ABOUT

taking one side in a battle over what should or should not be taught in the university.

Fish's attack on what is generally thought of as academic freedom—indeed, his general hostility toward liberalism—plays well in the evangelical world. Too well. For whereas Fish has spent his entire career in institutions that permit a wide variety of points of view, most evangelical scholars have not. It is this proclivity toward illiberalism that best explains why so many evangelical institutions insist on statements of faith. Contrary to what some evangelicals will say in moments of anger, liberals are not always hostile to faith. But they do tend to be hostile to oaths. The revivalist tradition in conservative Protestantism was built on the willingness of people to stand up in public and proclaim their sins—and the joy that followed when they let Jesus into their life. A requirement that students and faculty members sign a declaration is a legacy of that tradition—one that is bound to make a modern liberal uncomfortable. The mere existence of any such statement, let alone insisting on its periodic affirmation, would be rightly considered hostile to academic freedom, no different from forcing a student like Deborah Weisman to attend compulsory prayer.

Evangelicals have a ready set of arguments in defense of their practice. "We in Christian higher education," Duane Lit-

lish—in which commitment to a particular orthodoxy can be established, and hiring committees will look with suspicion on any deviation from whatever happens to be prescribed. But such pluralism as does not exist within academic institutions can still be found among them. America's system of higher education includes women's colleges, historically African-American colleges, public and private schools, large and small schools, elite and non-elite, Catholic and Jewish; surely it ought to include Christian colleges, with their own distinctive identity.

Yet there are still reasons to shudder at the whole idea of statements of faith. When careers are at stake, it is hard to take seriously Litfin's insistence that signing Wheaton's declaration is a purely voluntary act. And once such a statement exists, so will the temptation to wield it punitively.

Another argument against credal statements grows out of the nature of evangelical Christianity itself. Last year the U.S. Catholic bishops approved *Ex Corde Ecclesiae*, requiring mandates from members of theology departments, so now Catholic colleges are having oath problems of their own. But unlike the Catholic Church, which is large enough to include many different theological perspectives as well as many different theologians, evangelical sects are small and tend to proliferate. When it comes to statements of faith, they therefore have

two choices. One is to confine their requirements to membership in a particular denomination. Calvin College attempts this by asking its faculty members to belong to the Christian Reformed Church; they are all also expected to sign three confessional creeds of the Church: the Heidelberg Confession, the Belgic Confession, and the Canons of Dordt. Because there are only just so many members of the Christian Reformed Church in America, however, it is unlikely that Calvin could ever fill all its faculty positions under these requirements. It therefore adds a clause allowing faculty members to belong to any church in ecclesiastical communion with the Christian Reformed Church.

Nondenominational institutions such as Fuller and Wheaton, in contrast, draw up statements of faith meant to be inclusive of all evangelicals. Assembled through negotiation and compromise, they are, in the language of today's academy, social constructions. This means that they can change over time; until the early 1990s Wheaton asked its faculty to endorse a commitment to a pre-millennial understanding of Jesus Christ's return to earth—a doctrinal point on which it no longer insists. Such flexibility, though admirable in many ways, undermines the very rationale for the statements, which is that these institutions are guided by unwavering truths established by God.

No one can ever be sure, moreover, which denominations

Fuller and Wheaton told me that their grandparents and parents were convinced that "Romanists" were the anti-Christ. Nevertheless, Notre Dame, the quintessential American Catholic university, has many evangelicals on its faculty, including its provost, whereas Wheaton has no Catholics. No Fish-inspired talk of liberalism's blind spots can excuse away an oath that excludes the largest single denomination of Christians in America.

Lingering anti-Catholicism harms the mission of evangelical institutions. For all its talk of God, fundamentalism left those institutions with a distaste for theology; if the Bible contains God's revealed truth, then who needs an academic department devoted to the mysteries and paradoxes of Christian doctrine? Consider the case of Pepperdine University, which is affiliated with the Churches of Christ. (It was Kenneth Starr's upbringing in this church, seemingly, that made him the ideal candidate for the deanship of Pepperdine Law School.) The Churches of Christ deny that they are a denomination founded by human beings, as if having a historical tradition would detract from a direct and personal relationship with God. As a result, they have no doctrine. "Churches of Christ claimed to have developed no theology except the message of the Bible, defined in the Bible's own terms," writes Richard Hughes, a member of the Churches of Christ who teaches at Pepperdine. What, then,

ARE OBSESSED WITH THEORY, EVANGELICAL SCHOLARS POETRY AND FICTION FOR THE INFORMED LAY READER.

are rightfully part of the negotiations. The Christian Reformed Church's pietistic intellectualism never had much in common with the revivalism of Southern Baptists. Mennonites, Brethren, and Anabaptists were long looked on with suspicion by nativist fundamentalists, if for no other reason than their pacifism. Pentecostalism comes in both black and white versions: white Pentecostals are more likely than black Pentecostals to identify with evangelical movements.

Evangelical Christianity has porous boundaries, and thus signing a statement of faith regarding its tenets inherently presents problems. For if the meaning of "evangelicalism" can be expanded to include denominations that were once excluded, why, in the name of Christian scholarship, can it not be expanded to include Catholics? But this is a particularly sensitive question, because the term "evangelicalism," if it ever meant anything in American history, meant opposition to the Church of Rome. Evangelical institutions continued to wage the Protestant Reformation throughout the twentieth century—and they represent the side that won. "Catholicism," Harold Lindsell, one of Fuller's founders, wrote in 1949, is among the "arch enemies of America and our way of life and of the true faith"—a statement with which nearly all evangelical leaders of his era would have agreed. Many of the evangelical scholars I met at

Pepperdine do, I asked, when it wants to teach its students theology? Hughes told me, "We borrow from the whole history of Christian theology, including Catholic theology." Unlike Wheaton, Pepperdine has a small but significant number of Catholic faculty members, including Douglas Kmiec, of the law school.

Even at Wheaton professors borrow from Catholicism to make up for the gaps in their own traditions. Wheaton's English department has a love affair with Catholic—and Anglo-Catholic—writers, including Flannery O'Connor and Walker Percy. Wheaton boasts of having important papers of C. S. Lewis, G. K. Chesterton, and Dorothy L. Sayers. Without a literature that is in one way or another a product of Catholicism, Wheaton could not aspire to a life of the mind. A college that would not allow on its faculty authors whose letters are welcome in its archives has a problem it needs to resolve.

When I spoke to Joel Carpenter, who at the Pew Charitable Trusts funded so much of the new evangelical scholarship, about the prospects for the future, he pointed out that "the old tensions are still there; the same old grassroots controversies still keep coming back." He was referring to periodic struggles over Darwinism, but he might as well have been making a larger point. As long as they have alumni and boards of trustees that

tend to romanticize the good old days, evangelical scholars will find it difficult to sever the connection to their fundamentalist roots. And as long as evangelical scholars insist on drawing up statements of faith that shut them off from genuine intellectual exchange, they will find it difficult to become the kind of intellectually exciting institutions they hope to be.

A QUESTION OF SELF-CONFIDENCE

“WHY are there in mainstream academia,” George Marsden asks, “almost no identifiable Christian schools of thought to compare with various Marxist, feminist, gay, postmodern, African-American, conservative, or liberal schools of thought?” For Marsden, the answer lies in the imperial pretensions of the scientific revolution; the extension of its positivism into all corners of academia, he believes, is the triumph not of reason but of prejudice. Marsden, like many other evangelical scholars, thinks that the secular research university is determined to keep conservative Christians outside its gates.

I believe that Marsden is off base, for two reasons. First, evangelicals are trying to create a life of the mind at a time when secular America is questioning whether a life of the mind is worth having. Marsden’s comment presupposes that the academic world, falsely committed to scientific objectivity in all its disciplines, will be hostile to anything it defines as unreason. Yet conservative Christians are entering the academy at a time when secular academics are experiencing their own crisis of faith. American academic culture, as riven by sectarian warfare as any religious movement, is no longer capable of insisting on one “hegemonic” truth to which all must adhere. When academic life is organized by subcultures, room can be made for any group, including conservative Christians.

The second reason to challenge Marsden’s formulation is that many evangelicals prefer to stay out of mainstream universities. It is an article of faith among conservative-Christian academics that liberal Protestants (and most Catholics) have made the wrong decisions when it comes to religion and academic life. Marsden’s influential book *The Soul of the American University* (1994) is, among other things, a passionate plea to Christians to save their schools from the fate of Duke or the University of Chicago. If the price of academic respectability is the modern research university and what Marsden calls its establishment of nonbelief, most evangelical scholars would rather not pay it.

It is because so many evangelicals heeded Marsden’s warning that their scholarship, rather than storming the gates of elite academia, with its culture of peer review and demanding standards for tenure, has taken its place as its own subculture, complete with journals, conferences, and publishing houses. Even in their best work evangelical scholars cite one another far too often. Their conclusions win more applause among fellow believers than among the unconvinced.

So long as they continue to marginalize themselves, evan-

gelicals will be unable to equal the accomplishments of the generation that brought us Marsden, Noll, Plantinga, and Wolterstorff. That would be the true scandal of the evangelical mind. In the course of my travels through evangelical higher learning, I visited three institutions with strong undergraduate programs: Wheaton, Baylor, and Pepperdine. If their undergraduates are any indication, young people brought up in evangelical homes are desperate to engage in serious intellectual inquiry. The students at Wheaton, for example, as one would expect from those who took Anthony Kennedy’s side in *Lee v. Weisman*, are uncomfortable with the anti-Catholicism of their institution. (Interestingly, they also do not share their professors’ fascination with postmodernism.) These students, make no mistake, are dedicated Christians; one of them was close to tears as she talked about the efforts of student government at Tufts University to defund a conservative-Christian organization because it excluded gays and lesbians from leadership positions. Unlike those Tufts students—and, indeed, unlike Wheaton’s own president—she and other students like her are genuine pluralists; in their view, evangelicals ought to be able to stand the competition of coexisting with other faiths.

Evangelical faculty members could learn from their students. Had they a greater confidence in their own convictions, evangelical scholars would not retreat from the secular academy so much as demand that it use its authority wisely. To be true to the life of the mind, they would say, we ought to insist on reading the great books in our tradition seriously, interpreting them in ways faithful to their meaning, and being prepared to defend those interpretations—as did Saint Augustine and Jonathan Edwards—with all the powers of persuasion and logic at our command. There would no doubt be dangers along that road for evangelicals, because the whole project might strike them as too close to either Catholicism or high-church Protestantism for their taste.

But consider the rewards. Fundamentalist Christians did neither themselves nor America a favor by fencing themselves off from the rest of the country. Withdrawal encouraged fanaticism and paranoia in them and confirmed to others a sense that if this was religion, they were better off without it. Evangelical Christians who take ideas seriously can combat both tendencies. One need not agree with their view of the role that religion ought to play in the public square to consider it a credible, even necessary, view for Americans to ponder. And they bring to their advocacy an enthusiasm for ideas, and a commitment to debating them, that belies any stereotypes of sectarian fanaticism. To succeed in the university and therefore in America, evangelicals will have to put their defensiveness to one side. They will also have to learn to practice their faith as they see best while treating people of other faiths—and, indeed, people of no faith—with respect. The least they can be offered is respect in return. ☞

See the online version of this article, at www.theatlantic.com/evangelical, for Web-only interviews with several of the scholars discussed by Alan Wolfe, as well as links to additional resources.



Jim McDermott

Jim McCrery

Health Care: A Bolt of Civic Hope

by MATTHEW MILLER

*In an anti-political time the politics of
remedy is still possible. Two congressmen, one liberal,
one conservative, both versed in the relevant complexities,
agree on the bones of a plan to insure the 44 million
Americans without health insurance*

NAME a nettlesome social problem—your favorite measure of cultural woe—and chances are that today's record-long economic expansion has the statistics on it moving in the right direction. Violent crime, welfare rolls, child poverty, teen pregnancy, suicide, abortion, and divorce are all down. Jobs, SAT scores, air quality, the Dow, charitable giving, and even wages for less-skilled workers are all up. The trend lines are almost uniformly encouraging—all except one.

The number of Americans without health insurance has soared during the current boom, from 37 million in 1993 (when Bill Clinton said it was a national problem requiring immediate attention) to 44 million today. Why? In part because so many of the jobs being created are at the low end of the labor market, where employers can't afford to offer health benefits or, if they do, employees can't afford to pick up their share, and in part because health-care costs—after a brief respite in the mid-1990s, thanks to managed care—are on the rise again, leading smaller firms to drop coverage. Experts say that the number of unin-

sured people could soon rise to 50 million if times remain good, and to 60 million or more if the economy dips.

More than four in five uninsured Americans work year-round or live in families headed by someone who does. These waitresses, taxi drivers, and plumbers earn too much to be eligible for Medicaid but too little to buy coverage in the notoriously high-priced market for individual policies. They contract preventable diseases and are avoidably hospitalized more often than the insured, and are vulnerable to devastating financial loss from illness in ways unthinkable in other advanced nations. To be sure, some folks go without insurance only briefly, and a few who can afford it go without by choice (mainly people in their twenties who feel certain they'll live forever). But "the hard fact is this: the percentage of the population going without insurance involuntarily is growing year after year, in good times and bad," as one politician wrote his colleagues last year. "This is clearly a structural problem we ignore at our peril." The writer? House Majority Leader Richard Arney, of Texas.

Yet ignoring the problem of the uninsured is one of the few things that both Democrats and Republicans seem eager to do in the current presidential campaign. George W. Bush wants to offer tax subsidies of up to \$2,000 per family to buy private insurance. But decent family policies cost more than twice that amount. And the roughly \$10 billion a year Bush says he will devote to his plan means that his vaunted “compassion” will touch only a small fraction of the uninsured. This might not be surprising from a Republican candidate save for one striking fact: Bush’s father in 1992 offered a version of the same plan that was considerably more generous—\$5,100 per family, adjusted for inflation, at a cost of \$50 billion a year. And the father offered his generous plan when the federal budget deficit was nearly \$300 billion; the son puts forth his token gesture at a time of comparably outsized surpluses.

Curiously, this shrinking of ambition when federal resources are finally available on a scale equal to the problem also characterizes the Democrats. Vice President Al Gore is offering a

and, if necessary, by somehow disguising that this is what we’re up to.

Any such attempt, of course, will take place in the shadow of the Clinton health fiasco of 1993–1994. The political lesson both parties drew when Hillary Clinton’s bulky plan was attacked unfairly as “socialized medicine” but quite fairly as too complex was that efforts to expand coverage must be incremental. “Step by step” is the approved mantra.

Yet incremental “achievements” since 1994 have been a bust. Senators Ted Kennedy and Nancy Kassebaum sponsored a bill passed in 1996 that was hailed by both parties as a model for future health reform. The measure was supposed to guarantee continued access to insurance for those who changed or lost their jobs. But insurers were free to charge whatever they liked in these situations, and people quickly found that “access” meant very little when a policy might cost \$15,000 a year. Similarly, a plan costing \$5 billion a year for the nation’s 10 million uninsured children passed with great fanfare in



patchwork of coverage extensions, mainly for children—who, because they incur fewer costly illnesses than adults, are a bargain to insure. His plans are a pale shadow of what the Administration was aiming for back when the problem was smaller.

Why are our leaders content to let the problem worsen while our means for addressing it have grown? The unflattering answer is because doing so is both safe and cheap. Today’s uninsured are low-income workers with little political voice; in the broad-based recession of the early 1990s it was middle-class anxieties that had politicians scurrying to respond. A policy of rationing health coverage by income also saves money. The uninsured do get care in emergency rooms, county hospitals, and other sites of last resort. But these citizens consume just two thirds as much in health resources as their insured neighbors, because they don’t get preventive care, regular checkups, and other services most people take for granted. We can fix the problem of the uninsured only by spending more money on people with little political clout—

1997; aid was targeted so narrowly and complexly, however, that only one in five children it was meant to reach have been signed up. Bolder proposals, meanwhile, have proved easy to shoot down as unaffordable. Just ask Bill Bradley.

Indeed, in a year when a Democrat won his party’s presidential nomination by attacking another Democrat for trying to insure all Americans, it is tempting to declare universal coverage a lost cause—tempting but wrong. As it turns out, circumstances have quietly evolved in recent years in ways that leave both parties ready to make an ambitious push, together, on health coverage. This has taken place in a way scarcely visible in the Capitol’s day-to-day political jockeying, but the parties, as they align, are poised to produce a movement of surprising power. Republicans, reeling from the failed “revolution” of Newt Gingrich and their associated image as uncaring thugs, have looked for ways to address the frustrations wrought by managed care. Many believe that giving voters more power to choose their health coverage will derail heavy-handed Dem-

ocratic efforts to regulate private health care. At the same time, many liberal Democrats have come to terms with the fact that power in Congress will be roughly balanced between the parties for the foreseeable future. They've therefore become open to ways of expanding coverage that were once ideologically out of bounds. It sounds perverse, but some optimists say we're just one good recession away from seeing the political energy unleashed to solve this problem.

Luckily, we don't need a recession, because there's a pragmatic solution at hand that can command bipartisan support: tax subsidies for people who need help to buy insurance from competing private health plans. This is basically the scheme that President Bush offered in 1992 and that his son—in embarrassing (but expandable) miniature—offers today. It is the same general idea that Bill Bradley pushed earlier this year, and that policy analysts from shops as diverse as the Democratic Leadership Council and the conservative Heritage Foundation have been refining for a decade. A few bipartisan groups of legisla-

way to get the parties together on this, an old-time single-payer liberal and a conservative Republican sat down with me and proved that the thing can be done.

The Politicians

THE moment Jim McCrery walked into Jim McDermott's office, near the Capitol, I felt relief. At least the meeting was going to happen. For two weeks we had been planning this session, yet every day I'd half expected one or both of them to call the whole thing off as unnecessary and strange. Why, after all, would a Republican and a Democrat, both of whom serve on the health subcommittee of the powerful House Ways and Means Committee, want to sit down for a journalist in an election year for a session resembling a negotiation? Politicians don't generally volunteer for press encounters they can't control. And as I had learned while making the rounds of Washington's health-policy gurus, getting a



tors have put forth tiny versions of such a plan, but the time will be ripe after next month's election for the real thing. And although tax subsidies are not perfect (experts say, for example, that the poorest Americans will still need programs of direct aid and better-funded local clinics), and plenty of details remain to be thrashed out, this scheme offers the most realistic way of bringing the parties together to right an enduring wrong.

The story of the coming "grand bargain" on health care is one of Democrats accepting the existence of a private insurance industry and Republicans accepting the need to help make sure that everyone can buy a decent policy. It is a story of liberals agreeing that innovation shouldn't be regulated out of U.S. health care and conservatives agreeing that justice has to be regulated into it. It is a classic tale of mutual mistrust finally being trumped by mutual political advantage. I know this because after I had scoured Washington for months, talking with several dozen officials, health experts, and interest groups across the political spectrum in search of a workable

liberal and a conservative to discuss a pragmatic way to work toward universal coverage can get complicated.

It was an easy decision to seek out a duo in the House rather than in the Senate, because "the people's chamber" is ground zero for the partisanship that any consensus would have to transcend. The first pairing I thought of was Bill Thomas and Pete Stark—the chairman and the ranking member, respectively, of the Ways and Means health subcommittee. But Thomas sees Stark as a hopeless liberal relic, and Stark sees Thomas as a heartless market fundamentalist. Thomas made it clear that he would participate in such a discussion only if paired with a centrist Democrat, such as Ben Cardin, of Maryland. But as I told Thomas, there was nothing interesting in the likelihood that he and a centrist Democrat could reach a deal. That happens every day. The question was whether a big-government liberal and a market-loving conservative could get together. If they could, maybe there'd be a chance for progress.

And so I turned to the Democrat Jim McDermott, of Seattle,

and the Republican Jim McCrery, of Shreveport, Louisiana. McDermott, age sixty-three, went to Congress in 1988 after sixteen years in the state legislature. A psychiatrist by training, he is the longtime leader of the single-payer advocates in Congress, who wish to adopt a Canadian-style approach, under which the government doles out cash to regional health authorities that cover everyone and private insurance essentially doesn't exist. Since the Republican sweep of 1994, however, McDermott has stopped pushing this system. He even co-sponsored a Republican bill backing modest health tax credits in 1997.

McCrery, age fifty-one, is the Republican to watch on health care, according to several prominent Republican policy analysts. Also a member of Congress since 1988, he has studied the issue intensively in recent years, and argues that smart politics and sound policy require Republicans to shed their traditional view that health is not "their" issue. McCrery is among those being named as possible successors to Bill Archer, the retiring chairman of Ways and Means, in the scramble expected if the Republicans hold the House this fall.

McDermott scores 85 percent "liberal," McCrery 83 percent "conservative," on rankings compiled by *National Jour-*

ing, said he appreciated the gesture his colleague had made by agreeing to meet in the office of the minority party. The tension soon eased, and they took off their jackets; in the event, they put off meetings and skipped a vote to extend an hour of planned conversation to nearly two.

"What We're Gonna Give Everybody"

WE began. I sketched out an approach that my interviews with them, with their House and Senate colleagues, and with assorted analysts and interest groups had suggested could gather broad support. The basic idea would be to offer people a tax credit usable for the purchase of a health-insurance policy (and to pay the amount of the credit directly to those too poor to owe income taxes). It would be generous enough to buy a decent "Chevrolet" from among competing private health plans. Individuals would have access to some form of insurance pool to ensure affordable group rates. It might be phased in to establish a system parallel to today's employer-based coverage—offered first, perhaps, to those not covered by either a government plan

As it turns out, circumstances have quietly evolved in recent years in ways that leave both parties ready to make an ambitious push, together, on health coverage.

nal, a Washington-based politics and policy magazine. They voted opposite ways on ten of twelve important votes tracked by that magazine in the past Congress. Personally, too, as I couldn't help noticing while they kibbitzed in McDermott's office, they're a study in contrasts. McDermott is a big man with a hearty laugh, whose boisterous energy seems better suited to the stump than to the Freudian couch. McCrery is slender and soft-spoken. He had to be asked to speak up for my tape recorder.

Staffers for both men had been pressing me for days for a write-up of the plan I had said I would offer as a point of departure for our talk. In the end, however, I decided that putting anything in writing was too risky—it would be combed by staff members for unacceptable terms and could easily become a pretext for cancellation. Now, while a photographer posed McDermott and McCrery in unnaturally close positions, the two men, who plainly like each other, cracked uneasy jokes about what they had gotten themselves into. Finally they sat down—McDermott on my left, of course, and McCrery on my right—on a standard-issue government couch, beneath a wall of photos that included Mahatma Gandhi and a younger, dark-haired McDermott with Ted Kennedy. McDermott, smil-

(such as Medicaid) or a company. The idea would be to avoid giving employers an incentive to drop existing coverage in the near future. Over time, however, it could move the nation away from a system centered on coverage offered by employers to one in which individuals received subsidies and were responsible for—and perhaps mandated to buy—their own coverage in the private market.

Obviously, a hundred difficult details are glossed over in this sketch, I said, but something similar was outlined repeatedly by the diverse group I consulted. Could something like this be the beginning of a deal? What follows is a compressed account of the conversation.

McDermott spoke first. "In order to get us off dead center," he said, "we've got to try something in the middle here and see if it'll work. I'm so frustrated by having spent thirty years watching it get worse that I'm willing to try practically anything to get us moving."

"Jim's not going to get what he wants [that is, a single-payer system] anytime soon," McCrery said. "I or some right-wing person is not going to get an unfettered market, which is the individuals fending for themselves. So if we want to solve the problem, we've got to come up with something that's kind

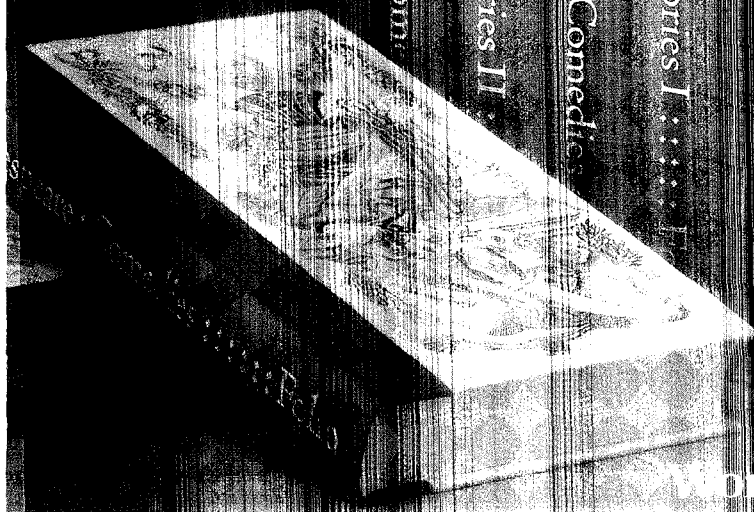
The Definitive Shakespeare

The
complete plays
EIGHT
VOLUMES

Yours for

\$19.95

including shipping and handling



Worth \$376

Satisfaction Guaranteed
You have the right to return any book if you are not completely satisfied. You will never be sent a book you have not ordered.

'There can be little doubt that this edition is closer to the original texts than any previous one... a monument to Shakespearean scholarship.'

Peter Ackroyd

SHAKESPEARE'S importance cannot be overestimated - his plays are so intrinsic to our culture that no library is complete without them. Ever since his words were first spoken on the Elizabethan stage, scholars and editors have striven to compile the most accurate and informative edition of the Bard's plays.

The Folio Society has created the

most definitive edition that will last generations. As your introduction to the company, we invite you to accept this superb 8-volume set - worth \$376 - all you pay is \$19.95 including shipping and handling.

'Shakespeare - the nearest thing in incarnation to the eye of God'

Sir Laurence Olivier

Plus, if you reply within two weeks, we shall send you FREE *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*, which will be yours to keep whatever you decide about joining.

The Folio Society does NOT send you

any other books or 'choices of the month'. Your reply books are four books from our comprehensive Prospectus to fulfill your membership.

Our current publications include classic and modern fiction, history and eye-witness accounts, memoirs, biographies, children's books, humor, poetry, legend and authoritative books on the classical world.

We publish our books for dedicated readers who wish to experience the pleasure of the fine edition. Why not join us today?



THE FOLIO SOCIETY

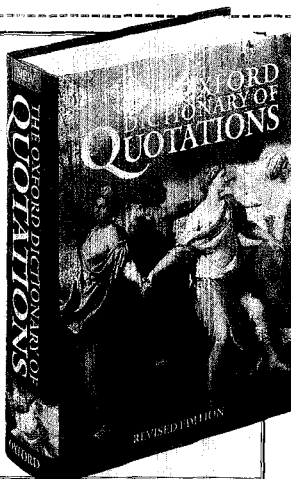
P.O. Box 693, Holmes, PA 19043

**PLUS
FREE**

THE OXFORD
DICTIONARY OF
QUOTATIONS

Yours to keep,
just for replying

**Worth
\$39.95**



To: The Membership Secretary, The Folio Society Ltd,
P.O. Box 693, Holmes, PA 19043.
Fax: 1-610-532-9001.

ORDER TOLL FREE
1-800-353-0700

Please accept my application for FREE trial membership of The Folio Society and send me *The Complete Plays of William Shakespeare*, together with the Folio catalogue and my FREE copy of *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. If I agree to purchase at least four books from your catalogue I will be billed only \$19.95 for *The Complete Plays of William Shakespeare* (including shipping and handling). If I am not satisfied - for any reason - I may return the introductory set within 10 days. My membership will be cancelled, and I will owe nothing. *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations* is mine to keep whatever I decide.

Name

Date

Address

City

State

Zipcode

PLEASE ALLOW 21 DAYS FOR DELIVERY.

APPLICATION SUBJECT TO APPROVAL

1X20M3

of a combination. I think that's possible along the tax-subsidy lines. If we don't do anything, if we just keep going like we're going, eventually I think we'll end up with single-payer. We'll end up with the government controlling just about everything in health care."

This was an argument that McCrery had made to me earlier: that the tendency today to put a patch here and a quick fix there, typified by the push for an HMO patients' "bill of rights," leads inexorably toward heavy-handed federal solutions. "That might take forty years or fifty years," he continued, "but we're going that way now. So I'm willing to accept a lot more government intervention in the market than I normally would to create a system that will have some vestige of the market left in it."

We turned to the key components of a potential health deal, starting with benefits. If a tax subsidy were used, "there would be the element of different levels of health care for different people," McCrery said. "Somebody who is wealthier is proba-

"The catastrophic examples are not the kinds of things I'm talking about," McCrery replied. "I'm talking about variances in bells and whistles in insurance policies—if you want a private room, if you want extra [nursing] help in the room, all those things that people could purchase if they wanted to. The basic plan that would be provided by the government to low-income folks would not have all those."

McDermott wasn't satisfied. "One of the big difficulties will be us agreeing on a basic package."

"But having said that," McCrery added, "I don't think it's impossible."

"No, it's not impossible," McDermott agreed.

McCrery, like Bill Bradley earlier this year, suggested the federal-employee health plan as a model. It doesn't define benefits down to every test and procedure, but it assures general areas of coverage, such as major medical expenses and surgical fees. This way there's no stifling of the extraordinary innovation that is now sweeping health-care delivery,



bly going to buy a policy that would be richer in benefits than the basic benefit package that I would pay one hundred percent for from the government. That would enable the market to continue to be more innovative than under a single-payer system."

It's the classic conservative argument: beneficial innovations always begin as luxuries for the wealthy. Think of automobiles, telephones, airplanes: first came the breakthroughs funded by the rich and benefiting the rich, and later came dissemination to the masses. This pattern of capitalism, as Milton Friedman argues, has produced higher living standards for more people than any rival form of social organization.

McDermott seemed unconvinced. "But if you and I both need to have doctor visits and all this stuff, right up to the level of a bone-marrow transplant at a hundred and twenty thousand dollars a crack," he asked, "why wouldn't you guarantee that to everybody in the United States? What would you leave above the line that you would say that people who are wealthier can get for themselves?"

whose future shape can't be foreseen. Go too far in defining things rigidly, the Republicans argue, and you end up with inanities like Medicare, which unaccountably still fails to cover prescription drugs, thirty-five years after the program's inception.

"Ultimately," McDermott said, "there has to be a come-to-Jesus meeting someplace where that package is defined: This is health insurance for the country. This is what we're gonna give everybody."

I asked McDermott why defining a detailed benefit package is crucial to liberals when there's no government-defined package in the employer-based system under which most Americans now get their coverage. What's more, as Bill Thomas argues, any honest observer has to concede that a move to what Democrats deride as "two-tier" care would be a vast improvement over the five- or six-tier care we have today, which runs from princely to truly pauperish. And as Richard Armev told me, there are precedents for leaving the actual

benefit undefined: with food stamps, Uncle Sam provides the wherewithal but doesn't tell poor folks what to eat; the mortgage-interest deduction helps millions without any need for the government to tell people what kind of house to buy. Why not simply make the health subsidy generous enough and let people pick among competing offerings?

McDermott responded that it's hardly an advertisement for the system of different employers' plans we have today, under which one person may be covered for, say, certain cancer treatments, while another cancer patient is exposed to financial ruin. In any major reform such inconsistencies should be rationalized in favor of some common notion of what every citizen ought to have. It will also be a fight, McDermott believes, to make any tax subsidy substantial enough to buy a decent package, because many Republicans essentially want a cheap tax-style voucher that they can ratchet down over time to limit costs.

Yet both men think that differences here can be bridged. The

achieving it is another matter. Chip Kahn, the head of the powerful Health Insurance Association of America, the industry's lobbying group, told me that insurers want a separate "high-risk" insurance pool, funded by broad-based taxation, to handle these people (as happens now in some states). Liberals say that such funds invariably mean lousy care, and prove that greedy insurers want only healthy customers who don't actually need insurance. Pete Stark is sharp in his response. "Let's cut the crap," a longtime aide told me he has said, and just redline. "You tell me, Chip Kahn, which healthy folks you want to make money off of, and which sick folks you want the government to take, and we'll cut out all the make-believe."

McDermott was warming to a similar rant when McCrery interrupted him. "I wouldn't have a high-risk pool," he said. "I'd just do community rating."

"Community rating" means that everyone pays the same premium, regardless of age, sex, or medical history. This is, of



occupant of the Oval Office, McCrery said impishly, needs to "lock us in a room with his people and say, 'Okay, let's come up with a [benefit] plan that Jim McDermott, Jim McCrery, and President Bush can support.'" McDermott moaned at the very thought. But later he agreed. "If you locked the door and said we don't get any lunch until we come up with a benefit package," he said, "we would have one and be out of here."

"It Would Fundamentally Alter the Insurance Business"

I ASKED the congressmen to turn to another central issue: if individuals are subsidized to buy coverage from private plans, how do we protect people who have predictably high medical costs from sky-high insurance premiums that leave them shouldering the full burden of their own care? Everyone agrees that access to reasonably priced insurance for these unlucky souls should be a priority. How to go about

course, the liberal dream. Rates for decent policies in the individual market can easily top \$10,000 a year for people with a history of health problems. Community rating, though controversial in theory, is actually widespread today. Employees of large companies enjoy it on a de facto basis, as health risks are spread among thousands of workers. It is the chief virtue of today's otherwise anomalous employer-based system, in which the United States, alone among advanced nations, looks to employers to manage most health coverage.

Our employer-based system was a federally engineered accident. Wage freezes during World War II left fringe benefits as the chief means by which big firms were able to compete for employees. Health care as a job-related perk became common. The government then established a large tax subsidy to ratify this arrangement. Every big company is essentially a socialized health republic, in which the young subsidize the old, and the healthy subsidize the sick—all of whom pay the same premiums for the same plans.

Reorganizing the individual insurance market to make such pooling work would be more complicated. If insurers were forced to offer the same rate to all comers, young workers would pay far more than they would under policies that recognized their relatively low actual health costs. In large companies young workers opt into such a system because their bosses pick up most of the tab. For this to work in an individual market, the incentive must somehow be replicated—or else coercion must be involved.

What cannot be done is to let young, healthy workers opt out, or the insurance pool will face a classic actuarial disaster. It's not physics: if younger workers decline coverage, the average health costs of those remaining in the pool will be higher, and premiums will rise. But higher premiums will prompt more young, healthy workers to drop coverage. The vicious circle will continue until premiums are sky-high and only the sickest are insured, at exorbitant rates.

This is essentially what happened in New York in 1993, when the state forced insurers to apply community rating to their individual policies. Well-meaning officials hoped to extend affordable coverage to everyone; instead they got a new glut of uninsured. The lessons of Insurance 101 are clear: com-

McCrery nodded. "They'd have to take all comers, but they would compete on the basis of service, economies of scale, efficiencies that they could muster to provide better prices, all those kinds of things. They could still be in the business; they'd just have to compete on those bases and not on getting lucky [that is, picking healthier people to insure]."

I turned to McDermott. "You like that?" I asked. His eyes opened wide.

"Yeah," he said. "I don't want to say anything to mess it up." Both men laughed.

The top insurance lobbyist insists that community rating is a nonstarter, I pointed out. Is there anything legitimate in his opposition?

"Depends on what you mean by legitimate," McCrery said. "To them, it's legitimate. Because, I mean, much of their business now . . ."

"They don't have the problems that Jim and I face, which include equity in the society," McDermott injected. "They have a different mandate. I mean, corporations take in as much money as they can, pay as little out so that they have it to give to their stockholders. It's not good or bad, it's just what they are." He looked at his colleague. "That's not what

Democrats will accept the existence of a private insurance industry and Republicans will accept the need to make sure that everyone can buy a decent policy.

munity rating in an individual insurance market requires either a mandate that everyone buy insurance or a subsidy generous enough to keep younger and healthier people in the pool.

McCrery said he was for both the mandate and the generous subsidy—at least for people of lower income. That a conservative on the health subcommittee of Ways and Means backs these ideas is stunning. McCrery is one of few in his party at present who take this view. He is also one of few Republicans who have studied the issue so closely.

McDermott was amazed. "Did you know that?" I asked him.

"No, I didn't know that."

I asked McCrery, "What brought you to community rating?"

"I looked at it nine ways to Sunday," he explained, "and I don't think there's any other way to do it. I mean, that's not true, there is another way to do it, but I think the simplest way to do it is just to have community rating. Yes, you can have a high-risk pool, with people moving from under the red line to above the red line, but why fool with all that? It's complicated, it's troublesome, it distorts the market. Why not just have community rating and then let insurance companies compete on the basis of value?"

"Covering everybody," McDermott said.

Jim and I are. He represents all 600,000 in his district, and I represent all 600,000 in my district. I can't say, well, I represent 440,000 and the other 160,000 are not my concern. I don't have that option."

"It would fundamentally alter the insurance business," McCrery said.

It would—by bringing the business back to the way it was, in a sense. Community rating was the way health insurance worked, even in the individual market, until the 1960s. Before then insurers didn't have the data to segment people in sophisticated ways according to health risks. Furthermore, health costs were a fraction of what they are today, meaning that people didn't have much to gain by shopping for cheaper plans, and unlucky insurers burnt by a few high-cost illnesses weren't left reeling. But costs and premiums have soared famously for decades now. The data and the technology needed to identify and price policies for lower-risk customers became available. It didn't take long for entrepreneurs to realize that they could target younger, healthier people with lower rates, sweep up a ton of customers, and make a bundle. The fragmentation of the insurance market—with its emphasis on "cherry picking" the best risks—began in earnest.

"The Human Genome Project is going to have an impact on this whole process unlike anything we can really imagine at this point," McDermott said. "Because if I'm an insurance company and I get a drop of your blood and I can do your genetics and I find you have these and these and these proclivities, I'll insure you for everything but those. What is insurance at that point?"

"The game is over at that point," McCrery agreed.

I told them I had asked Chip Kahn, of the insurance association, about this, and he had assured me that insurers would never use genetic information that way. The two legislators exploded in thigh-slapping laughter.

"No comment," McDermott finally managed to say.

Is it reasonable to think that community rating could succeed politically? I asked McCrery. Sure, he said—group insurers essentially already operate under such a system in big companies. I said, But what about the individual marketplace?

"Well, I may have to settle for less [than its purest form]," McCrery said. "I've talked with insurance companies about this. They tell me that as long as they can underwrite based on age and gender [but not health status], they have no problem, they can make it work."

Cecil Bykerk, an executive vice-president and the chief actuary of Mutual of Omaha, one of the largest insurers in the individual marketplace, later told me the same thing. Mutual looks at people's health status only when they sign up, he explained; once they are in the pool, it doesn't go back and adjust their rates for subsequent health developments (as auto insurers do after accidents). As it turns out, prudent pricing can be based largely on age and sex. (This is true, of course, as long as everyone buys insurance as insurance, and doesn't buy in only when he or she becomes sick; as the famous example has it, buying insurance only when the house is on fire defeats the risk-pooling concept altogether.)

At a minimum, then, McCrery's approach would remove any detailed assessment of health risk from the underwriting process, making it impossible to demand unaffordable premiums from sick Americans or to leave them uninsured. McCrery added that if insurers could go this far, they could go all the way and offer the same rates to everyone, period. He would use a reinsurance fund to compensate unlucky insurers that ended up with an undue share of high-cost cases. McCrery conceded that his scheme would make health insurance look more like a regulated utility, and would put today's entrepreneurial cherry pickers out of business. But better that government guarantee access to insurance at equitable prices, he reasons, than that government involve itself directly in the delivery of health care. or in drug prices, doctors' fees, and more—as it is sure to do, he thinks, if the present system continues to erode until voters ask liberals to fix things their way.

"If we want to save the private health-care system," McCrery told me in a separate conversation, "Republicans are going to have to accept some things that normally would be contrary to our basic philosophy."

"I Want to Hear About Equity"

I ASKED McCrery and McDermott if business would support the reform they were discussing. If eventually offered to everyone, a sufficiently ample tax subsidy would encourage companies to drop the coverage they now offer and let the government pick up the tab. Over a period of years this might spell the end of employer-based coverage as we know it. Would that be a bad thing? I mentioned that I've never understood why employers didn't want this \$300 billion expense off their payrolls anyway.

"Most do, I think," McCrery said.

"You think so?" McDermott asked. He was not so sure.

"Uh-huh," McCrery said. "Most would want to get that off their backs, particularly small employers. Some big companies would too. I've talked to a number of big employers, and many of them are very interested in converting to an individual-based system."

The fear that an HMO patients' "bill of rights" might make employers liable for deaths or injuries in which their health plans were implicated has accelerated this thinking. CEOs wonder why they should be on the hook for misjudgments they can't control and that don't even involve their business. They reason that they would be better off giving each employee a lump sum to buy his or her own policy. Though experts say that a tax-credit approach would encourage such changes, this aspect of it is highly controversial; even most advocates of a shift to an individual-based system think that prudence requires a decade or more for the transition. Indeed, when a Xerox executive recently mentioned the idea, labor unions denounced it. Yet McCrery thinks the shift can and should happen relatively quickly.

"My impression is different from Jim's on this issue," McDermott said, "because I have a feeling that it's almost a religious issue of being unwilling to concede that the government will take care of it. Companies figure that ultimately they will have to pay for it. They worry they'll spend more than they're actually spending now."

"That's a legitimate fear," McCrery said, "but if we construct a package which can allay those fears, I think they'll be fine—and I think we can. I don't envision putting the burden of financing this on the backs of employers."

"I see the employer community as two distinct groups," McDermott said, "those who provide and those who don't. And the 'those who don'ts' are the really sticky ones to deal with." When he was promoting the single-payer idea, McDermott recalled, it was "a real dilemma to say to them, 'We're going to actually put a plan out there, and you're going to have to ante up X amount in new taxes to fund it.'"

"I don't think we have to do that," McCrery said. He explained that each company could "cash out" its employees—that is, take the amount it was spending on health benefits and distribute it as wages to workers on an equal per-employee basis. This uniform wage hike would fit with McCrery's com-

munity-rating requirement, enabling every employee to take the extra money and buy a similar policy in the private market.

McDermott had a quizzical look. Where would the money come from for people who work for a company that doesn't now offer health insurance?

McCrery smiled at me. "I assumed you were saving this for last, and we're ready to go into the financing?" I nodded. This is where deals in Washington either hold together or fall apart.

"This is where Jim's going to jump off my train," McCrery said.

"I don't know that you should make any assumptions about where I'm going to jump," McDermott said.

"I hope I'm wrong," McCrery said.

"But go ahead," McDermott continued, "and explain to me how you deal with the guy who works for a company—fifty people in the company—that doesn't offer him anything."

"Well, bear in mind that right now that employee of that company who's not providing health insurance is not getting anything—literally, nothing," McCrery said. "If he goes out in the individual market and buys his own policy, he's getting no help from the government, nothing, no subsidy whatsoever. He doesn't even get a deduction for the premiums for his health insurance. So this poor guy is really out of luck. Whereas Jim McDermott's getting subsidized. The taxpayers are subsidizing Jim McDermott's health care—and mine. There is no equity in that. That is a terrible way to construct a system. So I want to . . ."

"I want to hear about equity," McDermott said.

"I want to dismantle the current system in terms of government subsidies and throw it all back in a big old pot, and then create an equitable system. And what I mean by an equitable system is we basically help those people who need help—low-income people. Jim and I, we make enough money to buy ourselves a decent health-insurance policy. I don't need the government to help me pay for my health insurance—that's crazy."

So it would be some kind of sliding scale, I asked, with the tax subsidy tapering off as income rises?

"Yes. Wouldn't be a cliff, it'd be a slope."

What McCrery and McDermott were talking about here would mean scrapping and reallocating the current tax subsidy, under which employers can deduct health-care expenses from their taxes but employees don't have to include the value of those benefits in their taxable income. Since the savings from this decades-old tax exclusion grow as one's tax bracket rises, the arrangement amounts to a \$125-billion-a-year subsidy offering the most lavish aid to rich executives with gold-plated health plans. Unions love it all the same, because it also underwrites the generous health plans they've negotiated over the years. It's hard to imagine a more popular tax break. Ronald Reagan wanted to revamp it in his original 1985 tax reform, but he lost his nerve. Richard Darman, George Bush's budget director, wanted to revamp it to pay for Bush's 1992 health plan, but the President wouldn't back him. Did McCrery think now might be the time to take this on?

"Absolutely," he said.

I turned to McDermott. All my research suggested that the liberal Democrat had to reject this idea, because the unions would staunchly defend the tax exclusion.

"Well, I'm willing to look at his plan with the specifics on paper," McDermott said. "I can't reject it absolutely out of hand, because the present system is not perfect, is not doing the job. So I am perfectly willing to look at another alternative."

It was hard to be sure at first if McDermott was open-minded or merely wanted to appear that way. But as he continued, he seemed sincere, and his sincerity seemed born of experience. He recalled a plan he had worked on at the state level, under which Washington State would offer a similar subsidy for uninsured people. The plan had been stymied because the legislature couldn't find the new money.

"You didn't recoup any money," McCrery pointed out, trying to suggest how the reallocation they were discussing could solve this. "You didn't have a pot out there to pull from."

"And that's the problem," McDermott said, nodding. At the state level you can experiment only so much, because you can't find new dollars.

"But we don't have to come up with new dollars," McCrery said. "We've got present dollars out there [in the current tax subsidy] that we're spending willy-nilly in a very inequitable fashion, in my view, that we can recoup and redistribute."

"I would not reject his idea," McDermott said, as if he had made a decision. This was a big deal. Later McDermott asked me if his views would be published before his fall campaign.

"That's good to know," McCrery said. "The reason I assumed that he would is that labor unions generally are very much opposed to this idea."

"Because they're fearful," McDermott explained. "They're like business. Business is afraid the taxes are going to go up, and the labor unions are afraid that the benefits are going to go down."

The union politics are simple, McDermott added. Suppose the government said it planned to take away the subsidy that underwrites current health plans. "How are they going to go to their members and say they stood for that?" McDermott asked. "That's where the dilemma is."

"I'm glad to hear Jim describe it that way," McCrery said. "I think if we educate the union members as to the advantages of an individual-based system wherein they are cashed out in the form of wages, they won't be so fearful. They might even like it. The union bosses will not like it, because we are essentially taking away one of the goodies that they can claim to have provided to their members. But the union members themselves, once you explain to them—'Look, you're gonna get ten thousand dollars more in wages; now you'll have to pay tax on those wages, and that's the big difference, but then under the market that we foresee, you can go out and buy a pretty darn good health-insurance package for \$5,000'—I think they might say, 'Whoa, maybe there's something to this.'"

I asked if something like this reallocation of today's tax subsidy—which policy analysts of all stripes tend to favor, but

which prompts political pros to roll their eyes—could actually happen. McDermott said it was the toughest piece of the puzzle. Agreeing on a benefits package was simple by comparison.

“But the financing question,” he continued, “is fraught with the human emotional problem of ‘I have this now; if I let go of it, why should I trust a politician? Why should I trust Jim McCrery and Jim McDermott that they’re gonna give me something as good as what I’ve got right now?’ Creating that uncertainty was a big part of the Harry and Louise ads [in which a homey couple dispensed insurance-industry propaganda in the guise of common sense], and the whole undercutting of the Clinton program. A standard political technique is to create disbelief or uncertainty about something—and the thing is gone in a minute.”

“It’s a lot easier to beat something,” McCrery added, “than it is to pass something.”

“That’s absolutely right. And that’s why I say, Jim, put the plan on the table and I’ll look at it.” McDermott conceded that if they were starting from scratch and someone proposed a health subsidy that favored upper-income Americans the way the current tax system does, he and Ted Kennedy would be shouting about its injustice, not turning a blind eye, as they do now. “That’s why I can’t reject what he’s talking about,” McDermott said. “Because I know the present system is not fair.”

STOP for a moment and look where we are. McDermott, the Democrat who favors a single-payer system, is open to tax credits, can live with private insurers, and won’t rule out revising the \$125 billion tax exclusion that is beloved of his party’s most loyal interest group. McCrery, the conservative Republican, wants universal coverage, ample subsidies for those who need it, community-rated insurance policies, and a shift toward government funding of individuals (through the tax code) and away from the employer-based system that leaves millions insecure or out in the cold. Yes, the devil is in the details. But it’s hard to believe that people of good will can’t get to the finish line from here if they want to. What would that take?

“It’s going to take a bipartisan effort,” McDermott said. “And it’s going to take patience and a certain putting down of ideology to get to a pragmatic solution here.”

“Is it doable, in your view?” I asked.

“I wouldn’t be here if I didn’t think it was,” he said. (“The problem’s going to be so big,” he added at one point, “that it

doesn’t make any difference if it’s Bush or it’s Gore. The issue is going to be there.”)

“I’m to the point,” McCrery said, “where I am wanting to bring in some Democrats who want to solve the problem, and try to polish a plan and then see who we can sell it to. Just go knock on doors.”

“If he initiates it [from the majority], there’s a chance,” McDermott said. “If it switches and we’re in charge, then one of us has to initiate and bring the Republicans in and the trust question becomes critical—Does he trust me? Will I trust him?”

The gulf here is deep, as I learned. “I don’t trust the politicians to make the tax-credit approach fair,” Jay Rockefeller, a Democratic senator from West Virginia, told me. Pete Stark said, “When you’ve got a party that’s committed to destroying Medicare, what’s there to negotiate with those clowns?” One senior Republican legislator told me that certain Democrats “have a higher calling than keeping their word to a

Republican.” Senator Bill Frist, a Republican from Tennessee, thinks that some on the other side want the problem to get worse so that they can fix it more nearly on their terms.

“That’s the real question,” McDermott was saying, “because why should I waste my time going to a meeting at McCrery’s office if he’s just gonna play the same old goddamn game and jerk me around? I mean, we’ve got so little time. You’re only going to go to a place where you trust the

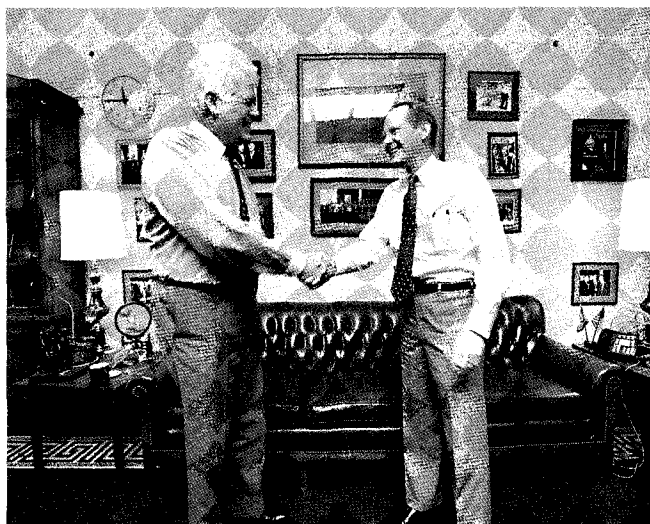
guy. That’s crucial to making this happen.”

“Yeah,” McCrery said, pointing his finger at the couch they sat on. “Would you come to this interview?” They laughed. Then McCrery turned serious. “Would you meet with me for a couple of weeks and just . . . talk this around?”

“We wouldn’t be having this interview if I didn’t trust you,” McDermott said. “Yes, I trust him. I mean, you can’t underestimate, because this is a people business. It’s not just ideas and it’s not just numbers—it’s the people have got to be able to work together. And there have been a hell of a lot of things that have separated us.”

“Now,” McDermott said with a wink, as the session broke up, “we have to go to meetings of our respective caucuses and plan how to beat the crap out of each other.” ☛

The transcript of Matthew Miller’s conversation with Representatives McDermott and McCrery is available on The Atlantic’s Web site, at www.theatlantic.com/healthtalk, along with links to further information, such as candidates’ health-care proposals, and related Atlantic articles.



THE HUNT FOR THE ORIGIN OF AIDS

by JON COHEN

The notion that AIDS arose from a polio vaccine made with contaminated chimpanzee cells—the thesis of the best-selling book The River—is far from the only theory about how the epidemic started, and it is hotly disputed. The quest for the source of the epidemic is intensifying, as researchers scour the jungle for clues and try to “walk back” the disease genetically with the help of the world’s most powerful computers

AS Paul Telfer navigated his Land Cruiser through a field of elephant grass at a game reserve in Bakoumba, Gabon, I asked him how many people in the world do what he does. Telfer briefly took a hand off the steering wheel and lifted a single finger.

Telfer is a thirty-seven-year-old field biologist from California. He works with the only team of scientists anywhere engaged in a long-running, systematic effort to track down wild primates in order to clarify the origin of the AIDS epidemic. When I accompanied him to Bakoumba, during a visit to Gabon last March, he was making the ninety-minute trek from the International Center for Medical Research of Franceville, a research station where he works and lives, to an area frequented by mandrill monkeys.

Telfer parked his car on a hill where the savanna abuts the forest. “You have to be patient,” he said, leading the way down a footpath into thick, dank jungle. A bridge of vines and planks took us across a river. Telfer stopped suddenly and

picked up a leaf that had been rolled into a cone and nibbled at one end. “Gorilla feeding,” he said.

At last we came to a clearing. Telfer had tied a hundred ears of corn to the trees ringing it, in hopes that mandrills would begin spending time there and that he would eventually be able to capture them in corn-baited traps. He would anesthetize the animals and draw their blood, and then set them free. If he and his colleagues were lucky, they might isolate from one of the samples a simian immunodeficiency virus—SIV—that could shed some light on the origin of the virus’s human cousin, HIV.

But the mandrills hadn’t touched the corn, which in the fecund forest had sprouted orchidlike tendrils. We watched the clearing for the rest of the afternoon, leaving only when the jungle began to darken. We heard a few monkey shrieks, but saw no mandrills or any other primates. “Ninety percent of this game is waiting and not seeing much,” Telfer said. “But when you do see something, it’s pretty spectacular.”

Illustration by Malcolm Lindsay/Intention. Interview with Telfer courtesy of Paul Telfer.



Those of us who observe the researchers struggling to understand the origin of the AIDS epidemic have likewise done a lot of waiting—and also a lot of listening to arguments. Although scientists generally agree that HIV arose from an SIV in chimpanzees, dubbed SIVcpz (for “simian immunodeficiency virus–chimpanzee”), spirited and sometimes high-pitched battles are waged by proponents of the different theories about how the virus crossed over into human beings and then spread. Most researchers believe that a precursor to HIV first entered people living in African communities where chimpanzees are hunted for food. They posit that urbanization, the introduction of needles, and various other aspects of modernization can explain how and when SIVcpz became adapted to human beings and caused an epidemic that now afflicts some 34 million people.

But a small number of scientists, journalists, and AIDS activists are dissatisfied with this explanation. They argue that the epidemic began because an otherwise largely forgotten experimental polio vaccine that was widely tested in Africa during the late 1950s was contaminated with SIVcpz. This controversial theory has drawn attacks from mainstream researchers, some of whom have brought forth new data that, they say, convincingly refutes it. In turn, the attacks have only fueled the determination of the polio-vaccine adherents to prove their point, and their theory has won increasing attention from both the public and the scientific community.

The consequences of the debate extend far beyond university hallways and letters to the editors of scientific journals. Researchers have found SIVs in nearly two dozen primate species. If, as the mainstream theory suggests, these viruses have repeatedly jumped from nonhuman primates to human beings, in a process known as zoonotic transfer, there are probably new epidemics in waiting that science might be able to derail. On the other hand, if it turns out that the polio vaccine sparked the AIDS epidemic, the implications for even the best-intentioned medical interventions are considerable indeed.

Finding evidence to settle the debate is a formidable undertaking. Although the United States alone spends about \$2 billion annually on AIDS research, the bulk of this amount rightly goes toward the search for better ways to prevent and treat HIV infections; perhaps \$1 million is spent on investigations into the epidemic’s origin. The few people who have committed themselves to the inquiry have done so at great risk, professionally and sometimes physically. Results are hard-won: tests of thousands of old blood samples have revealed fewer than a hundred that contain evidence of HIV infection, and researchers have found SIVcpz in only half a dozen chimps. Critical records from the manufacture and testing of the polio vaccine in question have yet to surface (if indeed they still exist), and libel suits have greeted some journalists who have advanced the vaccine theory. Those who conduct research in Africa must deal with crumbling infrastructure that forces them to move at a maddeningly slow pace, must contend with the ever-present disruption and danger of civil war, and must

hope to avoid a long list of infectious diseases, one of which recently took the life of a prominent biologist.

As for the vaccine itself, only a small sample has been found, and portions were only recently released for testing. (The results, as of this writing, were expected to be announced shortly after this magazine went to press.) Although the results will lend weight to one theory or the other, they cannot resolve the debate. If scientists find SIVcpz in the vaccine, that will be the strongest evidence to date that the vaccine *might* have caused the epidemic, and will make many take the idea more seriously; however, several other conditions would have to be satisfied for the theory to be proved. A negative finding would prove only that a very small amount of the vaccine showed no signs of contamination.

Despite the obstacles, researchers are more determined now than ever before to discover the origin of AIDS. During the past year several groups have followed the lead of the Franceville group and begun searching in the wild for HIV-like viruses in chimps and other nonhuman primates. Sophisticated modeling programs, run on the world’s fastest computers, have come up with intriguing estimates of the age of the epidemic. And Britain’s Royal Society has joined the fray, sponsoring a landmark meeting in London last month that brought most of the principal researchers on the subject together for the first time.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CLAIM

THEORIES about the origin of the AIDS epidemic have abounded ever since doctors first noticed the disease, in five gay men in Los Angeles in 1981. Some were entirely unscientific: most famously, God was punishing homosexuals. Others were grounded to various degrees in science: A contaminated hepatitis B vaccine tested in gay men was to blame. A campaign by the World Health Organization to eradicate smallpox had somehow awakened dormant HIVs that had long infected human beings harmlessly. The CIA had concocted the virus in a lab, or it came from space, or from a distantly related cow virus that had contaminated all sorts of vaccines.

Even the more plausible of these theories failed to attract serious scientific support. Indeed, on the whole the origin-of-AIDS question received relatively little public attention until last fall, when the British writer Edward Hooper published *The River: A Journey to the Source of HIV and AIDS*. A hefty book, containing 851 pages of text and another 174 of footnotes, *The River* makes the case for the polio-vaccine theory in great detail. It has riled many AIDS researchers, but it has also brought a new sense of urgency to solving the riddle; it was the catalyst for the Royal Society meeting last month.

The book’s title refers to the Nile. Hooper chose it because of the long confusion concerning the Nile’s source, which nineteenth-century explorers erroneously believed was in Uganda. To Hooper, that mistake has been “strangely echoed” by the mistakes AIDS researchers have made in their claims about the epidemic’s origins. A former radio reporter who

Hooper traces the AIDS epidemic to a polio vaccine tested in Africa in the 1950s. He speculates that the vaccine became contaminated with a chimpanzee virus—but his book contains no proof.



Edward Hooper, the controversial author of *The River*

covered AIDS in Africa for the BBC, Hooper has devoted the past decade to researching his book; he portrays himself as an indefatigable investigator who will go to enormous lengths in his campaign to confront mainstream researchers with their inconsistencies, illogical conclusions, and outright errors. (*The River* takes me to task as well, for a 1992 *Science* article in which I critically examined a *Rolling Stone* story by Tom Curtis about the polio-vaccine theory.) Hooper's persona in the book is often professorial—"we shall see," "let us," and "one wonders" are among his pet phrases—and even condescending, and many researchers who have spoken with him find him obstinate, overzealous, belligerent, or worse. Still, he is without question an earnest man consumed by a mystery of undeniable import.

Soon after AIDS surfaced in Los Angeles, researchers found cases in other large cities in the United States and Europe, and also in Haiti. In 1984 Robert Gallo, a scientist at the National Cancer Institute, argued that a virus he identified as HTLV-III caused AIDS, and at about the same time, researchers described the first known African cases of the disease.

Gallo, who strongly influenced the thinking about AIDS in the early days of the epidemic, published a paper in *Science* in 1985 in which he traced the epidemic's origins to Africa, suggesting that it might have existed there for some time without being recognized as a distinct disease. His argument had two strands. First, his lab had found antibodies to the AIDS virus in fifty of seventy-five stored samples of blood that had been taken from Ugandan children in 1972 and 1973. Second, he believed that the AIDS virus had close ties to another virus

that he and his co-workers had discovered, HTLV-I, which came from central Africa and had striking similarities to viruses found in monkeys there.

Gallo eventually dropped his contention that the AIDS virus belonged to the HTLV family, and the antibody test performed on the Ugandan blood samples was subsequently shown to be highly unreliable. Still, the notion that AIDS began in Africa and came from primates gained wide currency, and other, sturdier data soon backed it. Those data included reports in 1986 of HIV antibodies in a chimpanzee and of HIV itself in a blood sample taken in 1959 from a man living in what was then Léopoldville, the Belgian Congo (now Kinshasa, the Democratic Republic of the Congo).

Of all the immunodeficiency viruses that have been found in primates, SIVcpz is the one that most closely resembles HIV-1, the main type of the virus found in human beings. Indeed, the other SIVs differ dramatically from HIV-1 in their genetic makeup, and scientists concur that none of them could have evolved into the virus that caused the AIDS epidemic.

Hooper, too, thinks that HIV made a zoonotic hop from chimpanzees to people. But when it comes to explaining how and when it spread at an epidemic rate, he parts company with the "natural-transfer" theorists, who believe that the virus entered human beings decades if not centuries before the start of the epidemic, when someone with a cut—perhaps a hunter or someone preparing a meal—was handling an infected chimp. They offer various hypotheses to explain the time lag. Beatrice Hahn, an AIDS researcher at the University of Alabama at Birmingham, subscribes to what has become the most popular view. "These transmissions may have been going on forever and usually didn't do anything—they may have killed the person but they did not go anywhere," she says. "An infected person at some point got out of west central Africa into an urban area, Kinshasa or Brazzaville, and seeded an epidemic."

Hahn specializes in the phylogenetics, or evolutionary genetics, of SIVs and HIVs, studying the SIVcpzs isolated by the research station in Franceville and by primatologists elsewhere. Along with other mainstream theorists, she believes that once the virus reached an urban environment, it spread through sex, improperly sterilized needles, and "who knows what." Infected people may have eventually fanned out, she says, probably traveling up the Congo River and giving HIV a foothold in the eastern Congo, Uganda, Burundi,

Rwanda, and Tanzania—among the first places in Africa to suffer AIDS epidemics.

The growing epidemic went undetected by the medical establishment, this theory holds, because AIDS is not a single disease with a single telltale symptom; infected people suffer from a variety of ailments. Thus an increase in cases of tuberculosis, wasting disease, and chronic diarrhea—three common AIDS-related diseases in Africa—might have worried doctors, but they would have had no reason to suspect that a new disease had struck, particularly if the increases were modest.

Theorists have some strong support for this hypothesis. In 1976 researchers studying an outbreak of Ebola in Yambuku, Zaire, collected blood samples from 659 people. Five of the samples, or 0.8 percent, later proved to contain HIV antibodies. The researchers returned to Yambuku in 1986. Two of the five people were still healthy, but three had died, having exhibited symptoms such as weight loss, fever, cough, diarrhea, pneumonia, and skin rash. Only one of the five had ever traveled outside the region of her village. A new survey at that time, of 388 people, revealed three HIV infections—exactly 0.8 percent. “These findings illustrate that HIV infection and AIDS could have existed and remained stable in a rural area of Africa for a long period,” the researchers concluded in an article published in *The New England Journal of Medicine* in 1988.

Edward Hooper challenges virtually every part of the natural-transfer theory. “Proponents of natural transfer really don’t have many facts to support their cause, but rely on speculation,” he asserts. Hooper builds on a theory, first publicized in Tom Curtis’s *Rolling Stone* article, that traces the AIDS epidemic to an experimental polio vaccine developed in the 1950s by Hilary Koprowski, who became the director of the Wistar Institute, in Philadelphia, in 1957. Although Koprowski developed the world’s first oral polio vaccine, or OPV, his vaccine was never marketed in the United States; it was superseded by an OPV made by Albert Sabin (which those who grew up in the 1960s may remember taking on a sugar cube). However, as Hooper documents, from 1957 to 1960 more than 900,000 people in what are now the Congo, Rwanda, and Burundi received an experimental version of Koprowski’s vaccine, known as CHAT (an abbreviation for Charlton, the surname of the girl from whom Koprowski took the poliovirus for his vaccine). He speculates that CHAT became contaminated with SIVcpz during the manufacturing process. Although Hooper goes to great lengths to challenge Koprowski’s insistence that monkey, not chimpanzee, kidney cells were used to grow weakened poliovirus for his vaccine, *The River* contains no proof to back him up. In the end, as the Cornell University AIDS researcher John Moore wrote in a review of Hooper’s book last year in the scientific journal *Nature*, “[as in] the grassy knoll theory, there is no smoking gun.”

The undisputed facts outlined in *The River* include rich details about tests of the polio vaccine at Camp Lindi, a former colony of perhaps 400 chimpanzees near what is now Kisanjani. Researchers abandoned the camp in 1960, when the

Congo won independence from Belgium. Hooper convincingly shows that the researchers “sacrificed” many of the chimpanzees and offers some evidence that they harvested the animals’ organs for use elsewhere. He suggests that labs in Philadelphia, Belgium, or the Congo used kidneys from the Lindi chimps to manufacture batches of Koprowski’s vaccine.

The cornerstone of Hooper’s argument in *The River*, though, consists of geographic links between early HIV/AIDS cases and CHAT vaccinations in human beings. Even his fiercest critics admire his resourcefulness in gathering data to support these links—a process that involved combing through old newspapers from several countries, reviewing obscure scientific articles and digging through archives, interviewing the aging principals from the OPV days, and mastering maps dotted with little-known towns and villages. Hooper wound up focusing on the thirty-eight earliest cases of “plausible” AIDS and on forty-six blood samples, ten of which came from the AIDS group, containing HIV antibodies or pieces of the virus itself. He identified what he called “likely place[s] of infection” for twenty-eight of the people with symptomatic AIDS and for all the people who had given the blood samples. He found that for eighteen of those twenty-eight people with AIDS (64 percent) and thirty-nine of the forty-six people with positive blood samples (85 percent) the likely place of infection was a town where a CHAT trial had been held. Six more of those with AIDS, and all the remaining people with positive blood samples, could be traced to towns within 175 miles of a confirmed or suspected CHAT testing site.

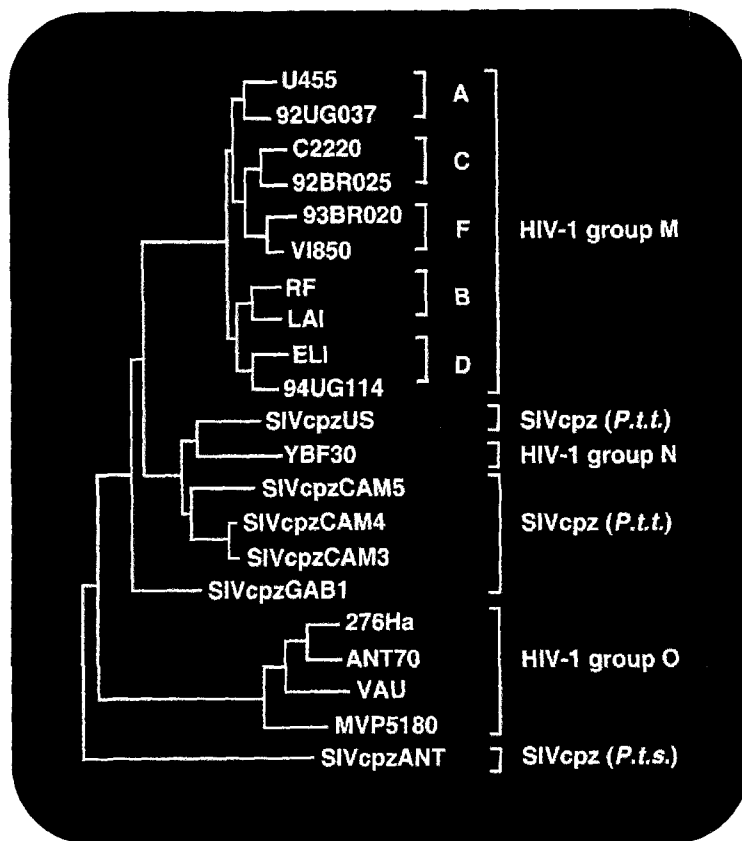
One of Hooper’s strongest qualities is his ability to anticipate every argument that might be raised against his theory. “Skeptics would argue that you can propose anything on the basis of epidemiological data,” he acknowledges in *The River*. “All those lists and maps and percentages may look as if they support the OPV/AIDS hypothesis certainly, but what of the other possible explanations?”

EXTRAORDINARY claims require extraordinary proof. The OPV/AIDS claim is, without question, extraordinary. The proof to date is not. And the arguments that have been mounted against the theory are compelling, especially when viewed in the context of other instances in which scientists have posited links between a medicine-related intervention and a disease.

The River opens with a brief description of one of those instances, involving the British anesthesiologist John Snow’s famous conclusion that the pump water on Broad Street in London was responsible for an outbreak of cholera in that city in 1854. At Snow’s urging, the authorities removed the pump’s handle on September 8 of that year, shutting off the flow of what was indeed cholera-generating dirty water. “One wonders whether a similar date, denoting a ‘Eureka moment’ for AIDS, will ever be written into the medical textbooks,” Hooper writes.

But in the retelling of the Snow story Hooper and many

Hahn found that the infected chimps from Gabon had the strains closest to HIV-1 on a viral family tree. She concluded that the epidemic could not have begun in the Congo.



The viral family tree constructed by Beatrice Hahn

others leave out an inconvenient detail: by the time the pump was disabled, the epidemic had already begun to wane. The cause-and-effect relationship, then, is fuzzier than the lore would have it. And in epidemiology, which relies heavily on correlations, fuzziness often prevails.

Consider the following case. From 1955 to 1963 nearly 100 million Americans received polio vaccines that were contaminated with a simian virus known as SV40. The contamination occurred by the same mechanism that Hooper blames for AIDS: the monkey kidney cells used to make the vaccine harbored the as-yet-undiscovered virus. Scientists began looking into the matter in the early 1960s. Those investigators, unlike Hooper in his investigations into OPV and AIDS, did not have to rely on old vaccine samples or on hypothetical infections of particular primates in order to identify the contaminant: the vaccine was still being made, and monkeys infected with SV40 were easy to find.

Still, researchers cannot reach a consensus about whether SV40 harms human beings. An Italian scientist, Michele Carbone, has demonstrated a link between SV40 and a cancer known as mesothelioma, which causes chest and lung tumors;

he has even matched viral particles in patients' tumors with particles in old samples of the vaccine. But mesothelioma takes a decade or more to develop, and, as in the case of AIDS, this complicates attempts to understand cause and effect. Some large epidemiological studies have shown no correlation between the virus and the disease, whereas others do show a correlation. And so the debate continues, the issue unresolved. (For an in-depth look at Carbone's theory, see "The Virus and the Vaccine," by Debbie Bookchin and Jim Schumacher, in the February, 2000, *Atlantic*.)

This is not to say that resourceful researchers cannot make persuasive arguments that medical accidents long in the past (of precisely the sort Hooper suggests) have caused epidemics. In 1942 some 50,000 U.S. servicemen developed acute hepatitis, in one of the largest hepatitis B epidemics ever documented. Investigators at the time discovered that the men had been vaccinated against yellow fever three months earlier. Scientists subsequently came to suspect that the vaccine was contaminated with hepatitis B, an unknown agent in 1942. The suspicion was sound, but for many years no one could demonstrate the connection.

Finally, in a study published in *The New England Journal of Medicine* in 1987, a group of researchers made a convincing case for what the connection is likely to have been. Unable to find any stored blood or vaccine samples, they turned to old hospital and payroll records instead. They located 221 servicemen who had had symptoms of hepatitis in 1942, and 171 men who were asymptomatic but whose vaccines had come from one of the lots most strongly linked to the hepatitis outbreak. For a control group they selected 205 men who had joined the Army after a new, safe yellow-fever vaccine went into use. The researchers took blood samples from all the men. They found hepatitis B antibodies in 97.7 percent of those in the first group and in 77 percent of those in the second group—but in only 13 percent of those in the control group. Most scientists now believe that the yellow-fever vaccine caused the hepatitis epidemic.

Last March scientists published a paper in the British journal *The Lancet* that links the staggeringly high prevalence of hepatitis C in Egypt (about 20 percent of the country's population is infected, the highest percentage in the world) to dirty needles used in a public-health campaign. Records show that beginning in the 1920s the Egyptian government gave people infected with schistosomiasis (a parasitic infection acquired primarily by

swimming in contaminated water) multiple injections of tartar emetic—a highly toxic drug that offered only limited relief.

The researchers describe how clinicians, if they “sterilized” their needles at all before re-use, boiled them only briefly. “The skilful doctor began injecting at 9:20 a.m. and completed 504 injections of men, women and children by 10:10 a.m.,” according to one contemporaneous account they cite. “Allowing for a 10-min rest, the time taken for each injection was thus just under 5 [seconds]. . . . This remarkable performance is being repeated at various tempos all over Egypt.” Clearly, the needles constituted a likely means of transmission.

Scouring public-health records, the researchers then found that from 1964 to 1982—when an effective drug became available—an average of about 250,000 Egyptians a year received nine injected treatments. They analyzed blood samples from 8,499 Egyptians, breaking the group down according to age and geography (northern Egypt has less schistosomiasis, and so a smaller proportion of the population there received injections). More than half the forty- to fifty-year-olds in southern Egypt had hepatitis C antibodies, whereas only 35 to 40 percent in northern Egypt did; younger Egyptians showed no clear pattern of infection. Although the researchers offer no direct evidence, these figures make a compelling case that dirty needles used in the tartar-emetic campaign caused Egypt’s hepatitis C epidemic.

Compared with the theories set forth in the *New England Journal* and *Lancet* papers, the OPV/HIV connection posited in *The River* has a much less plausible mechanism of transmission, a more confusing timeline, and weaker geographic and age correlations. Hooper’s documentation of cases is far sketchier, and his theory involves many more speculations. His theory is, of course, still possible—it’s just not probable. And science, after all, is the business of sifting the probable from the possible.

THE SECOND STRAIN

SHORTLY after I arrived at the Franceville research station last March, Paul Telfer drove me from his home on the sprawling campus to the facility’s primate colony, which houses 151 mandrills, seventy-four chimpanzees, twelve sun-tailed monkeys, eight gorillas, and an assortment of about seventy-five other monkeys. Outside was a loading dock heaped with bananas. Inside I was greeted by a French researcher with a diapered baby chimpanzee in her lap.

A local hunter had brought the baby, Za-Za, to the center after killing her mother. I peered into her sorrowful eyes—the one feature of chimps that looks wholly human—and instinctively began stroking her hand. The researchers told me that after Za-Za arrived, scientists found SIVcpz antibodies in her blood.

Despite the flood of attention that SIVcpz infection has received, the data on this subject have come from remarkably few chimpanzees—which probably reflects only the fact that

few chimps have been sampled to date. At the time of Za-Za’s arrival at the research station, scientists had isolated evidence of the virus in only seven chimps. Two were in the Franceville station, and three were in Cameroon. One was a chimp named Noah who had been imported to an Antwerp zoo from Zaire. One had died after several years in a primate colony in the United States; she had been captured in the wild in Africa, but no one knew precisely where.

Za-Za, it turns out, isn’t really No. 8: researchers found antibodies to the virus but not the virus itself in her blood. By the time I met her, the antibodies had begun to disappear, which typically happens when a baby acquires antibodies during gestation or through breast milk but escapes infection.

Later that evening, after our trip to Bakoumba to look for mandrills, I had a beer with Telfer at his home, a wood-trimmed concrete-block townhouse whose architecture, including a loft bedroom, seemed oddly hip for this remote part of Africa. Telfer told me stories of his fieldwork in Sierra Leone from 1991 until July of 1994, when civil war forced him to flee. With government soldiers riding on the roof of his car and driving armored personnel carriers, he raced in a convoy from his rural lab site to the capital, Freetown, from which he eventually flew out of the country. His boss then and now, the American virologist Preston Marx, soon began collaborating with the scientists at Franceville. Telfer moved to the research station in the fall of 1994 and has lived there off and on ever since.

Telfer booted up his laptop to show me a digital picture taken on a previous trip to Bakoumba. If we were lucky, he said, we might find something similar on the outing planned for the next day. Hunters often cannot eat all their kill, so they display the extra meat in front of their shacks. Driving past one shack, Telfer had noticed a pair of bloody mandrill arms hung up for sale. He pulled over to speak with the woman who lived there and asked what had happened to the mandrill’s head. He had photographed the answer.

The gruesome image shows the woman holding the head of a male mandrill. The animal has big, crooked teeth; one eye is open in a death glare, and blood courses across the monkey’s face and down its beard. The head partly blocks the message on the woman’s T-shirt, so that it reads IS BEAUTIFUL. Close inspection reveals that mandrill blood is dripping onto two of the woman’s fingers. “If people asked me how HIV could have entered humans, this is what I would show them,” Telfer said.

As Hooper writes in the postscript to the paperback edition of *The River*, he has become “increasingly persuaded” that natural transfer can occur. But he still does not believe that this process was responsible for the AIDS epidemic. Hooper argues that natural transfers of SIVcpz simply “do not result in well-adapted, viable human viruses.” Preston Marx, who has appointments at the Tulane Regional Primate Research Center, in Covington, Louisiana, and at the prominent Aaron Diamond AIDS Research Center, in Manhattan, and who has pursued the origin question as persistently as anyone, more or

Just think.

For provocative ideas about the forces that shape our lives, turn to the authors of remarkable new books from W.H. Freeman

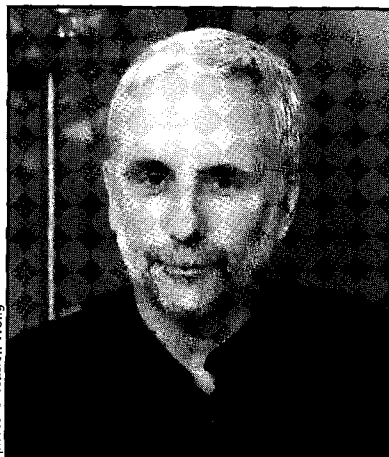


photo © Nation Wong

Jay Ingram

"In the tradition of Stephen Jay Gould and Oliver Sacks, [Ingram] makes the minutiae of science . . . alluring."

—*Maclean's*

"If all the world's a stage, then Ingram is the useful guy who can be called on to explain what species of insect chewed holes in the costumes, why the curtains failed to rise or why the audience didn't laugh on cue."

—*National Post*

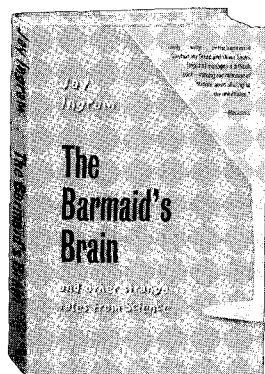


photo © Coy Barefoot

James Deetz Patricia S. Deetz

"There is no one who could possibly know more on a firsthand basis about life, love, and death at the 17th century American colony of Plymouth, Massachusetts . . . Deetz' meticulous journey through the vast store of 17th century personal and public records . . . [gives you] a fresh, compelling, and entertaining story."

—William M. Kelso, Director of Archaeology, Jamestown Rediscovery

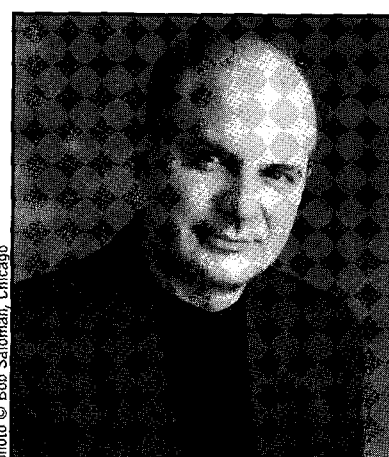
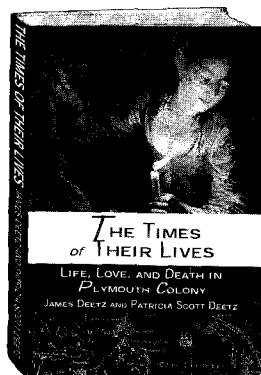


photo © Bob Saloman, Chicago

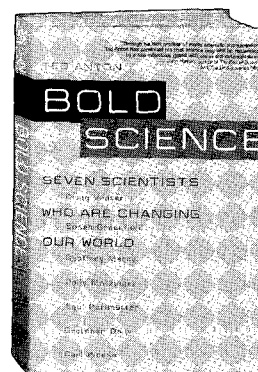
Ted Anton

"Through his deft profiles of seven scientific entrepreneurs, Ted Anton has convinced me that science may well be rejuvenated by a few individuals gifted with vision and determination."

—John Horgan, author of *The End of Science*

"The chapters soar beautifully, making real not only the science but the person."

—Deborah Blum, author of *Sex on the Brain*



At bookstores everywhere

W.H. FREEMAN
www.whfreeman.com



less shares that perspective, and also agrees with Hooper that the epidemic arose in the 1950s in the region of the Congo. He differs dramatically from Hooper, however, when it comes to explaining how the epidemic began.

When assessing causality, scientists use a gauge that they call "necessary and sufficient." HIV, for example, is both necessary and sufficient to cause AIDS: you can't get the disease without the virus, and the virus in itself can cause the disease. Hooper thinks that natural transfer is neither necessary nor sufficient to explain the origin of the AIDS epidemic. Marx, who finds the OPV theory implausible, thinks that natural transfer is necessary but not sufficient.

The OPV theory has several flaws, Marx contends. Not even the discovery of SIVcpz in the CHAT samples would prove that the vaccination campaign caused the epidemic, although it would certainly bolster Hooper's case. The amount of virus in the vaccine that was administered may have been infinitesimally small, or it may not have been virulent enough to establish an infection. Without a positive result from the CHAT samples, the theory that some Lindi chimps were infected with SIVcpz cannot be proved: there are no stored blood or tissue samples from the chimps. And chimps apparently do not become ill from the virus, so records of the health of the Lindi chimps (which, oddly, Hooper cites) are meaningless. In any event, Marx questions whether spraying the vaccine into people's mouths—the method by which it was administered—would transmit many viable SIVcpz infections. "Simply dropping virus in the throat is not enough to cause the epidemic," he says. "If pure mucosal exposure to SIV could induce an AIDS epidemic, then we would have seen AIDS a long time ago. Mucosal exposure has been going on for tens of thousands of years in places where they hunt mangabeys and chimps."

Marx brings up mangabeys—a species of large monkey—because they relate to an entirely separate and frequently ignored aspect of the epidemic. When people refer to HIV, they generally mean HIV-1, the most common type of the virus. But a second, weaker, type exists, HIV-2, which is found mainly in West African countries such as Guinea-Bissau, Côte d'Ivoire, the Gambia, and Sierra Leone. "Everyone thinking about this has to deal with the fact that these two diseases emerged within twenty-five years of each other, if not ten years of each other," Marx says. "Some event had to spark that. You can't deal with just one."

As of last January researchers had found at least eighteen distinct SIVs in twenty African primate species. They have known for more than a decade that one of these viruses has strong similarities to HIV-2. It was first isolated in captive sooty mangabeys, and is referred to as SIVsm.

In the early 1990s Telfer and Marx found SIVs in several wild sooty mangabeys in Sierra Leone. They then screened the blood of 9,309 people in the area to see if any were infected with a similar virus. Two people had HIV-2 infections. Although in one case the virus was a common strain, in the other the strain was unique, found in no other people, and it was

closely related to an SIVsm isolate. This constitutes "absolute proof," Marx says, that a natural transfer of SIVsm to human beings had occurred.

Marx finds it telling that so few people in their population sample had HIV-2 infections; to him, this fact indicates that SIVsm rarely establishes infections in people. He has found another unique HIV-2 strain, in neighboring Liberia. The existence of unique strains supports the idea that those strains are not easily passed from one person to another. Taken together, these observations suggest that SIVsm and its cousin SIVcpz needed help in order to adapt to human beings and cause the HIV-2 and HIV-1 epidemics. Marx believes that the influx of needles to Africa after World War II, and their improper use there, are to blame.

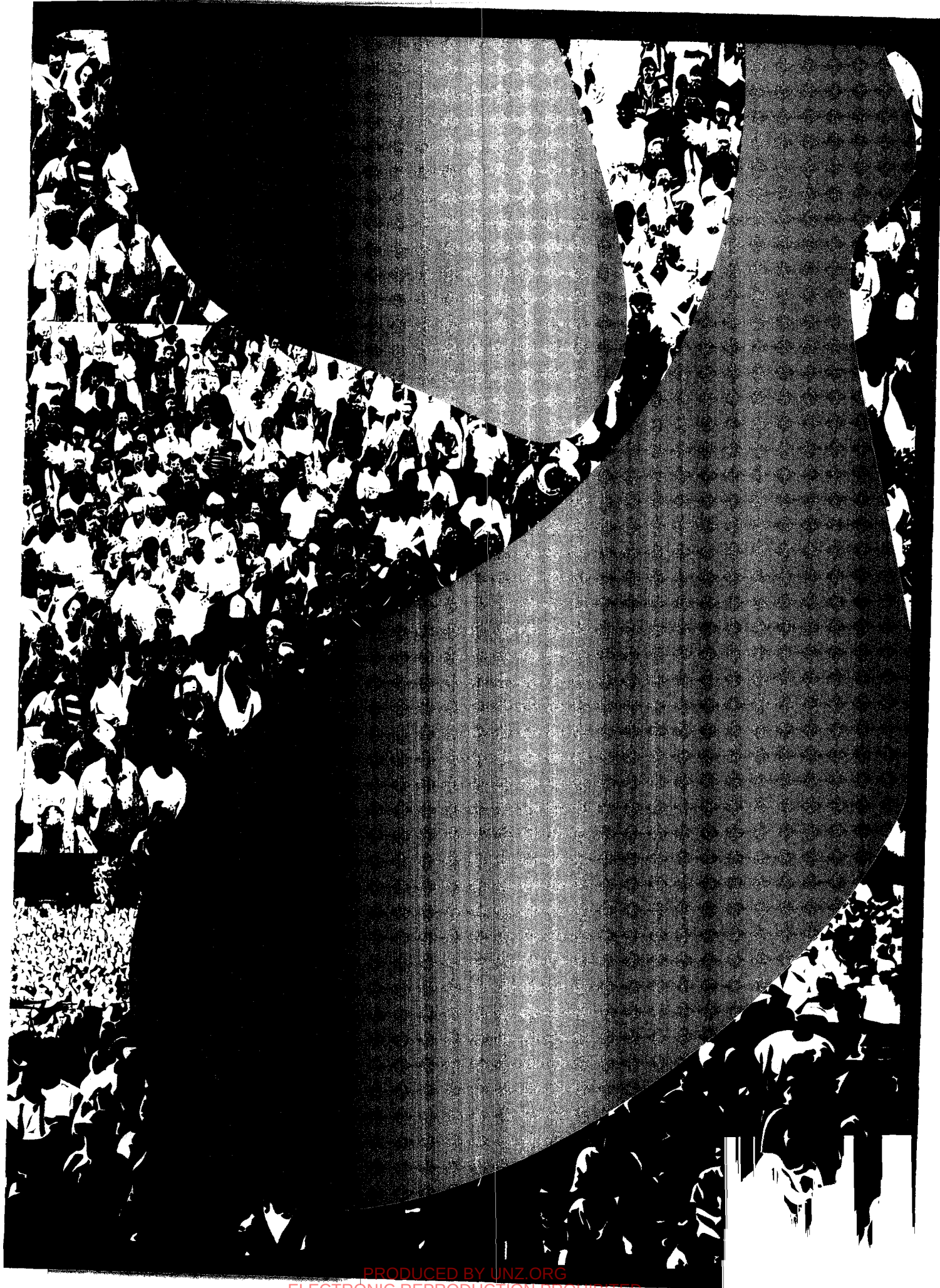
To test his theory, Marx teamed up with Ernest Drucker, an epidemiologist at the Montefiore Medical Center, in New York. "What we found, looking at the history of injections since World War Two, is that there was tremendous demand for injectable chloroquine in the 1950s, then smallpox vaccine, then antibiotics," Marx explains. "People in Africa learned that injections could often cure a serious illness, and they came to demand them. But at the same time, the medical infrastructure in many parts of Africa was degrading." Marx acknowledges the limitations of this epidemiological argument. "We're dealing in correlations, not proof," he says.

Hooper has attempted to explain the HIV-2 epidemic by introducing another contaminated-polio-vaccine hypothesis. The vaccine he points to here, one developed by Pierre Lépine, of the Pasteur Institute, in Paris, has an even sketchier history than CHAT. Hooper has pieced together much of the history with the help of Simon Wain-Hobson, a leading AIDS researcher who now works at the Pasteur. Hooper posits a number of scenarios in which SIVsm could have contaminated some of Lépine's vaccine and been transmitted to people in West Africa. However, there is no evidence that Lépine used sooty-mangabey kidneys to make the vaccine, or that it was given in the areas that subsequently developed the worst HIV-2 epidemics. "The arguments about how SIVcpz and SIVsm found their way into vaccines are highly contrived," Marx told me. "Anybody can sit here and make up a story."

INSPECTOR JAVERT?

"**H**OOOPER gets on my nerves," Beatrice Hahn, the University of Alabama AIDS researcher, told me recently. Hahn objects not so much to Hooper's research, although she does disagree with his theory, as to his manner and tactics, which she refers to as "annoying bullshit." I heard similar sentiments from several of the researchers I spoke with.

Part of the reason that so much controversy and emotion attend the origin-of-AIDS debate has to do with Hooper himself. He has a brilliant command of facts and the tenacity of a prosecuting attorney, but he is argumentative to a fault and deeply



suspicious of anyone who disagrees with his views. "Try to rise above the defensiveness that surrounds the issue of origin, especially over in the States," he e-mailed me at one point. "We still have much to learn—on that I do agree with you. But *The River* has demonstrated that there is, at the least, a case to answer on the OPV/AIDS theory. Let's address it full on, not ignore it. So be fair. Be honest. Be even-handed. Please." Beatrice Hahn and other natural-transfer advocates, he wrote, "may be unconsciously driven by a desire to arrive at a 'politically correct' explanation for AIDS." *Nature* magazine has "a deep-seated bias against the hypothesis."

The fact that few AIDS researchers put stock in the OPV/AIDS thesis rankles Hooper. "This theory has been dealt with less than fairly by the scientific community," he charged in another e-mail. "People are trying to dismiss this theory by resorting to the worst type of emotional diatribes."

To some extent Hooper is right: scientists and scientific institutions have been vitriolic in their attacks on OPV/AIDS proponents, and they have dragged their feet regarding experiments that could help to resolve the issue. The *Rolling Stone* article that introduced the theory drew a libel suit from Hilary Koprowski, as did a subsequent piece by an Associated Press reporter (both were settled out of court). Koprowski's lawyer also sent Hooper a letter, putting him "on notice . . . that any publication that is scientifically unsound and therefore obviously defamatory in nature will be promptly pursued in the appropriate courts." Several researchers discouraged Hooper from pursuing his hypothesis. Meanwhile, the Wistar Institute failed to follow through on a 1992 recommendation by an outside panel of experts that it test the one relevant vaccine sample still on hand. It finally sent portions of the sample to three independent labs last spring.

And Hooper's analysis of why so many scientists are so agitated about his theory makes a certain amount of sense. "Different groups are threatened by the arguments; that's the heart of it," he says. The idea that CHAT sparked the AIDS epidemic, he contends, scares Beatrice Hahn and other phylogeneticists because it undermines their work. Vaccine makers and advocates fear that the public could lose faith in vaccines, and the governments that supported the CHAT trials are loath to be held responsible for the epidemic. As for scientists who might be tempted to pursue the theory, he says, they worry that their colleagues might ostracize them for stepping out of line and that their funding could suffer.

In what seems an attempt to convey that he is not a fanatical Inspector Javert, Hooper asserts that he does not intend to pursue the OPV/AIDS hypothesis forever. "To be frank, I can hardly wait for the day when I can, in clear conscience, leave the investigation of this business to the scientists, the day when I can withdraw, publicly, from the debate," he told me in an e-mail. "But I won't be doing this until I am certain that Science is really going to investigate the issue properly, fully and honestly. Not much sign of that at present. I fear—bar the [Royal Society] meeting."

In the end, though, Hooper's dire portrait of capital-S science is overdrawn. A group of devoted scientists, albeit a small one, *has* been addressing the issue properly, fully, and honestly. That Hooper finds their work wanting reveals more about him than about the scientists and their efforts.

CALAMITIES IN THE WILD

IN January of last year thousands of researchers from around the world gathered in Chicago for the 1999 Conference on Retroviruses and Opportunistic Infections—the largest annual AIDS meeting held in the United States. Beatrice Hahn stole the show with new data about the origin of HIV and AIDS.

In 1994 a researcher at the National Cancer Institute had cleaned out his freezer, where he had stored the frozen liver, spleen, and brain of a chimpanzee named Marilyn. He called Hahn, because nearly a decade earlier Marilyn had had an odd blood-test result. She had been caught in an unspecified African country and shipped to Holloman Air Force Base, in New Mexico, in 1963; she spent the rest of her life in various primate colonies in the United States. In 1985 researchers looking for HIV antibodies in primates drew blood from Marilyn and ninety-seven other chimps living in a colony in Alamogordo, New Mexico. Marilyn had the only positive test result. She soon gave birth to stillborn twins and then died herself; her body parts ended up in the NCI freezer.

With the technology available at the time, scientists had been unable to isolate SIVcpz from Marilyn's tissues. Hahn extracted pieces of the virus from the samples; the genetic sequence of the strain looked similar to the sequences of the two SIVcpzs that had been found in Gabon at Franceville. On a viral family tree all three of the chimps' viruses are clustered near various strains of HIV-1; this suggested to Hahn that they had all branched off from a common ancestor relatively recently. However, they had distinct differences from the virus in Noah, the chimp in the Antwerp zoo (the infected Cameroonian chimps had not yet been discovered).

At the meeting in Chicago, Hahn proposed a solution to this puzzle, one that would appear later that week in a paper in *Nature*. The combination of the high-profile conference, the publication in a prestigious journal, and Hahn's decision to use her data to assail the African trade in bush meat (generally, meat from chimps and other primates) led to front-page stories in newspapers in the United States and elsewhere. The *New York Times* story opened with the overblown assertion that "the riddle of the origin of the AIDS virus has apparently been solved."

Although Hahn's study did significantly bolster the case that chimps were the "natural reservoir" of HIV-1 (Marilyn, with the fourth SIVcpz isolate, increased the evidence by 33 percent), her real message became lost or garbled in much of the press coverage. Hahn had analyzed the mitochondrial DNA of all four chimps known to be infected. She suggested that

The virologist Preston Marx questions whether spraying vaccine into people's mouths would transmit many infections: "Mucosal exposure has been going on for tens of thousands of years."



Administration of the CHAT vaccine, Léopoldville, 1959

Marilyn and the two Gabonese animals belonged to one of four subspecies, *Pan troglodytes troglodytes*, whereas Noah was a *Pan troglodytes schweinfurthii*. Because chimps do not naturally cross rivers, most scientists at the time believed that each subspecies had a restricted range, with *P.t. troglodytes* found from Cameroon to Gabon and *P.t. schweinfurthii* found in the Congo, including in the area where Camp Lindi had been. Hahn therefore asserted that the HIV-1 epidemic could not have begun in the Congo—a conclusion that makes the OPV theory that much more unlikely. (Hahn's thinking about subspecies would later change, but her conclusion would not.)

Hooper lost no time in mounting a response. In June of last year, hoping to learn more about the Camp Lindi chimps, he

traveled to Kisangani. He was accompanied by the pre-eminent Oxford University evolutionary biologist William Hamilton, who wrote the foreword to *The River* and gave Hooper the equivalent of \$3,000 toward his research. Once in Kisangani, Hooper and Hamilton split up the tasks: Hooper interviewed former workers from Lindi, while Hamilton collected fecal samples from pet chimps in the area. Hooper hoped that analyses of chimp and viral DNA found in the feces would prove that *schweinfurthii* chimps carry an SIVcpz similar to the most common strains of HIV-1 in human beings: such a finding, he believed, would refute Hahn's theory and bolster the OPV case. And he knew that another species, *Pan paniscus*, also lived in the area and had been used at Lindi; perhaps it, too, could provide clues.

Last January, Hamilton set out for Kisangani again, this time to collect fecal and urine samples from wild chimps. Not only would doing so increase the sheer number of samples, but also, he reasoned, it would increase the proportion of samples likely to contain the virus: pet chimps are typically caught as infants, and it is believed that SIV infections rarely pass from mother to baby—thus infections are more commonly found in adults. Hamilton was accompanied by an Oxford graduate student named Michael Worobey and by one of Worobey's friends; both had been fire fighters and were experienced at climbing trees—a skill that would be helpful in reaching chimpanzees' nests.

Although the group has not revealed the results as of this writing, it did collect several dozen fecal and urine samples—at an extremely high cost. On the first day in the forest Worobey spiked his hand on a palm tree. Four days later, his hand severely swollen, he left the others and walked twelve miles to the nearest village, where he got a bush taxi to Kisangani. By the time he reached medical help, he had developed blood poisoning.

Hamilton returned from the forest two days later. A few days after that he began to feel sick, and he spent most of one day in bed. "The next morning he informed us that he had the sweats," Worobey recalls. Unlike his traveling companions, Hamilton had not taken anti-malarial pills; he had contracted the disease years before, in the Amazon, and believed that his immune system could defeat a new infection. He tried a

malaria treatment from a pharmacy, but the group decided to head back to London right away. "By the time we got to Heathrow, Bill was as good as we'd seen him," Worobey says. The next day, January 30, Hamilton felt ill again and went to a hospital, where he collapsed and slipped into a coma, his internal organs hemorrhaging. He died five weeks later.

THE CONCLUSIONS OF "NIRVANA"

MEANWHILE, dozens of journalists gathered in San Francisco, for the 2000 retrovirus conference. This year they swarmed around Bette Korber, a scientist at the Los Alamos National Laboratory. Korber had just presented new data that, like Beatrice Hahn's, challenged the OPV theory. The frenzied media reaction created the false impression that she had solved the origin mystery and disproved the OPV theory. It also overshadowed another origin talk presented that day, one that deserved at least equal attention.

The little-noted presentation came from François Simon, the chief researcher at the Franceville lab, who also works in Cameroon. Simon announced the discovery of the three SIV-infected chimps in Cameroon and two new SIVcpzs that had been isolated from them. He and his colleagues had also found strains of HIV-1 in two Cameroonians which closely matched the simian viruses. This was the first hard evidence that an SIVcpz had recently made a leap into human beings and established an HIV-1 infection. It significantly bolstered the natural-transfer argument.

Although the data that Korber had compiled, in collaboration with the biologist Carla Kuiken, Hahn, and others, were more theoretical, they offered a tidier news story. Korber maintains a database that catalogues HIV isolates and viral fragments that have been genetically sequenced. Using one of the world's fastest computers, "Nirvana" (an array of up to 2,048 processors that operate in concert), Korber and her colleagues analyzed the virus's evolutionary history. They focused on the main group of HIV-1, which has eleven strains, or subtypes.

By plugging in known mutation rates of HIV and comparing the genetic makeup of these subtypes, the researchers calculated that an ancestor common to the subtypes dated to 1930, plus or minus twenty years. As a control, the group showed that the program's "molecular clock" could accurately date the 1959 sample from Léopoldville and also the virus's subtype E, which is known to have surfaced in Thailand around 1986.

Korber is a soft-spoken researcher who shies away from dramatic pronouncements and appends caveats to almost everything she says. "Our results don't disprove [the OPV] hypothesis but make it unlikely," she said, pointing out that the CHAT trials did not begin until 1957. Hooper had received advance word of Korber's results and had already challenged them at a press conference about *The River*. He noted, rightly, that no one knows when this common ancestor jumped from chim-

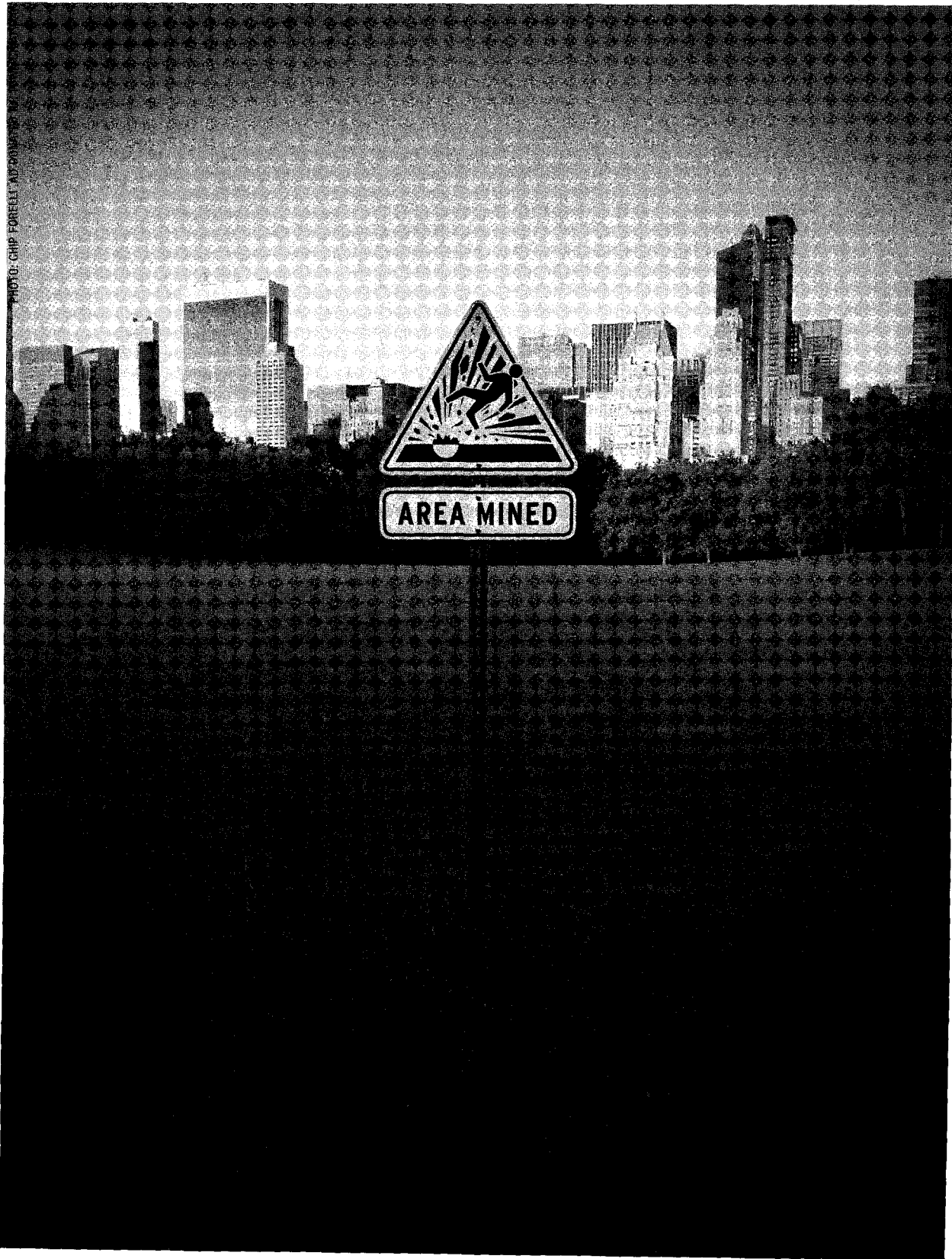
panzees to human beings. He then suggested that the various subtypes could have evolved in chimps, and speculated that the OPV manufacturers had pooled kidney cells from ten Lin-di chimps infected with distinct SIVcpzs. This, he said, could account for the diverse viruses in human beings. Korber replied with further understatement: "This seems to be quite an unlikely scenario," she said.

The press persuaded Korber to hold an impromptu conference. She grimaced her way through it, explaining at great length and in carefully measured terms precisely why the OPV hypothesis underwhelmed her. "I wouldn't go so far as to say it could not have happened," she said in reply to a question from Lawrence K. Altman, the *New York Times* medical reporter, who last November wrote a favorable column about *The River* that greatly increased the amount of attention paid to the book. Korber went on to say that the OPV thesis simply clashed with the genetic diversity of the main HIV group. If the OPV theory were true, she explained, each of the known HIV-1 subtypes would have had to contaminate the vaccine, enter a human being in a viable form, establish an infection, and then spread exponentially; each "founder" would have had to start a distinct epidemic. "I find the numbers unlikely because it's difficult for zoonosis to take," Korber said. (Hooper and others have also posited that a single chimp had the prototype for every HIV subtype, but Korber says that's even more of a stretch.)

Near the end of the question-and-answer session a reporter remarked that Stanley Plotkin was in the room. Plotkin is currently a consultant to the French vaccine manufacturer Aventis Pasteur; he collaborated closely with Koprowski in the making and testing of CHAT, subsequently developed several vaccines himself, and co-authored the classic textbook on the subject. "I wasn't planning to participate in this conference, which is about Dr. Korber's work," Plotkin said. "I would reiterate, first of all, that no chimpanzee tissues were used in any oral polio vaccine. As far as her work is concerned, clearly it supports the idea that the introduction of HIV from chimpanzees occurred well before the vaccination campaign in the Belgian Congo."

Plotkin had recently helped to find the labs to test the remaining CHAT in Wistar's freezers. After the press conference I asked him what his reaction would be if the vaccine tested positive for chimp DNA—or, even more damning, for SIVcpz. "As a scientist, I have to accept scientific data," Plotkin said. "From what I know, I consider that unlikely." Plotkin told me recently that after the publication of *The River* he got in touch with all the principal scientists and technicians who had worked on CHAT at Wistar and in the labs in Belgium and the Congo. To a person, they said that they had not worked with chimpanzee cells. Plotkin planned to detail their statements, which he had received in writing, at the Royal Society meeting.

Both support for and criticism of Korber's data and her 1930 date (since revised to 1931, with a range of 1915 to 1941)



A REFUGEE CAMP IS COMING. Learn how 39 million people displaced by conflict are forced to live around the world today. Visit Central Park [Sept 15-16], Liberty Science Center [Sept 18-24], Prospect Park [Sept 27-Oct 1], Van Cortlandt Park [Oct 4-8] or REFUGEECAMP.ORG

have come from unlikely quarters. Jim Moore, a primatologist at the University of California at San Diego, more or less stumbled into the debate over her theory, having published an origin thesis of his own in *AIDS Research and Human Retroviruses* on the eve of the conference. Moore (no relation to the AIDS researcher John Moore) and his co-workers combed the literature on the Belgian Congo and pre-World War II French Equatorial Africa—the region that includes the Republic of the Congo, Gabon, and the Central African Republic. They concluded that the human epidemic probably started between 1890 and 1930.

Moore began by documenting how the colonial powers' use of forced labor to build railroads and other infrastructure led many African villagers to flee to the forest, where they would have depended more on bush meat than they had previously. Labor camps separated families and encouraged promiscuity, and many villagers moved to newly established cities (Kinshasa's population, he notes, grew tenfold from 1905 to 1940). And wars and civil unrest, of course, have been constants in most African countries for much of this time.

In addition to these social forces, which HIV naturally exploits, Moore discovered evidence of shoddy medical practices that could have greatly amplified the spread of the virus. As many as 35,000 people living in French Equatorial Africa from 1893 to 1912 may have been vaccinated against smallpox directly from another person's arm: doctors would withdraw liquid from a pox blister on someone who had recently been vaccinated and inject it into someone else (this method was adopted to save the trouble of transporting large quantities of vaccine to remote locales). A 1917–1919 campaign against sleeping sickness used six syringes for 90,000 people.

I met with Moore earlier this year in his office, whose walls display detailed maps of Tanzania, where he has done fieldwork. He immediately made it clear that he is not hostile to the OPV theory. He greatly respects his late colleague William Hamilton, and is also impressed by Hooper. "Ed has spent ten years of his life pursuing a hypothesis," Moore says, adding that he likes the OPV hypothesis because it is plausible and can to some extent be tested. "I'm betting when it's tested, it will be falsified. But it's not obviously wrong. How are you going to falsify the scratched-hunter hypothesis?" he asks. "It's almost impossible."

However, Moore is skeptical about Hooper's emphasis on geographic links between early cases and CHAT vaccination sites. "I want to see an epidemiologist look at where they were taking samples," he says. "It sounds, as Hooper puts it, like it's remarkably coincident, but until it's looked at carefully, quantitatively, there are grounds for suspicion. I'm just guessing, but it strikes me as plausible that people would be vaccinated at places where there are clinics or where doctors go regularly—and where the clinics are and the doctors go is where you'd have samples."

Donald Burke, formerly the head of the U.S. military's AIDS research program and currently the director of the Center for

Immunization Research at Johns Hopkins University, questions the validity of every model that has estimated the epidemic's time of origin, because none has yet allowed for a process called recombination—essentially, the splicing of genes from two sources. A person may become infected with two distinct subtypes of HIV, and they may recombine and form a new strain. Burke believes that HIV may well have relied on recombination to create a strain that could readily spread from person to person. The urbanization of Africa and the imposition by colonialists of a common language, Burke argues, brought together groups—and HIV subtypes—that had previously had little contact with one another, providing opportunities for the development of recombinants and for the spread of viable strains. It is as if someone poured all the various viral strains into one container and then shook it, Burke says. And because recombinant strains form branches of odd lengths in unusual places on a phylogenetic tree, current modeling programs cannot factor in recombination with any accuracy.

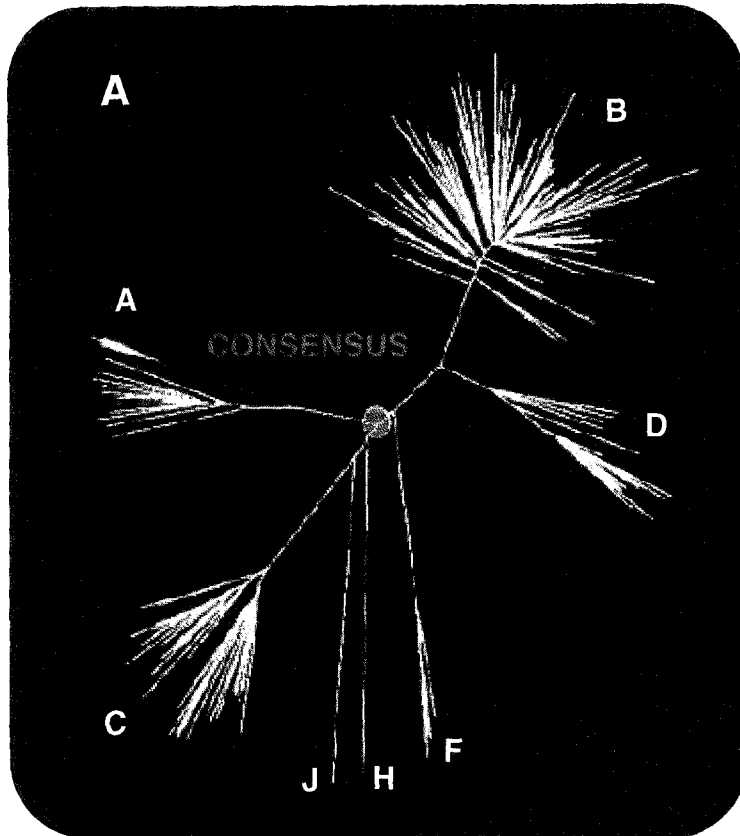
Gerald Myers, a scientist at Los Alamos who was once Korber's boss, firmly believes in the usefulness of computer modeling, and has high praise for the process that has allowed Korber to estimate the beginnings of the epidemic; however, he, too, has strong reservations about Korber's conclusions, for reasons that further complicate matters. "The burden is on proponents of natural-transfer theory to tell us what happened between the 1930s and the 1970s," Myers says. Myers's own group approached the question from the opposite direction, working forward from a number of given dates to the present day. "We can model this as a believable process if it started as late as the late 1950s," he says. "We cannot model it, so far, if we start earlier."

Myers is a polymath who speaks slowly and deliberately. He pointed out a pattern that puzzles him: the various HIV subtypes, when placed on the virus's evolutionary tree, are equally distant from one another, indicating that they branched from a common ancestor at roughly the same time. Standard Darwinian evolution displays a more uneven pattern, he explains. "We expect a lot of variance in the HIV tree, and there's very, very little—surprisingly little. So you have to say at first glance at the mathematics that something extraordinary has happened. It could be needles. It could be that somebody blew a whistle and funny things started happening, like in an Anthony Burgess novel."

Myers and his colleagues have analyzed the evolutionary tree formed by subtypes of feline immunodeficiency virus (FIV), a distant relative of HIV that causes an AIDS-like disease in cats. "A lot of things humans did happened to cats," Myers says. "They've suffered urbanization. Cats moved to the cities, they changed their sex habits, and who knows what." And the FIV-subtype tree looks nothing like the one for HIV. "It's a very messy tree by comparison," he says.

Myers clearly recognizes that all modeling is based on assumptions and therefore has limitations; he stresses that at best his work and Korber's will help to guide other scientists

Using computerized models, Korber calculated that an ancestor common to the HIV-1 subtypes dated to about 1930. "Our results don't disprove [Hooper's theory] but make it unlikely," she said.



The HIV-1 family tree created by Bette Korber

in their thinking about which experiments to conduct. "The problem will come back to haunt us if we don't try to get to the bottom of this," he says. "None of us wants the polio-vaccine story to hold up. It's a horrible thought. But I think we need to go ahead and face it squarely."

THE HUNT CONTINUES

FRANÇOIS D'Horpock, a pathologist in Abidjan, Côte d'Ivoire, led me into a dark and dusty, long-ignored room in his laboratory at the University of Treichville. Scattered about were more than 2,000 tissue samples from autopsies dating as far back as 1967; each was numbered and stored in a chunk of paraffin the size of an ice cube. Metal cabinets along the walls held thousands of numbered slides containing blood smears and the like. Giant ledgers contained the case history of each sample.

Before going to Gabon, I met with AIDS researchers in Côte d'Ivoire, Kenya, Uganda, Rwanda, and South Africa. I sought out D'Horpock and other pathologists to see if anyone had old tissue or blood samples that researchers might test for evi-

dence of HIV. Such samples could shore up what is perhaps the single weakest aspect of origin-of-AIDS studies generally: researchers have identified very few cases in Africa prior to 1980, and have even fewer samples of old HIV isolates.

Shortly after the epidemic surfaced, several research groups did screen old medical records and archives of stored blood; this is what led to the discovery of the "plausible" AIDS cases and the positive blood samples that Hooper documents. But, as he details in *The River*, other stored samples exist that no one has checked. My hunch is that Albert Schweitzer's old hospital in Lambaréné, Gabon, which was founded in 1913, might contain samples of particular relevance: the hospital is located in a region where some of the SIVcpz-infected chimpanzees were found.

Although positive evidence of HIV in Abidjan from, say, 1967 would rewrite the history of the epidemic, D'Horpock's samples are not old enough to reveal much about the OPV hypothesis. Furthermore, he says, they were treated with formaldehyde, a process that may have degraded the viral DNA. Still, no one has even approached him to find out whether the samples would be worth testing, though there are large American- and French-funded AIDS-research efforts on the campus. "Research

takes time and is expensive," D'Horpock says with a shrug.

Even if a stored sample does provide evidence of an HIV infection from 1956 or earlier, it will have to yield highly detailed information, or Hooper will simply point out that natural transfer sometimes occurs. If the sample contains antibodies but not the virus itself, researchers will not be able to do a phylogenetic analysis. Should someone isolate an archival HIV, it will have to belong to the main group of HIV-1s in order to bear on the OPV theory. And the genetic sequence will have to fit into the evolutionary tree at the right point in time.

Still, there are compelling reasons to try to settle the issue. Kevin De Cock, a leading AIDS epidemiologist at the U.S. Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, who started a large AIDS-research project in Abidjan in 1988 and now works in Kenya, used to question the relevance of origin studies. "Does any of this matter?" De Cock says. "I've changed my mind. You can't have fifty million infected, sixteen million of whom have died, and say it doesn't matter how this came about. Conditions that expose humans to these simian viruses have probably increased. You can't say from a public-health perspective that those are of no importance."

Reprinted with permission from B. Korber et al., Science 288:1789-1796 (2000). American Association for the Advancement of Science

A better understanding of the origin of AIDS could have an impact on efforts to combat other diseases as well. Omu Anzala, an AIDS-vaccine researcher at the University of Nairobi, says that ripples from *The River* have “caused many problems” in Kenya. “When people read *The River* and they are not very scientific, the arguments are pretty convincing,” he says. Claiming that the vaccine contains HIV, some Kenyan clergymen have recently discouraged their countrymen from taking part in the current campaign to eradicate polio (which uses a thoroughly tested, contaminant-free OPV). “In the last six or seven months we’ve been trying to vaccinate as many people as we can,” Anzala says. “But certain segments of society have been saying, ‘Who knows whether the vaccine isn’t contaminated?’”

PARTWAY down the packed-mud road that leads from Franceville to Okondja, Telfer stopped his Land Cruiser so that we could speak with two hunters. One man had a shotgun slung over his shoulder; the other had a machete and a tall wooden cane. Both appeared to be at least in their fifties. Through an interpreter who works with Telfer, I asked the men their ages. Neither had any idea. The interpreter asked them a question of his own: “Have you ever heard of World War Two?” Again they both lifted their shoulders and shook their heads no.

Telfer was making the four-hour round-trip drive to Okondja to take a blood sample from a pet monkey he had found on an earlier expedition. Farther along the route he spotted a dead monkey for sale, splayed on top of an upside-down empty fuel can. Telfer does not want to pay for animals and thereby indirectly encourage trade in bush meat, and so, with his interpreter’s help, he delicately negotiated with a woman living in a nearby shack. She agreed to let him take samples from the monkey, a member of *Cercopithecus cephus*—a species in which no one had yet found an SIV. After putting on latex gloves, he plucked some hair from the animal; he would later do a DNA test to determine where the monkey fits on the cephus family tree. Telfer wrapped a strip of rubber around the monkey and hung it from a hand-held scale: 6.6 pounds. He opened the monkey’s mouth and clipped off a bloody piece of tongue. He would have liked to open the belly and take the spleen—a likelier place for SIV to hide—but the village men who by then had clustered around were becoming agitated, and the interpreter discreetly herded us back to the car. A half hour or so later we came upon another recently killed cephus in front of a roadside shack. After similar negotiations with this monkey’s owner, Telfer took a tissue sample from the animal’s rectum—a location where HIV is frequently found in people.

When we got to Okondja and located the pet, a cephus monkey living in a makeshift cage alongside a house, the owner was not at home. We headed to the marketplace for lunch, where I had a stew made of porcupine (which is not a protected species). The locals took obvious delight in watching us eat there, which pleased Telfer: an important part of his job, he says, is building trust. Over lunch we met another man who has a pet monkey, which Telfer hopes to sample in the future.

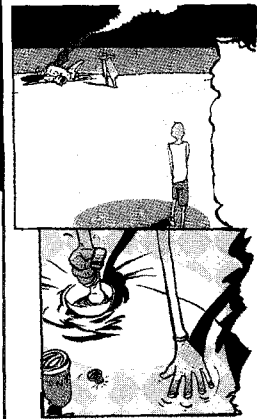
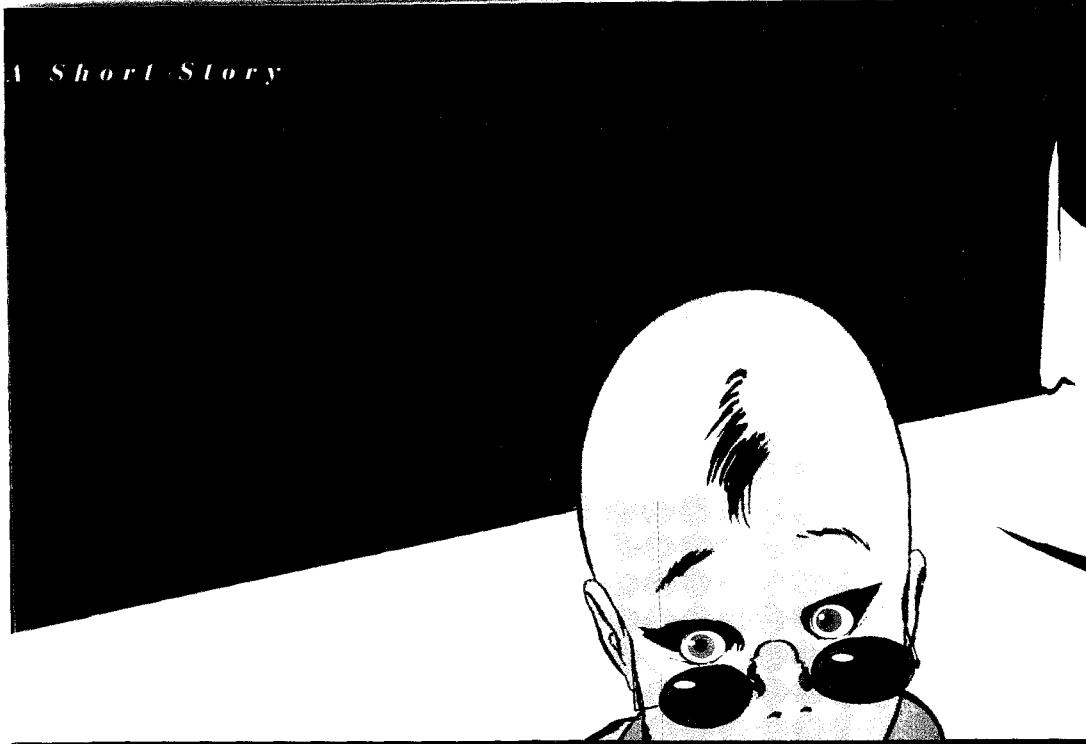
We headed back to the caged pet cephus. Its owner had returned, and he agreed to let Telfer take a sample. The first step was to anesthetize the animal with a shot of ketamine. Telfer donned a long leather glove, lifted the tin top off the cage, and tried to grab the monkey. The monkey, of course, wanted no part of this, and madly dodged Telfer’s every lunge. Tension rose, amplified by the crowd that had gathered. At last Telfer succeeded in anesthetizing the animal. He placed it on the ground, drew blood from the femoral vein, measured its weight and size, and marked it with a tattoo gun.

As we prepared to leave, a neighbor came up to tell us that she, too, had a pet monkey. We walked a few houses over and saw the animal, a baby cephus, but Telfer decided that it was too small to draw blood from, so we headed back to Franceville. Telfer was pleased with the day’s tally: tongue from one fresh kill, rectal tissue from another, blood from a pet, and one adult and one baby pet for future testing.

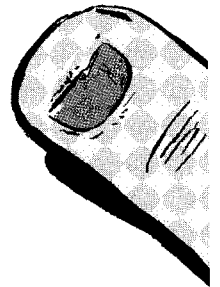
In June, Preston Marx told me that the pet cephus whose blood we had sampled showed evidence of SIV infection. I sent Telfer an e-mail about it; the subject line on his reply read, “interesting? maybe.” As often happens in this kind of work, the preliminary data turned out to be as confusing as they are intriguing: the monkey’s blood showed SIV antibodies in one test but not in another. However, researchers extracted strands that appear to be pieces of an SIV, and analysis is proceeding.

FURTHER information about the origin of AIDS will soon emerge from the many research efforts under way. Paul Telfer and his colleagues plan to go to the village where Za-Za came from and take blood samples from human beings there. Telfer is also preparing to collect fecal samples from chimps in the wild. Beatrice Hahn has begun to agree with primatologists who question whether chimp subspecies truly exist. She recently analyzed fecal and urine samples from chimps in Uganda and Côte d’Ivoire and blood from *Pan paniscus* in the Congo. All tested negative for SIVs, which has led her to wonder whether any chimps outside west central Africa are infected. Martine Peeters, a French researcher who has done pioneering work on the chimp isolates from Gabon, has been testing primate meat from a marketplace in Cameroon. Donald Burke has begun working in Cameroon and hopes to start testing primates in the wild there. At the international AIDS conference held last July in Durban, South Africa, Anne-Mieke Vandamme, a Belgian researcher, presented data that support Bette Korber’s 1931 date by means of an entirely different methodology. Even more intriguing, Vandamme’s work dates the emergence of SIVcpz and HIV-1 from a common ancestor to about 1700. The analysis of the CHAT samples may suggest directions for new investigations. And the Royal Society meeting will undoubtedly fuel new research as well.

But as Telfer so trenchantly observed, standing quietly in the jungle and looking at nothing in particular, 90 percent of the game is waiting and not seeing much—until the day we see something spectacular. ☾



4



Superassassin

by LYSLEY A. TENORIO

SEPTEMBER, 1958. Coast City, California. The noble alien Abin Sur, protector of sector 2814 of our galaxy, crash-lands on Earth. Buried beneath the rubble of his spacecraft, he uses his last flicker of energy to summon test pilot Hal Jordan and offers him the fabled Ring of Power, a weapon created by the Guardians of Oa. With his dying breath Abin Sur asks, "Will you be my successor, Hal Jordan? Will you swear to use this ring to uphold justice throughout the universe?"

"I swear it," Jordan promises. He slips the ring onto his finger, and takes the Guardians' Oath:

In brightest day, in blackest night
No evil shall escape my sight
Let those who worship evil's might
Beware my power—Green Lantern's Light!

For nearly four decades Hal Jordan will save the uni-

verse on countless occasions as the Green Lantern, establishing himself as one of Earth's greatest champions. But in the 1990s, just years from the new millennium, his intentions and heroism become questionable. By 1994 he has turned on the Guardians and become the most powerful villain in the galaxy. The question remains: Did the Green Lantern die a villain or a hero? This question has stumped historians in recent years. This essay will retrace the history of the Green Lantern, and conclude once and for

BLACK ink gashes my paper when Brandon DeStefano swipes it from beneath the point of my pen. "May I?" he asks. His eyes rush side to side over my words. "Listen to this crazy shit," he tells Tenzil Jones, his best friend. Brandon reads my paper to Tenzil in what is supposed to be my voice, adding an accent that isn't mine. Then he looks up at me, shaking his head in disapproval.

At midnight I climb out the window and run through the city,
staying in back alleys and unlit streets. I keep an eye out for any and
all enemies who dare to venture into the night.

Though they are many and I am one, I will fight the battle alone

"It's supposed to be about a real person in history, freak. What's wrong with you?"

"Hey," Tenzil whispers from behind me, "maybe I'll do mine on the Tooth Fairy."

I don't waste my time with talk. I put my hand out for the paper's return. Brandon makes sure that Mr. Cosgrove isn't looking and then crumples my paper, hurling it at me like a grenade. It hits my face and falls dead to the ground. "Ka-pow!" Brandon says, pointing his finger at me like a gun. "Why didn't you use your power ring to stop it?" Tenzil holds up his palm, and the two high-five each other, as if they've accomplished some great feat of teamwork.

"You are no Dynamic Duo," I tell them.

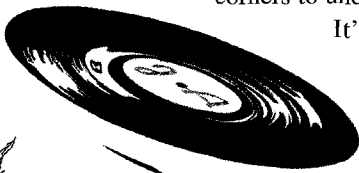
"What?" Brandon asks.

"You are"—I lean into him, aligning my eyes with his—"no Dynamic Duo." I say each word slowly, every syllable getting equal time. It's not my place to make terrible truths easier to hear; all I do is reveal them.

Suddenly Tenzil's finger flicks my ear, fast and hard. My neck jerks, my back stiffens. I feel the heat just below my right temple. "You're whacked, man," he says.

I know better than to tell Mr. Cosgrove. Not because I'm afraid; I just prefer another kind of justice.

I pick up my essay from the floor, pulling at opposite corners to undo the crumpled mass.



It's wrinkled, like old skin, so I rub it between my hands, up and down until my palms burn from friction. When

the page is smooth, I continue to write, even after the bell rings and the classroom has emptied.

Only when Mr. Cosgrove starts locking up windows and shutting mini-blinds do I stop.

"Mr. Cosgrove?" He can't hear me above his whistling, so I say his name again.

"What? Oh, sorry." He turns to me. "Didn't realize you were still here."

"I know." I start erasing the chalkboard for him. "I just wanted to tell you that I'm excited about this assignment. I think I'll learn a lot from this."

He nods. "I'm sure you will."

"I used to hate your class, this subject."

"History changes," he says, smiling.

"And I used to hate you."

For four seconds Mr. Cosgrove is silent. Then he says, "I guess we change too, depending on how you look at things." He looks me in the eyes, smiling, and I think he means it.

"Right." I wipe chalk dust from my shirt and offer to help him with the windows, but he says they've been done, and ex-

plains that he needs to get home soon. I grab my backpack from my chair, and before I leave, I tell him that his class is my favorite, the only one that's useful in the real world.

LONG before the heckling from classmates and neighborhood children, the questioning stares from old churchwomen, and long, long before I knew the true story of my father, I was aware of the strange mutant abilities that my body possesses: though my skin is fair, I never burn in the sun, can barely manage a midsummer tan. When seasons change, so does the color of my hair, back and forth from brown to black. Despite my roundish face I have a unique bone structure that captures both shadow and light in just the right places, so that in the proper lighting my face can be startling. And my eyes—somewhere between slanted gashes and perfect ovals—are of two colors: the right is as brown as wet earth, and the left is jet black, a perfect obsidian orb. I keep them behind slightly tinted eyeglasses.

Fifteen years ago, at the moment of my spawning, no one could have guessed the potency of my hybridity.

"What are you goofing about now?" Luc asks me. He is quick to interrupt my meditations, dismissing them as daydreams. He shoots a rubber band at me from across the table. It bounces off my right lens. When I tell him to quit, to stop or I will kill him, I am shushed by the librarian, who frowns at me like an archenemy whose plans I have just foiled. "You're zoning out again," Luc says, sliding his grammar book over to me. "You said you would help me, so help." Though Luc is the most intelligent and perceptive student in the ninth grade (and the only other person I've ever known who is able to comprehend the theories of an anti-matter universe), his counselor insists that he take ESL classes. His English, standardized testing says, is not up to speed. In grade school they said the same thing about me. I knew the words—I had a tenth-grade vocabulary by the time I was eight. I just chose not to speak.

We muddle through the textbook examples of passive voice, and I even devise my own exercises, in comic-book format. "*Superman has been killed mercilessly by me*," proclaimed *Doomsday*. But today I am in no mood to be a champion of standard written English. "Later," I promise. Luc shrugs his shoulders, thinking that I have given up, that surrendering is a possibility. So I rescue the moment by suggesting "Dystopia?," and his frown morphs into a smile. In a flash we cram books into our backpacks, slip on our raincoats, and pull hoods over our heads. As we exit the library, the words "psychos," "faggots," and "losers" reach us from behind study carrels. Luc and I stop to face our accusers, giving them looks that we will substantiate when the time is right. Then we are out the library door, off the campus, and under the afternoon drizzle. We stand at the bus stop, two secret heroes on the fringes of winter, waiting for the sun, any source of rejuvenation, just one outbound bus away from here and into the city.

DYSTOPIA Comics is the only all-used-comic-book store in Daly City. Most stores file their back issues away in neat alphabetized rows, each one sealed in a plastic bag with rigid backing. But Dystopia lives up to its name. Comics are stuffed into shoddy cardboard boxes, and Luc and I spend hours rummaging through bin after bin. We always win in the end: in the past half hour Luc has found issues of *Justice League* and *Sandman*, even a water-damaged issue of *The Watchmen*, and I've started a small stack of old issues of *Green Lantern*, precisely what I need for my research. I sometimes think that Luc and I possess an extra sense, an instinct for finding small treasures among the slightly torn and the discarded.

"Closing time," a husky voice mutters from behind and above me. I do a quick one-eighty, fists clenched and ready. I face the cashier, who stands just inches away from me. His globular, fleshy belly is even closer, oozing over the elastic waistband of his Bermuda shorts. "If you're going to read it, then buy it."

I give Luc the signal and then shift my eyes back to the cashier. "Pardon me, sir," I say, "but your volume is infringing upon my space."

He blinks. "My what?"

"The amount of space your cubic units are occupying."

He blinks again. "So?" Already I've confused him, thrown him off, and all he can do is point to the clock. "Just hurry it up, all right?"

My eye catches the exposed belly once more. With the proper serrated edge I could carve into the flesh, cut a tunnel right through it.

I smile at the mass before me. "Let's go, Luc."

We walk out the door and turn the corner into a narrow alley. We crouch down to the ground, shielded between Dumpsters, and Luc unzips his backpack. From between textbooks and folders he pulls out our stack of comics and gives me my half. "Distract him longer next time," he says. "He almost turned around too soon."

"No backtalk from the sidekick." I tuck my comics away in the secret pocket of my backpack.

The rain has stopped, but we don our hoods anyway. We proceed into the street, outside the crosswalk lines, defying the blinking red hand before us. "Nice work," I tell Luc. "See you tomorrow, oh seven hundred hours."

"Oh seven hundred hours," he confirms.

ON sad nights my mother listens to her 45 rpm of "Johnny Angel" over and over again until she passes out. Tonight is going to be one of those nights. Before I can even lock the door behind me, she starts screaming, asking where I've been. "Nowhere," I tell her. "Just out."

"And what should I do if something happened to you out there?" she asks, one hand on her hip, the other tugging at the neckline of her Las Vegas sweatshirt. "What should I do

then?" She takes heavy, staggered breaths and begins to empty out the kitchen cupboards, throwing food we need over the fire escape, weeping, uttering profanities about men and why they are the way they are.

I give her five quick shots of Johnny Walker and put her to bed. I take off her shoes, pull the sheets over her, and press *REPLAY* on her turntable. She puts her arms around my neck and pulls my face to hers, telling me what a good boy I've been. "Don't you change," she whispers. I can feel the tears on her lips wetting my ear.

"Go to sleep, Mom," I whisper. I pull down the shades, shutting out the last bits of daylight.

She got left again. I knew my mother was feeling hopeful this time around. This guy lasted almost four weeks.

When I warn her, she tells me I'm crazy, so this time I kept quiet. But I saw it coming. Her strategy was faulty: she had been making domestic offerings—a home-cooked meal of lumpia and pinakbet, Filipino delicacies she calls her love potions. But they lack any magical properties. Her men always see the food as alien and weird, a little too far from home. So they take what they want and then vanish. "Ride a rocket to the moon, that's fine," she once slurred to some guy on the phone, "but baby, baby, won't you please come back?" It was my twelfth birthday party, but I wasn't the one who wanted him there. I took the receiver from her hands. "Accidents happen, bastard," I warned, "so watch your back." She grabbed the phone, hit me with it, and then apologized for my rudeness. But he'd already hung up.

Mom's messed-up universe started with one bad star: a nine-month marriage to the man who was my father. He brought her to the States, a living knickknack from his military days. Their union, brief as it was, spawned me and all my biological peculiarities. "You're like Aquaman," Luc said when I told him the story—"cool." But Aquaman's mother was a mermaid, his father a human being. Nothing is human within the man who was my father. He disappeared from her life just hours before I was born. What I imagine, what I've even dreamed, is that he is a sinister breed of assassin, with white hair, white skin, and white eyes, invading alien streets, sent to find and fuck my mother and then finish her off. When she is drunk, she talks about my origin, sticking the sick story in my head, panel after panel after panel.

And then she'll break in half, Johnny Angel and Johnny Walker to the rescue. But I forgive her. Like all heroes, she needs her Fortress of Solitude, her Paradise Island, any place tucked away from the evil in the world. Not to worry: I keep a lookout.

■ ■ ■

FROM 1958 TO 1965 the Green Lantern thwarts villains from every quadrant of the galaxy. At the end of the sixties he is ordered by the Guardians to return home, to uphold good on Earth. For the first time he encounters evils that the Guardians themselves cannot defeat: racism, poverty,

overpopulation. "Ironical," he thinks in *Green Lantern* #187, carrying the dead body of a black man beaten by racist thugs, "with my power ring I can drain an entire ocean, shrink an entire galaxy to the size of a penny. Yet hatred and human cruelty are still impervious to it!"

This is a turning point in the Green Lantern's history. Though many claim it is the defining experience of his career, I will argue that it distracted him from his primary objective: the upholding and protection of justice at the galactic level. This paper will show that his return to Earth was a mistake, one we would pay for decades later.

RAIN dots my paper, so I put it inside. I'm wet but warm, wrapped up in a black Army-issue blanket. I remain on the fire escape.

I can hear mothers' voices screaming for their kids to come in, old homeless men arguing for space beneath an awning. Ten minutes later and twenty yards beyond, a teenager holds a knife against an old woman's neck while his friend rummages through her purse. When they're done, they shove her to the ground, light their cigarettes, and walk away.

Nourished by the elements, bloated with stars, our universe is still a hungry one; even I can feel it. So why did the Guardians send him back? With our region of space abounding in alien threats, why did the Green Lantern return? I was resistant at first, but I'm beginning to see the point of the assignment: *This is the inquiry of history*, just like Mr. Cosgrove says. It changes when the perspective changes. It's too late to repair the as-is of planet Earth. In the end we're the residue that the Green Lantern's ring can't penetrate.

Drizzle turns to storm, but I'll sit here for another hour before I go in.

THIS morning I knock on my mother's door, three times, but she's out cold. She's already late for work, so I go into her bedroom and lay her pink waitress uniform on a chair. I whisper good-bye and then leave for school.

Luc meets me on the corner. "Ready?" I ask.

He opens his backpack. "It's all here."

"Good," I nod. "Let's go."

We have our enemies. Today Luc and I will deliver Brandon DeStefano to justice.

Last week we were reading comics at lunch on the football-field bleachers when Brandon and Tenzil walked by. "It's Luc the Gook!" Brandon screamed. I gave him the finger, and Luc told him to run along with the other nonsentients. "Nonwhat?" Brandon said, climbing up toward us, bleacher by bleacher. "I don't understand Korean, gook." Then Tenzil reached from behind and snatched Luc's comic (an almost valuable issue of *Swamp Thing* #12) right out of his hands. He tossed it to Brandon, who stuffed it down the

back of his pants, farted on it, and then dropped it in a puddle beneath the bleachers. "Freaks," he said. Then they walked toward the lunch courtyard, a trail of sinister *ha-ha-has* ricocheting behind them.

Luc went down to rescue the comic, but I kept Brandon in my eye when I noticed that something about him wasn't quite right: his head started twitching, shoulder and ear crashing against each other. His spine arched him forward and back, forward and back, each vertebra breaking through skin until the body was no more. Then, in a sudden flash of light, Brandon DeStefano became The Gas, a force able to release methane-based emissions powerful enough to stun an enemy or wipe out an entire planet. Luc and I vowed revenge, and I intend to get it every time I can.

We get to school early, while the boys' locker room is still empty. We find The Gas's locker, and in seventy-four seconds Luc picks the lock. I pull the impostor Right Guard deodorant from my backpack and make the switch.

Later, when PE is over, Luc and I dress quickly, taking position by our lockers. We keep an eye out for The Gas, who has just emerged from the showers. He comes closer and closer but pays us no mind. In regular street clothes we are anonymous, merely mortal men.

The Gas dries himself off and reaches into his locker for his deodorant. He shakes the can once, twice, and removes the cap. He raises his arm above his head, positioning the Right Guard at his armpit. Before he can spray, Luc and I vanish.

The Gas has no idea of the power that's about to befall him; no one ever does. But this is how I like it. First my enemies underestimate me; then I smash them.

DO you think it'll heal?" On this team Luc is the conscience.

"No one has ever died from a scorched armpit," I tell him, stashing another swiped teacher's edition in my locker. He knows I speak the truth. I don't say things just to be reassuring.

The final bell rings. By tomorrow morning we'll hear snippets of talk here and there about the incident. Campus security will circulate in homerooms and PE classes, spouting the same refrain: If we work together, we can prevent this from happening again.

Feeble heroism from the crooked authorities. This is what they said last time and the time before that, and no one suspected our true identities then. "We ought to celebrate," I decide. "Meet me at Kingpin Donuts before school tomorrow."

Luc stares into my eyes as if he means to challenge me. "You said you would change the deodorant into spray paint, not a blowtorch," he whispers. "You said you wouldn't do this anymore."

"Shut up." I slam my locker shut. "We're done for today. Go home."

Indulge Your Senses.

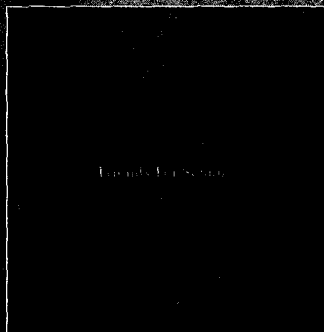


nneena freelon
"soulcall"
 Multi-Genre soulful
 ed vocals
FREELON
 dled, dynamic
 mances the soul
 positive sound
 of us.

Marian McPartland



marian mcpartland
"The single petal of a rose"
 The essence of Duke Ellington
 An intimate solo piano and
 duo concert salute to one of
 the greatest American com-
 posers, DUKE ELLINGTON.



diane sawyer
"friends for the cause"
 A dynamic
 album that
 showcases
 faceted, and
Burt Bacharach
Bergman, **Step**
Bishop, **Ra**
 digitally
Stan Getz
 special guests



keely smith
"Swing, Swing, Swing"
 The Queen of Swing is back
 "It is one of the great contri-
 butions the popular music
 world has ever offered."
 —Tony Bennett



gene harris
"the best of gene harris concord years"
 (2 CD set)
 Hear Gene Harris
 inspired performance
 special 2-CD retrospec



michael feinstein
"Romance on film, romance on broadway"
 (2-CD set)
 Featuring heartfel interpretations of a handpicked
 collection of romantic songs
 from classic films (Disc one)
 and Michael's romantic
 inspiration found on
 Broadway (Disc two)



rosemary clooney
with john pizzarelli
"brazil"
 "This album is dedicated
 three men who let me
 re-capture that feeling
 when I play their music.
 Antonio Carlos Jobim,
 Frank Sinatra and Nelson
 Riddle..."
 —Rosemary Clooney



rosemary clooney
"the songbook collection"
 (6-CD set)
 Six treasured "songbook"
 albums are presented here
 in their entirety, spanning

CONCORD RECORDS P.O. Box 845, Concord, CA 94522 (925) 682-6770, Fax (925) 682-3508 WWW.CONCORDRECORDS.COM



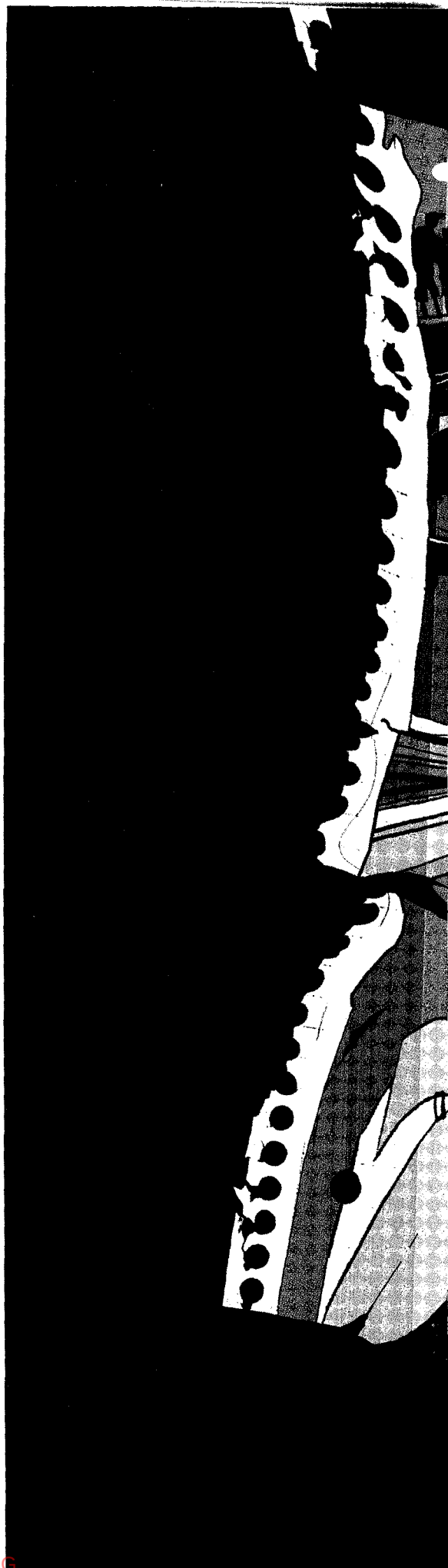
AFTER school I check on my mother at the restaurant. I take my station on an adjacent rooftop, over what was once a tropical-fish store. I would stop in after school just to watch the fish, tracing their paths with my finger. I liked the bubble aquariums best—the fish looked airborne, flying around in their Plexiglas globes like lovely winged mutants. Four months ago the store was bombed (by a Filipino gang, the newspapers suspected), and the next day I walked by to find half the storefront missing, the floor blanketed with aquarium shards. I entered and walked among the ruins, the crunch of glass beneath my feet. Beams of morning light seeped through broken windows and cracks in the wall, teleporting me to a kaleidoscopic world: ruby- and sapphire- and emerald-colored fish lay on the ground, lifeless, but still reflecting the brilliant sun in each tiny scale. I took out my lunch, threw away the sandwich, and stashed as many fish as I could fit into the Ziploc bag. Had they been alive, I would have been carrying nearly \$400 worth of fish; dead, they were worth nothing. I didn't care. I took them home and kept them tucked away for three months, behind the ice trays and TV dinners, and took them out late at night to look at them. Bathed in freezer light, they were like life-giving stones, alien and cold. When Mom found them, their color had finally faded, and she flushed them down the toilet.

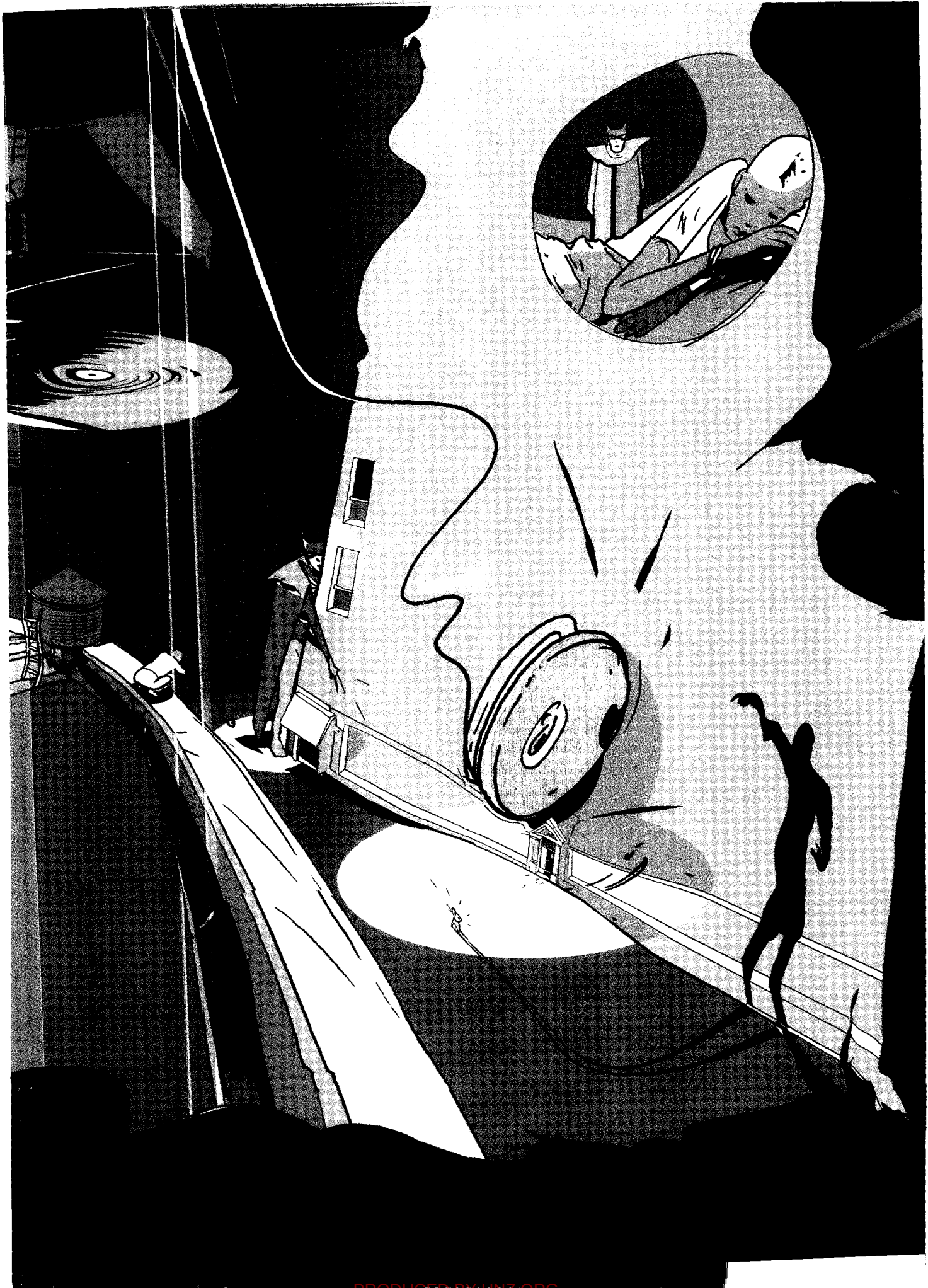
The store remains vacant, but the roof is sturdy, and my vantage point is good. From up here I can see down into the restaurant, beyond the gaudy-lettered window, which reads BARRY ALLEN'S though the owners are a Vietnamese couple by the name of Ngoc-Tran. "They probably needed something catchier, for business purposes," Luc said, explaining why they used the name. "Koreans do it all the time."

So do superheroes.

The last of the afternoon regulars finally leaves, and my mother takes a cigarette break at a corner booth. She stares out at the street, taking greedy drags of a Marlboro. She exhales smoke against the window, and it dances before her face like some sort of phantom lover that I can see too. I often catch my mother in these moments, a sad woman in pink, looking into nothing, waiting. "That's how I met your father," she once confessed in a stupor. She was one of Manila Rosie's Beauties, the best dancing girls the Navy boys could find in the city. "And I was your daddy's favorite," she said. After a two-week courtship he proposed to my mother, promising her citizenship in the U.S.A. "United Stars of America" is what she called it. I have had longing dreams about this incarnation of my mother, seeing her asleep and afloat in outer space, the constellations reforming themselves around her. I try to locate this part of her in myself, to isolate it from all the other stuff.

Then suddenly, from nowhere, a man in a uniform invades the picture. He sits down at her booth, lights my mother another cigarette, lights his own. They begin to talk. I don't need to hear what they're saying; I can read the words, frame by frame. My mother laughs, her hand over her breast, as if she is gasping for air. She is weakening.





Oh, stop! You're too much, do you know that? she says, giggling.

He tosses his head back, his shoulders bouncing up and down, up and down, laughing at his own jokes with a villain's arrogance. Then he grabs my mother's hand and brings it close to his face. He is acquainting himself with my mother's biology, remembering the texture of her skin, her scent. *My little tropical gardenia*, he says to her. But his thoughts betray him. *So easy bubbles from his head. This bitch will be so easy.*

I'm too far and high up above. There's no way to warn her in time, no hope for a last-minute rescue.

■ ■ ■

HAVING DISCUSSED the Green Lantern's shift in crime-fighting focus, this paper will now examine its consequences. In 1976 the Green Lantern returns to the stars. This is a difficult time for him. Realizing that he is unable to wipe out the societal ills of the era, he falters in his ability to wield the power ring. He is summoned to Oa, where the Guardians put him on trial and consider finding a replacement. The following dialogue is an excerpt from that trial:

"Perhaps Abin Sur was mistaken in selecting you, Hal Jordan."

"Please, Guardians. Allow me to prove myself worthy of the ring. Allow me to be your champion once more."

THE world jerks to a stop, and my pencil slips from my hands. I pick it up from the littered bus floor. "Brake more gently next time, please!" I shout to the bus driver. Baldie shoots me a look from his extended rearview mirror.

He does it again at the next stop. "Hey!" I rise from my seat. "I said brake more gently next time!" I walk toward the front. "Did you hear me?" Baldie ignores me and slams on the brakes at the light. I keep him in my eye as I fight gravity, but I lose my footing; I fall. Just as quickly I'm up again, and I almost manage to dig the point of my pencil into his arm, but two of his henchmen passengers force me off before I can make contact with his skin. I walk the rest of the way home against traffic so loud that it smothers and suffocates the battle cries in my head.

WHEN I call, Luc's grandmother picks up the phone. I don't bother identifying myself; she always drops the receiver at the sound of my voice, and I have to wait two or three minutes until Luc finds out it's for him. To his grandmother, I'm The Filipino, the mutant friend who is too different for her to speak with, too weird to be allowed to come over.

Luc finally picks up, and I tell him what happened. "Just breathe for a sec," he says, competing with loud kitchen noises in the background. "It'll be fine."

"He had to be stopped," I explain. "He's putting other lives at risk. Better the driver die than a busload of innocents." If I have to be the one to do it, then I'll do it.

Luc understands the good of my intentions and says so. "But it's over now. You kept all those passengers safe."

"Let's hope."

Then Luc says he's sorry but he has to go, his mother needs to call his aunt about a Korean variety show on cable. "No problemo," I say, "and thanks again. Old chum." I wait for the click on his end and then I hang up.

With my mother at the restaurant, I have time to work in my lab. I can construct bombs and explosives, but these require the proper chemicals and materials, and I can use the bathroom for only so many hours in a day before my mother becomes suspicious. When she pounds on the door, asking what I am doing, I tell her nothing, to please give me five or ten minutes. She guesses that I am masturbating and tells me to stop. I tell her okay.

My favorite weapon is my slingshot. I stole it from a high-quality sporting-goods store six months back: lightweight, aerodynamic, potential of elasticity twenty times as great as the average sling. It angers me how a lesser comic like *Dennis the Menace* has reduced the slingshot to a mischief-making toy kept in a child's back pocket. People forget that David killed Goliath with a slingshot. With the proper ammunition I could kill from afar too.

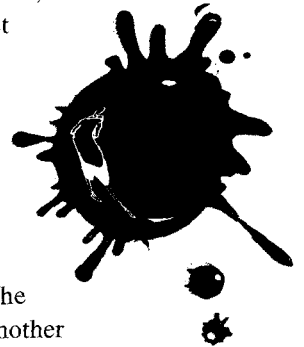
But I am at work on what I hope will be the greatest addition to my arsenal. Centuries ago Filipino warriors created the yo-yo as a weapon, emitting from their hands stone-heavy objects at the ends of twenty-foot-long ropes. They learned to hunt with it, to kill. Eventually the yo-yo immigrated to America. The story goes that a traveling salesman named Duncan saw one and introduced it to the country as a new hobby, a toy to pass the time.

I intend to get it back.

I will fuse together my native ingenuity with modern technology to create a weapon of deadly hybridity. My yo-yo will be of marble, attached to string at least fifty feet long, so that even from rooftops I can stun my enemies far, far below. My father, too, had weapons. In the framed photo my mother keeps on her bureau, he holds a rifle in one hand, my mother in the other.

Suddenly I hear movement in the apartment. "Come out here!" my mother shouts, pounding on the bathroom door. "Come out and meet my new friend!"

"You're early! Hold on a sec!" I stash everything behind



the toilet paper under the sink, hiding it next to the Windex and Lysol.

I open the door and find my mother standing before me, her head resting dreamily on his arm. "Honey," she says, smiling at me, "this is Alex. He's our mailman. We met today at the restaurant."

At least six feet tall, Lex towers over my mother and over me. He is well-postured, undoubtedly strong and agile. His uniform shows a badge of a bald eagle, and another badge

tells me that he has proudly delivered U.S. mail for five years. "Hey, champ," he says. He fixes his eyes, as blue and sharp as lasers, on me. Five milky-white fingers reach out.

Armed with addresses and ZIP codes, Lex can track down anyone, anywhere. If my mother and I were to escape, he could follow the trail of our forwarding address to find us. It's the extra sense, the instinct, of a hunter.

Villain.

But I accept his challenge and take his hand. I tilt my head down just a bit, so that my glasses slide down the bridge of my nose. "Nice to meet you," I say with a smile. Lex does a double take at my nonmatching eyes. Already I have the upper hand.

SAMBA

I think it's a samba
they're playing in the prom tent,
as I watch from the lilac bushes
at the edge of the quad.
My feet start to move
experimentally, testing
the rhythm. Samba?
Or rumba? Latin, anyway.
Not that the prom kids care.
They're just swing dancing,
pulling each other around.
Here's where I saw the comet
after my father died. A blur,
like one of those whirled-out gowns.
I wouldn't be young, that's for sure,
tense and radiant, pinning on flowers.
But am I pathetic, or mad—alone in the dark,
growing older, doing the samba?
It doesn't feel so. On his honeymoon cruise
my father was named by the bandleader
"the perfect samba type." A family joke,
but maybe he was, at that:
not tall, dark-haired, taking on weight
with age and responsibility. Just fit,
perhaps, for the samba,
its dip and lowslung
jump-slide forward
then back, that I practice now
into the scratchy lilac,
marking the soft soil.

—SUSAN DONNELLY

MY mother and Lex want privacy, so tonight I'm a bedroom shut-in. But I can still hear them laughing, dancing clumsily around the front room to old Motown love songs. Luckily, I have the ability to phase out any and all distractions, to teleport my thoughts, even my senses, elsewhere. I believe this is another of my mutant abilities, the active residue of my father's genetic imprint. It's the power he used on Mom and me.

I use that power tonight. I have homework to do.

I research, going through issue after old issue of *Green Lantern*. Already I feel like the Green Lantern's biographer. I recognize the earnestness of the early years, when he is made up of simple, clean strokes of a pen, when the green of his costume is bright and the black is bold, and the villains are easy to tell from the heroes. In the sixties he is more weathered, and in the seventies the battle scars are painfully obvious in the inking of his musculature: the mementos of victories are also the reminders of loved ones lost. I feel sad for him, for all the time he's been forced to see.

And now I'm at that difficult point in my project where his status as a hero comes into question. "It's where history stops becoming fact," Mr. Cosgrove would say, "and you have to choose what's true and what isn't."

Brought to Oa, he stands before a jury of Guardians, on trial for abusing his power, for attempting to alter history to save his city and the woman he loved. "*Hal Jordan, Green Lantern of sector 2814, for misuse of the power of Oa, you are hereby asked to surrender the ring to us,*" they say. Half of Hal Jordan's face fills the next panel, and his rage is clear even behind the mask. Next is a Guardian's bony, blue-skinned hand reaching out, palm open. "*You will surrender the ring, Hal Jordan,*" he says.

"*THE RING!*" five voices echo through the same voice bubble.

And then Hal Jordan's face, the mask, one eye, and nothing. Only a frightening flash of green.

I take the bottom corner of the page between my fingers. I turn the page slowly, knowing what comes next: an exploding sky, fallen emerald towers, the lifeless bodies of Guardians long thought to be immortal scattered among the debris.

"*Traitor!*" one accuses with his dying breath. But Hal Jordan admits nothing, denies nothing. He takes their rings, all of them, and explodes into space, Earthbound, a furious green light trailing behind him.

History is to be interpreted; that's the rule. What makes me so angry is that the decision has already been made for us. The cover's depiction of Hal Jordan proves the bias: his eyebrows are sharp-pointed arches, his lips stretch in a sinister grin, and behind the mask his eyes are vacant, blank with madness and power. It's the face of a villain, the kind I've seen a million times.

But consider what Hal Jordan has seen. Consider the burden he bears: *he got there too late*. He got there in time only to see his city wiped out by an enemy he couldn't defeat. You don't recover from that; you fix it. If I could rewrite the comic, I'd do the same.

The following pages are panels of green: he wipes out a building in the background, *KRAZAAKK!*, one in the foreground, *BLAZAAAM!* He destroys another, and another. Then—*CRASH!*—something made of glass falls to the floor in the living room. I hear my mother and Lex whirling around to the music, bumping into bookshelves and walls, causing fragile things to fall. They laugh through loud kisses.

"Could you please be quiet out there?" They don't answer. "Would you be quiet, please?" Still nothing, only the soft sounds of my mother being taken yet again. "Be quiet."

AT 2:43 A.M. I wake from weird dreams. Dehydrated and dizzy, I get a glass of milk. On the way back to my room I peek through my mother's half-closed door. She's curled up in Lex's arms; the sheets are wrapped around their bodies, binding them together. In her sleep her hands still clamp around his neck.

I walk toward them, silent in bare feet, invisible in the blue glow of the digital clock. I stand at the foot of the bed, watching their bodies just barely rise from breath. If I wanted to, I could crawl in between them, my head in the circle of my mother's arms, my knee rammed into Lex's balls.

My mother mumbles something in her sleep, taking quick breaths, and slowly she turns away from Lex. I go to her. I can feel her pupils shift side to side beneath the skin of her eyelids, and I press down on them just enough until the panic in her head subsides. I move a strand of black hair away from her face, looping it slowly around my finger.

I float to the other side of the bed, over to Lex. In the moonlight he is even paler, and the stubble on his chin is like metallic bristles against my knuckles. I kneel next to him and set my head down beside his. I can see my mother's lipstick smeared along his neck, trailing down to the center of his

chest. It's the residue of what she thinks is love, and I can imagine my mother kissing him, just inches above the spot where the heart should be. I lay my palm flat on that spot, just barely touching skin. I can feel the life beating inside him. Maybe this is how my father felt. "What do you want from us?" I whisper to him. "Who sent you here?" But like my mother, he is drowned in sleep or just passed out.

So I test him. I tip my almost-empty glass, letting a tiny drop of milk fall onto his ear. The white liquid dot slides from the outer edge and vanishes into the black hole of his ear canal. His neck and shoulders jerk, lightning-quick. Then he is still again. "Assassin," I say. I return to the kitchen to wash my glass.

WE have not seen The Gas for almost two weeks since the battle. At lunch Luc and I split up, eavesdropping on conversations, trying to piece together the fate of our nemesis.

After school we regroup on the library roof. "I heard Suzy Cheerleader talking to one of the vice-principals," Luc says. "Brandon's in the hospital."

"The Gas will be fine," I tell him, staring out onto the campus quad. We stay low, speaking in whispers.

"Did you hear me? He's in the hospital now. His arm needs some sort of operation. Skin grafts or something. What did you put in that thing anyway?"

Skin grafts. Then the body of my enemy is mutating as well. Fascinating. "Mercury fulminate, chloride of azode, some other chemicals. The usual."

I keep an eye out until I finally spot Tenzil, blanketing the school with his propaganda. I blame Tenzil, an ally of The Gas, for our corrupt student government. As vice-president, he's the person who rejected my proposal for a school trip to the San Francisco Comic Book Convention, and gave my money to varsity track instead.

I pull the yo-yo from my bag. "What the hell is that?" Luc asks.

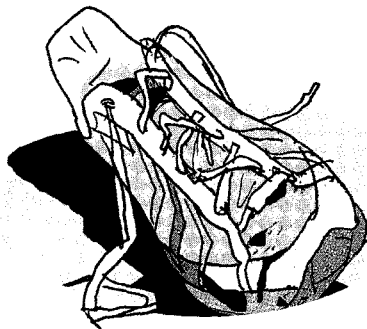
"Quiet." This moment requires silence and the utmost precision.

Tenzil comes closer as I loop the string round and round my finger until I've cut off circulation. I raise my hand over the edge. But suddenly Luc grabs my wrist. "Don't," he says, trying to bring me back.

I take a quick foot to his stomach, freeing myself from his clutches. "If we don't get him, he'll get us."

"What are you talking about?"

Luc asks, as if he doesn't already know. He rises from the ground and reaches for my wrist again, but he's too slow: I snap my hand forward, letting go the yo-yo for its spectacular debut.





POLITICALLY CONNECT

SPECIAL POLITICS ISSUES ONLY ON THE WEB

Atlantic Unbound is not only *The Atlantic Monthly's* home on the Internet—it's an online publication offering a weekly assortment of Web-only columns and interactive features. In addition to special political coverage, you'll find timely commentary on books and the arts; interviews with leading authors; explorations of digital culture; online dispatches from foreign correspondents; poetry readings; and more. Atlantic Unbound is also home to a growing online community engaged in continual conversation and debate in Post & Riposte, our interactive forum. Come introduce yourself, and join the conversation.

Atlantic Unbound
www.theatlantic.com

ROUNDTABLES

Experts debate, addressing national issues in lively exchanges hosted by Atlantic editors.

EXECUTIVE DECISION

You're the President. It's your call. An interactive poll in which you decide what's best for the country—and explain why.

FALLOWS@LARGE

In the Election 2000 Time-Capsule Project, James Fallows tracks the conventional wisdom through the campaign season.

POLITICS & PROSE

Jack Beatty and Christopher Caldwell on political books and trends.

WEB CITATIONS

Political currents on the Internet. Is the Web reshaping our political culture?

FLASHBACKS

Political analysis from *The Atlantic's* archive, still resonating today.



Marble-heavy, the double disk drops straight to the ground. But Tenzil is gone, and the yo-yo dangles at the string's end, lifeless, refusing to wind its way back up to me. "Where is he?" I say. "Where the fuck did he go?" I crane my neck over the edge, scanning the quad, the locker bay, anywhere someone might hide from me. But Tenzil is nowhere to be found. "Traitor," I accuse Luc. "This is your fault." But when I turn, he, too, is gone. I take a quick inventory of the rooftop. No traces.

I run through the campus, taking down Tenzil's posters and flyers. I return to the roof, where I tear them into a pile of tiny pieces. Then I scoop them up and throw them to the sky, let-

ting them fall like ashes on the spot where the chalk outline of Tenzil Jones's body should have been. I want to mourn today's loss.

I KEEP no school ID, have no driver's permit. I tossed my Social Security card once I had committed the number to memory. If I have no money, then there's nothing in my wallet. I have my anonymity to keep me safe.

Today my wallet is empty but I'm hungry, so I stop by Ollie's Market on the way home. Ollie stands behind the counter,

a sixty-something grump in a dirty undershirt, venting his frustrations on his customers. At his side is Sasha the Amputee, Ollie's half retriever, half something else. Sasha's right hind leg was the only casualty of the last holdup, which Ollie swears, despite the ski masks, was done by Filipino gangsters. "Filipinos!" he curses to the air. "Stealing this and stealing that!"

He makes this so easy.

My mutant biology hides that part of me he would fear. It is, after all, layered with the skin of my father, fused with that of my mother, and it gives me chameleonic powers. Ollie continues complaining and accusing, unaware that a shapeshifter stands before him. I tell him I know exactly how he feels, that they really can't be trusted, that they're a dangerous and deadly breed, and I keep Ollie in my eye, drowning out his sound as my hand fingers its way to the mini-rack of candy bars at my side.

But Sasha sees. The mutt snarls, her snout pointed at me, accusing me. *Go ahead, I dare her. Hobble after me and you'll lose another, you damaged bitch.* Mission accomplished, I tell Ollie good-bye, and press my heel onto Sasha's front paw as I walk out the door. She lets out a pathetic yelp. "Sorry." I smile at Ollie, petting the dog's head.

I exit the store and make a sharp right into an alleyway. I walk through and cross a four-way intersection diagonally, dodging cars and buses. I make a left, a right, and another right. I round corner after corner until the geometry of the city swallows me whole and it's safe for me to eat.

THE shades are drawn when I enter our apartment. I hear movement from the bedroom. "Mom?"

I open her door. "Mom." She's on the floor, lying on her side. Laid out beside her is my father's uniform, still wrapped in plastic on a wire hanger. She reaches out to it, moving her thumb back and forth over a shiny gold button.

I give her a shot of whisky. I pour her another and then another, and she goes on about how Lex doesn't love her, that the evil in men will always kill her, more and more slowly each time. "All the time. All the time this happens. Tell your father to stop it, please." She weeps into my chest, clinging to my shirt. Streaks of blood stain her hands. She's been cutting herself again.

An orphaned boy sees a bat flying through a window. The last son of Krypton dreams of the afterglow of his dead home world. All heroes have their omens; this blood will be mine.

"I will," I tell her. "I swear it." But she cannot hear my oath.

■ ■ ■

IN CONCLUSION, he is no longer the Green Lantern. With a final surge of power, Hal Jordan transforms himself into Parallax, a master of space and dimension, wielder of

the greatest power ever known. His only agenda: to destroy time, to interrupt for good the linearity of history. With one hand he will knock past, present, and future out of order; he will be the judge of who may live, who will die, and who will never have existed at all. Time will move forward, time will move back, until it collides with itself, until what is left is the Zero Hour, and all that has gone wrong can finally be set right.

VILLAINS and heroes don't ask for the power they're given: Destiny, Fate, and Luck drop it on us like a star, and we have no choice but to use it.

It's due tomorrow, but fuck the paper. Tonight I must enter the fray.

I PAINT black around my eyes, like a domino mask, erasing the traces of who I am.

Mother's future slips into Mother's past as I don my father's uniform jacket. It fits perfectly; I never knew our bodies were the same. Gold buttons sparkle on my chest, badges adorn my arms. To the collar I attach a cape, a long piece of cloth light enough that it does not impede my speed, dark enough that it keeps me wrapped in night shadows. All superassassins rely on the darkness.

I place my ammunition—segments of aluminum pipe filled with impact-sensitive explosives—in a tiny suede pouch attached to my belt. I secure the slingshot in my front belt loop; the yo-yo I keep in an oversized pocket on my pant leg.

Midnight strikes. I climb out the window, descend the fire escape, and run through the city, staying in back alleys and unlit streets. I keep an eye out for any and all enemies who dare to venture into the night. Though they are many and I am one, I will fight this battle alone. I have no need for Luc anymore. Sidekicks are extraneous; they give up the fight too easily. Robin was killed off for a reason after all.

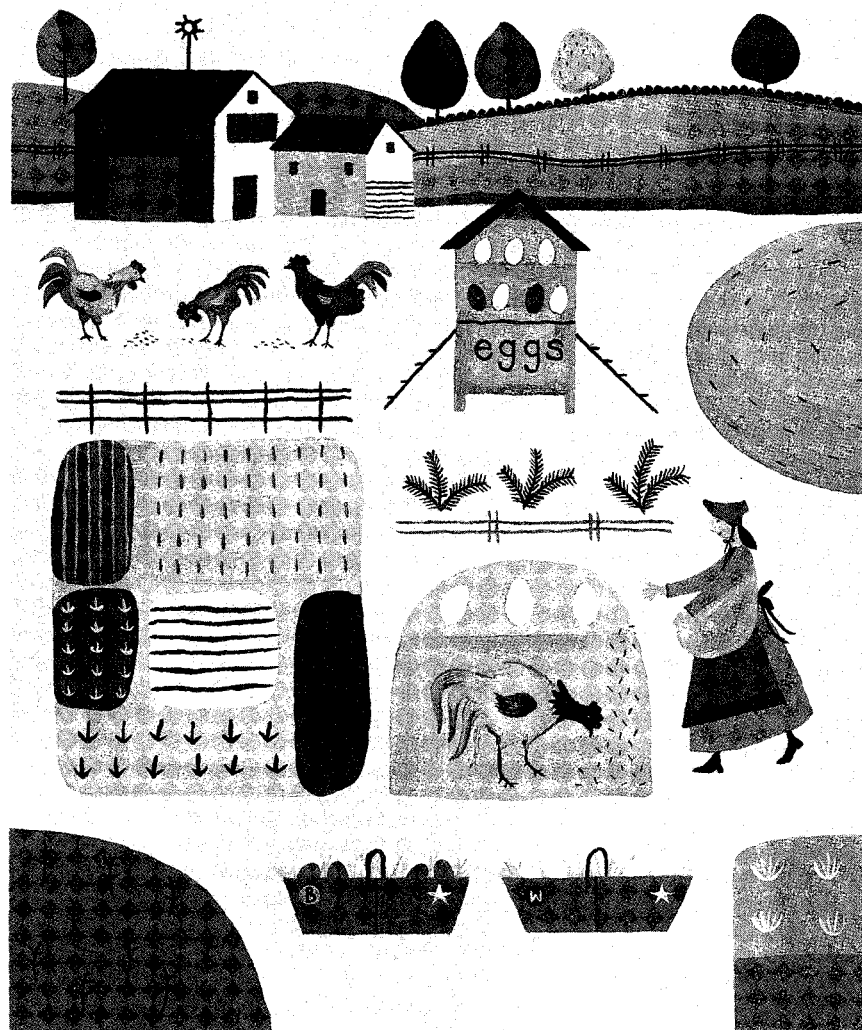
I make my way to the abandoned projects. I enter through the back, and blast open the door to the stairwell. I fly up seven, eight, nine flights. I need to go higher.

Fourteen, fifteen, sixteen flights. I must go higher.

I reach the roof. I walk along its perimeter, to be sure I am alone. Night wind howls all around, blowing my cape behind me like a black ghost in tow.

I peer over the edge; the city itself has become a grid. Black streets and white sidewalks crisscross, framing city blocks like tiny pictures, a page of panels with too many scenes. But somewhere in all of this I know my enemy lurks, waiting for me to strike, daring me to cross the white borders and enter the battle. I will wait for him every night if I have to.

I take out the slingshot. I load the ammunition and pull back the sling. I aim, ready at any moment to let go. ☸



A Better Egg

*Now that doctors are letting us eat eggs again,
farmers are working to make eggs taste
like they used to*

FEW people are better equipped to say "If I knew you were coming, I'd've baked a cake" than my friend Flo Braker, a gifted and nationally influential baker and writer. No baked goods awaited me, though, when I arrived at her house, in Palo Alto, for a visit last year. Instead she

by Corby Kummer

said, "Since you were coming, I bought six dozen eggs—I thought we'd do an egg tasting!" The idea had never occurred to me, but eggs are of vital interest to any baker, so I tried to overcome my longing for a piece of her incomparable blueberry snack cake. Fresh off a long flight, I labeled eggs

with an indelible marker, simmered, peeled, and sliced them, and took notes for a few hours.

The eggs varied enormously in flavor, but not for the reasons we first thought of. We couldn't chalk up the differences to proximity to the henhouse (some eggs came from nearby towns, some from Colorado) or shell color (all were white) or cooking time (all were the same size and hard-cooked for the same number of minutes, to allow the starkest comparison; frying or scrambling eggs introduces too many variables). Yet one had a distinct, and unwelcome, mineral flavor in the white, and one had a salty-tasting yolk. One had an unmistakable fishy flavor. Only one tasted exactly like an egg—that essence of flavor you know when you taste it.

It's all too rare to encounter an egg that actually tastes like one. Luckily, I have a standard of perfection: the eggs my family used to buy at the farm across the street. After further research and more tasting, I've decided that this taste isn't only, or even principally, a matter of freshness. Many supermarket eggs are very fresh, because of high turnover, but are so lacking in flavor that absent the clues of texture—the slippery white and the crumbly yolk—you wouldn't know what you were eating.

My own conclusion is that feed is the chief influence on flavor, followed by the condition of the "layers," as the hens are known in the trade. Small-farm eggs taste better than the big-farm ones found at supermarkets. Free-range chickens, allowed to forage for food to supplement their feed, generally produce better-tasting eggs than hens confined to a henhouse, and "cage-free" hens, allowed to roam around a henhouse, produce far better eggs than hens cooped up in tiny, stress-inducing cages. (If you don't live near an enlightened egg farm, some producers will ship you fresh eggs.)

I COULD find little objective research to back up my findings—or, indeed, on just what makes eggs taste the way they do. Flavor comes far down the list of what concerns breeders and sellers. Research outside the egg business centers on cholesterol, the first thing that comes to mind when most people think of eggs—

although not heart-disease researchers, or at least not anymore. An article in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* published in April of last year concluded that "up to one egg per day is unlikely to have substantial overall impact on the risk of [coronary heart disease] or stroke among healthy men and women." In 1997 the chairman of the American Heart Association's nutrition committee said in an interview that eggs need not concern people with normal cholesterol levels; it's eating saturated fat that indisputably raises blood-cholesterol levels.

The egg industry has, naturally, welcomed this relaxation and the corresponding gradual rise in annual per capita consumption, from 233 in 1991 to 254 last year (still way below the 402 of 1945). This year alone at least two books dedicated to egg cookery have been published: *The Good Egg*, by Marie Simmons, and *Country Egg, City Egg*, by Gayle Pirie and John Clark. "Designer eggs" are appearing in supermarkets to help lure back fearful consumers; they variously contain less cholesterol and saturated fat and more vitamins and heart-beneficial omega-3 polyunsaturated fatty acids—the kind found in abundance in most fish.

George Bass, the founder of the egg company Country Hen, says that eating two of his eggs a day actually lowers blood-cholesterol levels—an attention-getting claim he bases on admittedly scanty "cheap Yankee" research consisting of very small studies. (Perfectly respectable studies have found, however, that eating two eggs a day did not raise cholesterol levels in young, healthy subjects.) Bass also says that he was the first to sell an egg especially high in beneficial omega-3 fatty acids, with four times the amount in ordinary eggs. I like his eggs, which are widely sold in the Northeast and even as far south as Virginia, and find them far better than generic supermarket eggs. So I recently paid him a visit.

Bass, a kindly man of sixty-nine with silver hair and patrician features, told me that he set out to build a better egg after years of adhering to the bad old ways on an industrial-scale egg farm he owned in the 1960s and 1970s in Bogotá, Colombia—packing in thousands of hens to a barn, dosing them heavily with prophylactic antibiotics, and treating them with as many drugs as it took to cure them of

the stress-induced respiratory diseases they inevitably contracted. He got the organic gospel when a worker on his ranch died after a mistaken pesticide application on his own garden.

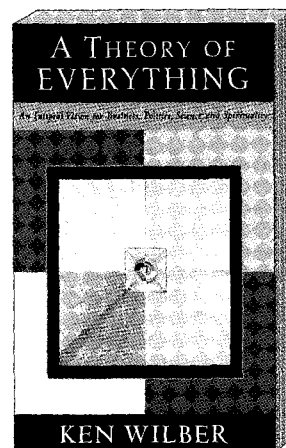
In 1986, eleven years after selling his Bogotá farm and returning to New England, Bass bought a medium-sized egg farm in the central-Massachusetts town of Hubbardston. He ripped out the cages that allowed the three barns to house 15,000 hens (modern methods, he says, would allow the same barns to hold 60,000) and renovated them as high-ceilinged homes for 6,600 birds. He cut long lines of windows into the sides of the barns; they remain open half the year and allow in ample sunlight year-round. When I stepped into one barn I could see right away that these were plump and happy birds—scratching the earth-covered floor, noisily socializing, and feeding at troughs on slatted platforms below which the floor is automatically mucked out twice a day. The barn was breezy and odorless.

"Do you want to hold a chicken?" Bass asked, as he petted one behind the ears. I took the bird by the legs and cradled it on my chest. I had already been sold on the wholesomeness of the birds and their eggs by their topaz color. Breeds that are brown of feather and earlobe (where the coloring predicts egg color) produce brown eggs, the only proper kind in New England. Nutritionists insist that there is no difference between brown and white eggs (or, for that matter, between brown, white, and the pretty pastel eggs from exotic hens whose colors Martha Stewart has trademarked for house paint), and I confess to being unable to distinguish between the two in blind tastings. Nonetheless, I remain convinced that brown is better, and the fact that brown hens are bigger and require more feed (brown eggs cost more) confirms my prejudice.

Bass casually scooped up some feed from the trough and popped it into his mouth, encouraging me to do the same. He mills and blends his own, using grains he buys from midwestern organic farms after visiting them and quizzing the farmers. His theory about the taste of eggs, he later wrote me, is that it "comes from a living, lively organic soil full of bacteria, fungi, protozoa, and nematodes, just to name a few." The feed was gold-green, rather than the corn color I had

"The most extraordinary mind of our times."

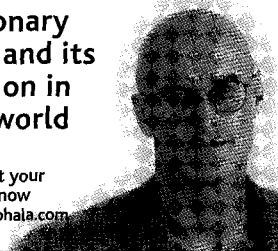
—Deepak Chopra



A concise, comprehensive overview of Wilber's revolutionary thought and its application in today's world



Available at your bookstore now
www.shambhala.com



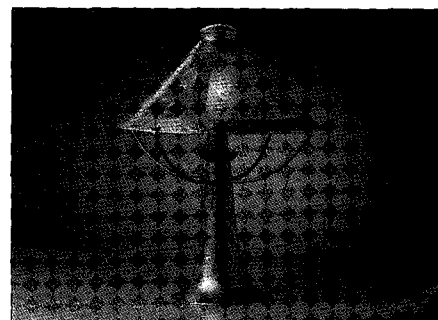
Kalani
ORGANICA

— COFFEES & TEAS —

100% Certified Organic,
Shade-Grown Coffees

Fresh roasted for the deepest flavor and fullest body coffee delivered to your home. Our black, green, and herbal teas available loose leaf and in tea bags.

Free Catalog (800)200-4377
www.kalanicoffee.com



www.rejuvenation.com

Call toll-free 888-3-GETLIT (888-343-8548)
for our free 88-page catalogue.

Rejuvenation Lamp & Fixture Co.

Beloit College

is proud to announce that

BEI-DAO

has been named the 2000-2001

**LOIS W. MACKEY
DISTINGUISHED PROFESSOR OF
CREATIVE WRITING**

and honors its previous holders of the Mackey Chair

RAYMOND CARVER (1988)
TESS GALLAGHER (1988-90)
WILLIAM STAFFORD (1990-91)
URSULA K. LE GUIN (1991-92)
RICK BASS (1992-93)
CAROLYN KIZER (1993-94)
PETER MATTHIESSEN (1994-95)
EDWARD HOAGLAND (1995-96)
DENISE LEVERTOV (1996-97)
AMY HEMPEL (1997-98)
LI-YOUNG LEE (1998-99)
RON CARLSON (1999-2000)

*Mackey Professors teach advanced
creative writing courses
to Beloit College undergraduates.*

**Beloit
College**

700 College Street, Beloit, Wisconsin 53511

The first Christians effaced the historical Jesus, mythicizing him and doctoring his teachings through writing, selecting, editing, and finally canonizing a sacred literature; critical New Testament study confirms this. But now, maybe, the historical Jesus is recoverable by means of the *Thomas* document, unearthed in 1945, which claims to be enigmatic sayings of Jesus jotted down by a disciple journeying with Jesus. This claim is validated by Jack Hannah in **You Will Not Taste Death—Jesus and Epicureanism** through fitting the sayings chronologically with the historical framework of Mark's Gospel. Hannah then analyzes all 113 sayings: showing them to be free of early Christian contrivances, developing a new historical narrative, and demonstrating that in fact Jesus was oriented toward Epicureanism—the most materialistic, scientific, and anti-superstitious of all Hellenistic philosophies. The historical Jesus had a more realistic ontology and ethic than what his successors devised. Hannah's findings challenge the academic presupposition that Jesus taught within the theistic and messianic bounds of Judaism. This seminal, radical, 321 pp. pbk. is \$12 postpd. Please order with check from:

**Frank Publishing, 1816 Springmill Road
Mansfield, OH 44903-8907**

<http://www.atlasbooks.com/marktplc/00485.htm>
<http://bookwire.bowker.com/bookinfo/title.aspx?20690>

expected, and ground to a medium grit. Bass several times rebuffed my questions as to what the mixture included, insisting on proprietary secrecy. The first flavor I detected was salt; Bass admitted that the feed did contain it. The second was unexpected—vaguely herbaceous, and reminiscent of marijuana. Bass denied adding any herbs to the feed (I didn't ask about illicit ones), but later revealed that he puts in marigolds for their lutein, which can help to fight macular degeneration. The mixture did not taste fishy, as I had suspected it would. Many poultry farms give fish meal to chickens, resulting in fishy-tasting chicken and eggs. Bass adds ground oyster shells and calcium to strengthen the eggshells and to help the birds, which have no teeth, to digest feed; Country Hen eggs have

sturdy shells that make supermarket eggshells seem like paper by comparison. Micalike chips of oyster shell glistened in the dark, loamy stacks of the farm's carefully turned compost, which Bass plans to sell to urban gardeners for a pretty penny. Country Hen eggs, at \$2.50 a half dozen, are a good deal more expensive than most supermarket eggs (you can find where they're sold at www.countryhen.com).

Country Hen eggs can be labeled organic anywhere in the country, because of Bass's feed. But standards for organic eggs vary by state and by certifying organization. Some groups allow farmers to give drugs to sick animals (Bass claims never to have had a disease outbreak in his eleven years at Country Hen), and some of them allow birds to be caged as long as they are fed organic feed. This is understandably a matter of controversy among producers, given how expensive it is to house cage-free birds and how much labor and land are required for free-range birds.

I VISITED Brookside, a free-range farm in Westminster, Massachusetts, where Russell Van Hazinga has recently given up dairy farming (which he calls "over-regulated") on the farm his grandparents began, and taken up egg production. I could see why Van Hazinga, a

burly man with a mane of hair and a long straggly beard and granny glasses, would object to strict regulation: the farm looked cheerfully derelict, with a small auto-repair shop near the chickens. The ramshackle henhouses were half open to the pecking yard, and feed troughs were filled with organic corn, soy, and wheat to supplement what the birds could forage. A sniff told me that muckraking was given low priority. Yet Brookside eggs

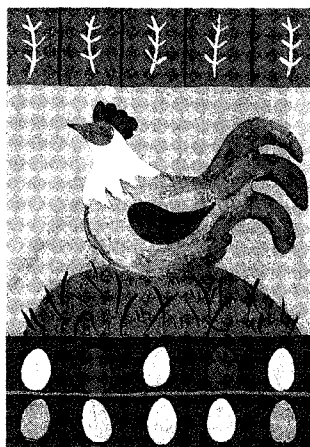
had the best and most distinct flavor of any I cooked.

Being so temptingly near just-laid eggs allowed me to test the seemingly self-evident premise that fresh eggs taste best. Indeed, just before I visited the farms, an impromptu tasting at my friend Barbara Kafka's Vermont house—of eggs fresh from the chickens of her carpenter neighbor

compared with organic eggs I had found at a supermarket—led Kafka, logically, to insist that freshness is all. And certainly the Paul Kinney egg (as I will always think of it, for the Vermont carpenter) was every bit as good as my childhood standard of perfection.

I snatched several eggs straight from the nest at each farm, and then bought the same brand, presumably days or weeks old, at local markets. (Actually, I hand-packed six dozen Country Hen eggs to take to hungry friends as a stupefied Bass looked on; such excess clearly went against the Yankee thrift he boasts of in the homey little flyer found in each carton.) But blind tastings of the very fresh and the store-bought eggs revealed only that hard-cooked fresh eggs are more difficult to peel, because of their relatively high acidity. The superbness of the Kinney egg and the superior flavor of eggs from the small farms could be attributed, I decided, less to freshness than to good feed—organic feed is almost certain to have been chosen with more care—and to the hens' coming into daily contact with the soil, as Bass finds so important.

HARD-COOKING eggs is one of those everyone-knows-how tasks that gets more complicated the more you look into it. Eggs should never be



cooked at anything higher than the gentlest simmer, if the white is to be tender rather than rubbery, and the yolk deep-hued and still moist. Timing, of course, is crucial. Overcooking leads not only to an unpleasant texture but also to the sulfurous flavor many people mistake for old or rotten eggs, and to the dreaded green ring around the yolk (this results when iron in the yolk binds with sulfur in the white). There are two schools of thought described in detail in the revamped *Joy of Cooking*, which has excellent information on eggs, and in the two new egg books: either bring cold water and eggs together to a boil and then let the pot rest, off the heat and covered, until the eggs are done; or lower room-temperature eggs into simmering water and cook them.

The first method is currently in favor, and is the one promulgated by the American Egg Board. Among its advantages are that the shells are unlikely to crack and that the eggs are unlikely to become rubbery or overcooked. Yet even trying nine minutes at rest rather than the ten to fifteen, depending on size, recommended in *The Good Egg*, I never found the white as delicate and pleasing as after the straight simmer—one of those frequent counterintuitive cooking surprises.

The rule I formulated is to simmer large eggs very, very gently for exactly eight minutes. True, you must take care when lowering eggs into the hot water; if you start them out at room temperature, they'll be less likely to crack, but cold eggs rinsed under hot tap water for two minutes or so will do in a pinch (they will also need a minute or two more of cooking, however). I don't hold with pricking the egg at the large end with a pin, a step that is said to release air and thus prevent cracks; in my experience you're more, not less, likely to crack the egg that way. (A teaspoon of salt per two cups of cooking water will help to cauterize cracks.)

In all cases eggs should be plunged into ice-cold water as soon as the time is up and left to cool thoroughly, and then either stored in the refrigerator for up to a week or peeled. One trick to make fresh eggs peel easily is to plunge thoroughly cooled hard-cooked eggs into simmering water for twenty seconds. I seldom had much trouble, though, if I cracked the cooked eggs lightly and ran them under cool water.

batdorf.com



True Love

If you are blessed with a love of great coffee, life will challenge you daily. Cups of dark liquid masquerading as coffee are everywhere. Their beginnings are found in coffee purchased for low price, processed for speed, roasted for efficiency and distributed for convenience. Not much good can come from it, a fact you contend with every day.

Other people drink it. They don't seem to notice the bitterness or lack of flavor. You wonder: "Am I simply imagining the flavors I crave in my cup? Doesn't anyone offer coffee of consistent high quality? Doesn't anyone sell great fresh coffee anymore?"

We humbly offer our response...we do! Batdorf & Bronson offers coffee without compromise. The quality of coffee in your cup is *our passion*.

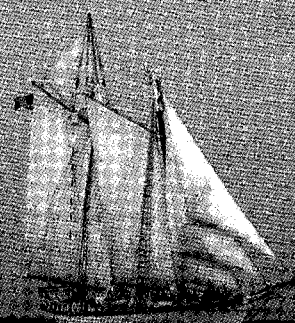
We select coffees on their merits. Roasting is done by attentive people with years of experience in the art of coaxing the best out of the bean. Your order is taken by knowledgeable people able and willing to answer your questions.

It is our belief that outstanding coffee and terrific service are enough to create a company you can trust with your love of coffee. Try us. You will not be disappointed. Of how many of your loves can you say the same?



800.955.5282

OCEAN CLASSROOM
 is for high school student-explorers
 who know that learning is
 found in challenge.



Ocean Classroom semester-at-sea
 combines academic excellence
 with seafaring adventure.

Sailing fall, spring, and summer terms
 aboard the schooner HARVEY GAMAGE

New England to the Caribbean Sea
 Fully accredited by Proctor Academy

CALL 1-800-724-SAIL

NOW AVAILABLE BOOKS ON CDS

- Monthly New Releases
- Three Minute Tracks For Easy Bookmarking
- Instant CD Replacements

Call For Titles & Prices

Over 2,000 Titles
 Available for Purchase or Rental by Mail
 for a free catalogue, write or call:
 Dept. A • P.O. Box 969 • Ashland, Oregon 97520
\$6 OFF COUPON INSIDE

1-800-729-2665
www.blackstoneaudio.com
BLACKSTONE AUDIOBOOKS
 Unabridged Recordings that Inspire, Educate, Entertain

 **webzinger**
 stop searching start zinging
www.webzinger.com

AFRICA • CHINA • INDIA • JAPAN • NEPAL
 Since 1989 **UPTON TEA IMPORTS**
 Purveyor of the World's Finest Teas
1-800-234-8327 Free catalog listing over 320 varieties of garden-fresh, loose tea
www.uptontea.com
 231 South St. • Hopkinton, MA 01748

Using the timings I recommend (nine minutes for the covered rest, eight for the straight simmer), either method will result in firm but still tender whites and deep-orange yolks that are just solidified rather than pale-yellow and crumbly. These eggs are perfectly safe, should you be concerned about *Salmonella enteritidis*, the bacteria in eggs that sickened many people starting in the 1980s. By the time the white is cooked firm, pathogenic bacteria have been killed, even if the yolk has just thickened. But the specter of them has caused blanket prohibitions on any preparation involving eggs not thoroughly cooked—notably homemade mayonnaise, aioli, pie-topping meringues, and ice creams.

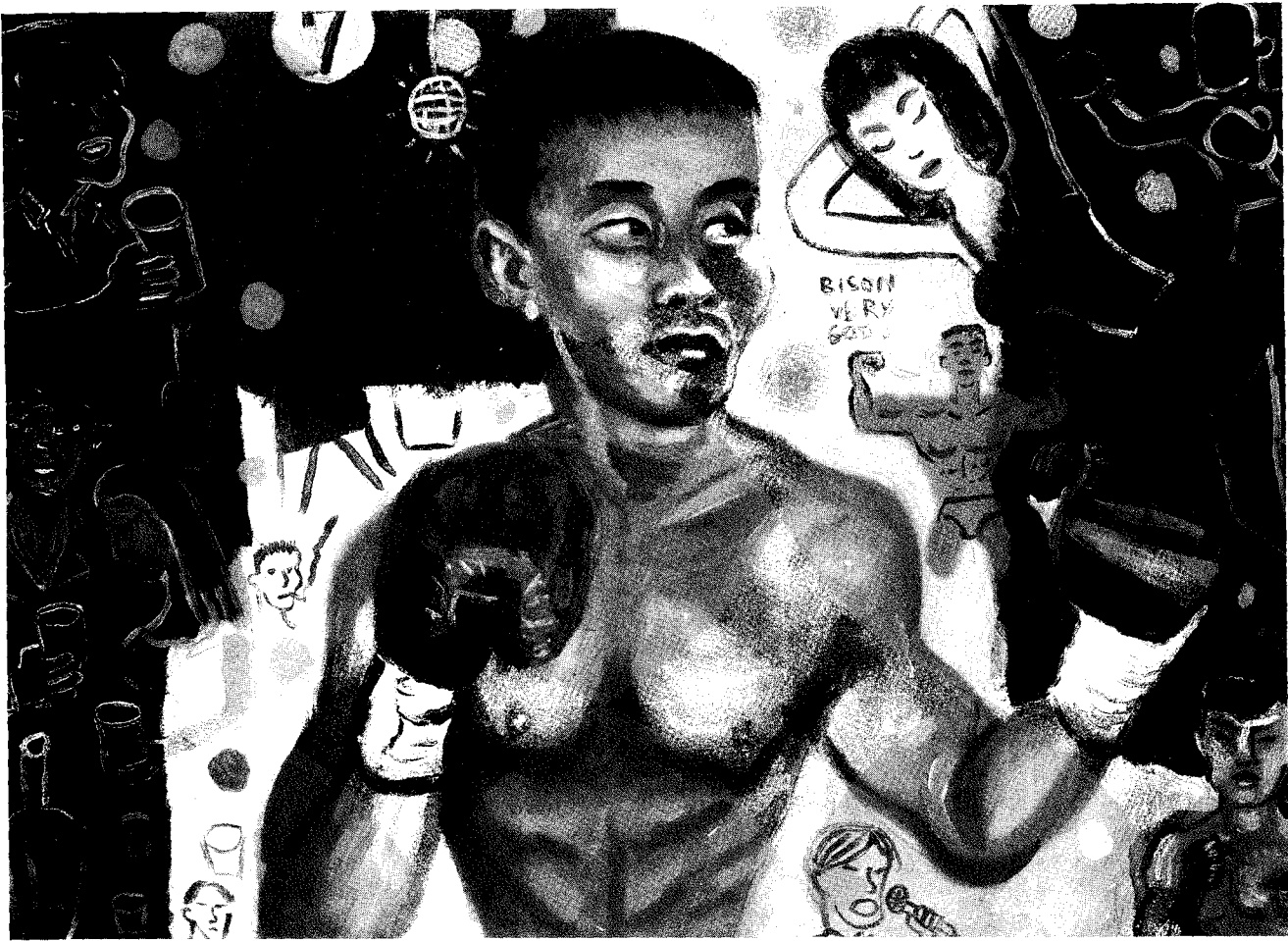
This strain of salmonella infects perhaps one in 20,000 eggs. Nonetheless, as with fresh poultry and ground beef, consumers are being forced to pay the price when sanitation in industrial production is sloppy and stressed animals are easily infected. The Clinton Administration is proposing an egg-safety program that could lead to the wholesale pasteurization of eggs—which would bring about the ruination of any true egg flavor, and would likely drive small producers, including most organic ones, out of business. Tests conducted by the *San Francisco Chronicle* last April of eggs pasteurized by supposedly flavor-preserving processes concluded that they were markedly inferior for cooking and eating. The rate of infection from *Salmonella enteritidis* has been falling for the past few years, and with luck this drastic measure will be avoided.

IT'S a party-food truism that deviled eggs are the low-rent shrimp of the serving tray: they disappear fast. I discovered an ideal variation when making a periodic pilgrimage to visit Patience Gray, the oracle of the southernmost tip of Italy and the author of the classic *Honey From a Weed* (1986) and the new *Work Adventures Childhood Dreams*—a collection of wonderfully eccentric essays and memoirs of living in some of the most rural parts of the Mediterranean with the sculptor Norman Mommens (who died tragically last winter after a fall while tending his beloved land).

Gray invariably thrusts before visitors a ceramic plate of something seemingly so modest as not to bear description—

chickpeas, say, or fried fresh sardines, or pickled wild asparagus—but invariably unforgettable. One afternoon she offered tapenade—the Provençal olive, caper, and anchovy spread that often includes tuna—colored a winy purple from the local black olives. I had never before tasted tapenade with such a gentle flavor: the tang of capers (*tapeno* is the Provençal word for “caper”) and anchovies and olive paste was refreshingly rather than oppressively salty. What was in it? I asked. Why, eggs, of course, she said.

Gray, whose house has no electricity, pounds her tapenade by hand, using olives from her own grove and capers she picks on bushes in the windswept Mediterranean *macchia* (heath) across the road from her terrace. I advocate compromising on the pounding but not on the hand-pitting, because the best olives are generally not available pitted. Little Niçoise olives are traditional, but I prefer fat purple-black oil-cured Kalamatas. For this recipe, combine in the bowl of a food processor five ounces (or a generous half cup) of pitted olives, a drained three-and-a-half-ounce can of tuna (I prefer oil-packed, and Italian and Spanish brands taste much better than American), three anchovy fillets rinsed and patted dry, and two tablespoons of rinsed capers. (By far the tastiest capers available here—or perhaps anywhere—come from Pantelleria, a small island off Sicily, and are packed in salt; Zinger-mans.com sells them.) Pulse for two or three seconds, until the ingredients are combined, and add the yolks of four hard-cooked eggs. Pulse again briefly. With the machine running, pour half to three quarters of a cup of olive oil through the feed tube, and add more olive oil as needed to make the mixture easily spreadable. The tapenade should rest in the refrigerator for at least several hours and preferably overnight before being piped or spooned into hard-cooked egg whites or spread on bread. Optional ingredients include a peeled and smashed clove of garlic added with the olives, chopped fresh basil or thyme, and a few teaspoons of lemon juice. Mustard is a frequent seasoning too. You can use Dijon, if you want the accent to be Gallic, or French's, if you want to pay tribute to deviled eggs—which can surely get anyone to savor hard-cooked eggs. ☼



Physical Culture

Boxing, karaoke, prostitution—one-stop shopping in the new China

WHEN he opened the Bison Boxing Club, in Beijing, Li Zhu, a thirty-five-year-old entrepreneur, planned to become China's first fight promoter. Chinese athletes were notoriously ill paid, so it would be easy to find boxers who would fight for cash. Li counted on the Chinese love of gambling to pack the house. He also built a fight gym in the back of the club, and installed body-building equipment in an attempt to cash in on a fitness craze that culminated in 1995 with a gov-

ernment-sponsored National Physical Fitness Program.

The plan was a good one, but like many entrepreneurs in China, Li failed to take into account the numerous intangibles and unwritten rules of the country's changing economy. The first hurdle was crowd control. Drunken gamblers watching a fight tend to start fights of their own. The Bison hired a security force of twenty-five men who wore motorcycle helmets and carried nightsticks to discourage extracurriculars. On

top of the rent and staffing costs, the club also had to grease the palms of the police and the *hei shehui* ("black society") to prevent them from shutting down the gambling, and there was an incessant flow of minor officials and friends of the club who expected free admission and free drinks.

The most unexpected cost turned out to be the fighters. China banned boxing in the 1950s after a death in the ring. In 1986 the Chinese government reinstated Olympic-style boxing, with its emphasis on safety and sportsmanship. Although the state-supported Olympic feeder system paid boxers the equivalent of only \$12 to \$25 a month, the same boxers now demand that Li Zhu pay them thirty to forty times that for a single match.

But Li refused to go down easily. He was no reformed bureaucrat. A martial-arts enthusiast, he claimed to have made his grubstake as a bodyguard in New York's Chinatown. Back in China he put

by **Jason Overdorf**

the money to work “importing cars”—smuggling them, he implied—and in a few years branched out into other businesses that, although legal, required a certain flexibility: nightclubs, liquor, and real estate. So, adhering to Deng Xiaoping’s famous advice, “It doesn’t matter if the cat is black or white, so long as it catches mice,” Li transformed the Bison into a mongrel that combined boxing with China’s usual one-two: karaoke and prostitution. He gave up on the gambling, dismissed the costly security guards, and replaced them with “chicken-girls.”

That was the Bison Club I discovered when, at the age of twenty-eight, I decided I wanted to learn to box. It was my last year in Beijing, where I’d been working for Ogilvy & Mather Advertising, writing corporate propaganda and, later, a market-research study of what we called “the new middle class.” After one frustrated attempt I located the club in the embassy district, next to a factory that made People’s Liberation Army overcoats and belts.

The Day-Glo graffiti outside the revamped Bison Club read “I won’t tolerate your im•pu•dence!” The syllable indicators painted right into the words suggested that the artist had recourse to a dictionary. Nearby he had spray-painted “Thun•der” and “Mor•al•ize,” and a caricature of a bodybuilder who proclaimed in a speech bubble, “Bison Very Good!”

Inside, the black walls were covered with more luminous exhortations: “OUTBURST!” “DEFY!” “HATRED!” “MANIA!” “GO CRAZY!” A dozen or so sing-along “hostesses” sat at the bar, cracking sunflower seeds with their teeth and spitting the shells onto the floor. The TV played a Wang Fei concert video, and one of the working girls, packed into a floor-length white dress, dreamily sang along. In the daylight the club was deserted; the spectators’ gallery overlooking the ring and the private singing-and-groping rooms on either side sat empty. Li Zhu, giving me the tour, told me that the club still held exhibition matches on Fridays, but most nights the ring doubled as a dance floor, and had the disco ball to prove it.

THE Bison still taught boxing. The club’s coach, Dongzi, was a former professional who fought for the Beijing municipal team in the late 1980s. He was built like a sprinter, with a fighter’s nose. In just a few minutes he taught me

what he called “the A-B-C”: the defensive stance, the left jab, and the straight right hand. “Not bad” was his highest form of praise, “not pretty” his strongest condemnation. He spoke in a steady pattern of trainer’s metaphors:

“You have to use the momentum of your body. Your body is your TNT.”

“Your fist is the bullet, but your arm isn’t the gun. Your hips are your gun.”

“Watch yourself in the mirror. Watch your body, not your face! This is a gym, not a beauty parlor.”

Although he was already teaching three or four other beginners and training an ex-pro who had fought for the industrial team Locomotive, Dongzi was apprehensive about teaching me, a Westerner. “I will be a very diligent teacher,” he said, “so that one day, when you return to America and tell them that you learned to box here, China will not lose face.”

Dongzi’s vow of diligence became a recurring theme throughout my training. New students inevitably asked me what country I came from, and upon hearing that I was American, would exclaim, “American boxing is very good!” (No other language underscores the banality of everyday conversation like Chinese.) On cue, Dongzi would respond with the vow, which he always expressed with gravity.

Though he was partly responsible for railroading me into a bumbling interview with China Central Television’s sports channel, Dongzi protected me from many of the indignities of being a *laowai*—a word that translates as “venerable foreigner” but is used as a synonym for “buffoon” or “rube.” When, after I had a rudimentary grasp of the fundamentals, the club’s managers began pressuring me to perform in an exhibition match, it was Dongzi who provided me with a series of face-saving excuses: I worked overtime, I had a mild injury, I had a date, and so on. My real reason for avoiding a match was that my opponent was sure to be Gao Qiang. One of the retired professional boxers who frequented the Bison Club, Gao Qiang was always trying to lure me into a thumping. I was certain that he would be unable to resist humbling me under the lights, especially with the crowd chanting, “China! China! China!”

Whether I fought or not, the club’s managers reasoned, if they buddied up to me, my foreign friends would pave a path from the Hilton Hotel to their sing-and-grope rooms. They were always

after me to sample the wares, offering free drinks and access to their hospitality rooms—I’d only have to tip the girl, they assured me. I told them I’d consider the offer, and declined the drinks. I was familiar enough with Beijing manners to know that once I’d accepted one, my hosts would make sure I didn’t leave until I had to be carried out. Instead I placated them by making myself ill on the cigarettes they constantly proffered.

Nevertheless, in the end Wang, the night manager (meaning he handled the girls and the karaoke bar, not the gym), wore me down, and I agreed to attend one of the Friday-night exhibitions—not to fight, not to bring friends, not to accept any of the Homeric catalogue of “courtesy girl” discounts, but simply to watch the match. “Excellent,” Manager Wang said. “This Friday we will have genuine professionals.”

When I showed up that Friday, bartenders, security men, and hostesses were all running around shouting into radios, trying to locate replacements for the “professionals,” who had backed out. Nobody told me that, of course. To help them save face I pretended not to notice the panic surrounding us—a denial of reality that was quintessentially Chinese. Manager Wang did his best to distract me from the fiasco. He bought me a beer and set me up with a beautiful, calculating girl named Ju Ling, who draped herself over me but before long declared in a strong provincial accent that talking with me was “one part listening, one part guessing.”

Finally they lined up the fighters, and Li Zhu announced that they were ready to begin. Ju Ling took me upstairs to the gallery overlooking the ring. We watched the other girls work the room below, finding their regular clients and escorting them up the spiral staircases that led to their seats. The johns were all businessmen from Hong Kong or Taiwan. The management turned away locals, because, as Li Zhu told me later, he didn’t like to see brawling every night. Soon the gallery was full of businessmen and prostitutes, cuddling like teenagers. On one of the walls Day-Glo proclaimed: “COME ON GIRL, HAVE ENOUGH WINE FOR DRINKING! CRAZY!”

The match was a farce. I recognized one of the combatants, Old Lu, from the club’s boxing class. A balding fireplug, he was nicknamed “the Panda” by the ring announcer. By no means was Old Lu

a professional boxer; he was the proprietor of a roadside snack stand that sold ice cream and shrimp-flavored chips, and he looked drunk. His opponent, Cao Yu, had graduated from the boxing class some time ago and was also a head taller and forty pounds heavier.

The businessmen shouted for Old Lu to charge in close and “*jia you*” (“give it gas”). They sounded like big brothers trying to get a little brother to fool with hornets. During the breaks one of the hostesses climbed into the ring with a round card and strutted across a few times. The DJ fired up the club music and colored lights.

The exhibition ended when Old Lu was hit with a love pat and went down. Mr. Beijing 1996, the club’s bodybuilding instructor and referee, lurched into the center of the ring and stopped the fight.

“It’s fixed,” Dongzi explained. Later he warned me that Ju Ling and the other hostesses were chicken-girls. He translated to make certain I understood: “How do you say? Hookas?”

I assured him that my motives were purely anthropological. “I know,” I told him. “I just wanted to find out more about their way of life.”

“Don’t find out too much,” he said, “or I’ll stop coaching you.”

DONGZI’S protectiveness was charming but absurd. That year I was living illegally in Beijing’s most notorious foreigners’ ghetto, a filthy enclave of crumbling alley houses and soot-stained, anonymous apartment buildings called Maizi Dian—“the Wheat Shop.” It was one of the few neighborhoods where the police overlooked migrants without Beijing residence permits, so half the town’s prostitutes lived there, a short walk from the Hard Rock Cafe and the “big boss” karaoke bars on the main road—monoliths flaunting the new Chinese aesthetic: Ionic columns, million-watt light displays, and plaster-of-paris knockoffs of Michaelangelo’s *David*. The usual set of down-and-out-in-Beijing-and-Bangkok foreigners lived there too, “local hires” dodging restrictions that forced expatriates to live in designated enclaves where the rent ran \$1,500 to \$12,000 a month. As a “local hire,” a kind of second-class *laowai*, I received no housing allowance, and on my salary I couldn’t afford even the cheapest legal apartment.

A score of all-night barbershops and

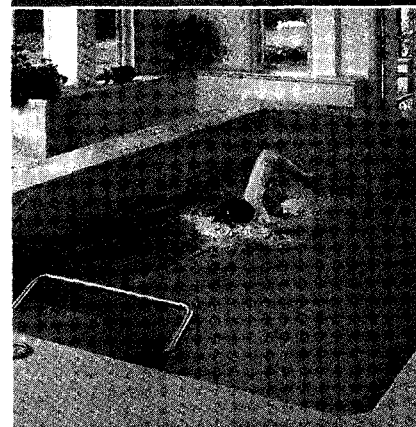
massage parlors lay between my compound and the main street. Whenever I went out for dinner, touts accosted me: “Massagie? Massagie?” I walked everywhere with purpose, because otherwise a furtive character would step into stride with me and begin whispering about a barbershop just around the corner where the girls were beautiful and cheap and where you could *da pao* (“set off a bang”) for only \$25.

That the Public Security Bureau tacitly allowed prostitution was clear from the nonsense of its periodic crackdowns. Instead of closing the brothels themselves, Public Security preferred to cord off the neighborhoods where the prostitutes lived and issue fines to people who had no residence permits. The officers had to make a show of doing something. The Strike Hard campaign against crime and corruption which the Chinese Communist Party had revived in 1996 was in full swing. But it was proving no more effective than an earlier campaign to force government officials to drive domestic “integrity cars” instead of the usual Mercedes-Benzes. When Public Security made its predictable raids before the city’s political events (meetings of the National People’s Congress, President Clinton’s visit to China, the anniversary of the June 4 protests in Tiananmen Square), the few *laowai* bivouacked illegally in Maizi Dian spent the night elsewhere.

Li Zhu resented the Strike Hard campaign, because he thought it gave the men he paid off, who could now say there was added pressure to close down the club, more leverage in negotiating bribes. He often complained that the club lost money and that it didn’t make sense for him to keep it open. He claimed he persisted only because he loved boxing—he trained with the class between mysterious trips to his liquor factory in the south—and because he wanted “a place like this” for his own use. He waved his hand at the rusted Universal weight machines when he said “a place like this.” I tried to imagine what he meant, how he reconciled his vision of a world-class fight club with the absurdity of the Bison’s English graffiti and the prostitutes crooning saccharine Hong Kong pop.

The boxers went along with his face-saving fantasy, conspiring to ignore the hostesses, who arrived every evening around eight o’clock and marched haughtily through the gym to the drab barracks

Swim at Home™



Think Of It As A Treadmill For Swimmers!

Swim or exercise against a smooth current adjustable to any speed in a unique pool measuring only 8' x 15'. Enjoy the fun and convenience of the world's best exercise at home year 'round. Ideal for swimming, water aerobics and rehabilitation. Compact size makes the dream of pool ownership practical in small spaces. The Endless Pool™ is simple to maintain, economical to run, and easy to install inside or outdoors. New system reduces chlorine use by 90%.

Free Video!
Call 800-233-0741,
Ext. 1230

Visit our web site at
www.endlesspools.com
or write Endless Pools, Inc.
200 E Dutton Mill Rd
Dept. 1230
Aston, PA 19014



room in back where they changed into their work attire. Oddly, there were no off-color remarks, no whistles of appreciation, no lessons in comparative anatomy from any of the men. As far as I could tell, I was the only one who ogled. The boxers never acknowledged the prostitutes, except to remark with a kind of pride, "I bet there's no place like this in America."

Then one day, while Li Zhu was away on business, the girls didn't show up. None of us thought anything of it at first, until the two kid bartenders who had staged a comic slap-fight boxing match at the club's Chinese New Year party also stopped coming to work, and the karaoke bar closed down. Soon Manager Wang was gone too. The "auntie" who took membership cards and dispensed locker keys could tell us nothing about where everyone had gone. For a few days johns wandered back to the fight gym, where someone would inform them that the karaoke bar was closed. Word spread, and it wasn't long before the Bison Boxing Club had become just that—a boxing, karate, and bodybuilding gym, and nothing more.

I began to worry that Li Zhu had been telling the truth about the club's financial woes. I was glad to be rid of the johns, who liked to make wise remarks about me for the benefit of their companions, but I missed the nightly procession of girls.

Then, one Saturday morning, I arrived at the club to find Li Zhu back in town to hand-pick a beefed-up security force. Ever since the club had dispensed with gambling in favor of prostitution, its only security guard had been Old Zhang, a gray-haired gentleman whose principal qualification for the job was a well-fitting army-surplus uniform. He lived with his family in a shack next to the club's iron gate. Guard duty entailed waking up in the middle of the night when clients banged on the bars and letting them in. Today a section of the gym had been roped off, and Li was seated at a scorer's table next to it with his own harmless-looking bodyguard. About thirty young men between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five were smoking, stretching, or otherwise preparing to audition. They were demobilized People's Liberation Army soldiers, too fresh-faced to be frightening. Even so, this tryout seemed like an ominous development.

Li Zhu assured me that there was no reason to worry. He was evasive about his

reason for hiring the new guards, though he did admit that he had closed the karaoke bar and dismissed the girls because there had been threats of some kind. He wanted the guards there mostly for appearances, he claimed. Only after I pressed him did he admit that some other karaoke-bar owners would be happier if the Bison closed down entirely. He hadn't paid the right people, or he hadn't paid them enough, or they just wanted to run him out. Still, he joked, nobody would be so stupid as to start trouble with the Bison, which was, after all, not only a karaoke bar but also, he proudly reminded me, a fight gym.

On Monday the young men Li Zhu selected moved into the prostitutes' vacant barracks and set up a field kitchen on the concrete pad beneath the front steps. When Li Zhu turned up to review the troops, they sprang into servile orderliness, scrambling into a line and standing at a semblance of attention while Li Zhu paced up and down in front of them in an imported track suit, declaiming in high rhetorical style. The rest of the time they dozed on the lobby couches or on their bunks in the back room. Apparently my big nose and blond hair afforded me some rank with this bunch, because when, between naps, they patrolled the entrance, they would snap to attention and greet me with a somewhat facetious salute.

This routine lasted three weeks before Li Zhu decided that the thugs who were trying to run him out of business were a lesser evil than his own forces, who were doing it involuntarily. The Bison might have made money, but not with two dozen young soldiers to feed and no girls to turn a profit. That night Li Zhu rejoined the sparring sessions and announced that he had taken on new business partners. I interpreted this to mean that his rivals were taking over the club.

Li Zhu admitted that he would no longer take an active role in running the Bison, but assured us that he would still come around to spar now and then. Later, at what seemed like a farewell banquet at a nearby restaurant, Li tried to save face. He explained away the club's failure with his well-rehearsed fantasies: he had failed to make a profit because he had been more concerned with improving Olympic boxing in China; all he had wanted was to provide a service for the community. With the girls gone, even his nonsense about Olympic boxing seemed less outrageous

than usual. The new business partners, Li said, planned to remodel the karaoke bar and go after a better class of clients.

I was nearing the end of my time in China, and Li Zhu's final, inevitable failure was the first proof I saw that no matter how soon I returned, nothing would be the same. Manager Wang never came back. Presumably, the new partners fired him. Soon he was replaced with a grinning sycophant, whom I resolved to dislike. Four pimps installed themselves in the front offices. They brought in a new string of girls every week—a practice that would stimulate repeat business, Li Zhu said.

The new manager cornered me one day and explained that when the renovations were finished, the club would hold a grand re-opening party to welcome back its loyal customers. For the festivities they had hired singers and exotic dancers—real professionals, he assured me. They had even planned a fashion show, a soft-core substitute for striptease, which was not tolerated by the authorities—even in a brothel. There would also be boxing.

Now the reason for the sales pitch surfaced: the new management wanted me to box at the show. The manager went to great pains to persuade me that it would be "very interesting"—a phrase the Chinese use to describe things that are not interesting but humiliating, dangerous, laughable, or all of the above. I was reluctant to participate in the farce, but after almost a year of training I had become something of a club mascot, promoted in status from "the foreigner" to "our foreigner." The boxers were all keen to give me a grand send-off. It would also be good for me to have experience "under the lights," Dongzi said, and besides, the fight was fixed, so nobody would get hurt. Wang Zhe, my usual sparring partner, volunteered as my opponent, and my pro debut was on.

IN the dressing room before the fight Dongzi issued peremptory instructions. In the first round Wang Zhe would lead and I would counterpunch. In the second round we would reverse roles. The third round would be up to us to improvise, but, he cautioned us, "*Bie luan da*"—"Don't get crazy."

Either because they had seen pro boxing only on television or simply because the public-address system was there, the

managers decided that international standards demanded a deafening play-by-play. As I bullied Wang Zhe around the ring, the announcer wryly observed, "Wang Zhe is in a little better condition than his opponent." This was an understatement: I outweighed him by twenty pounds.

Li Zhu came to my corner during the first break. He was dissatisfied with the script. "We don't want anyone to get hurt," he said, his tone suggesting that an injury would be very good for business indeed. Then he suggested that I make a *whffff!* noise with my mouth whenever I threw a punch. He seemed to think that would make the conflict seem more genuine, though it was obvious to me that it would do the opposite.

I have little doubt that that night's spectators were treated to the dulllest boxing match of all time. By the end the greasier portion of the crowd had turned its attention to groping the hostesses, perking up only when one of the go-go dancers strutted across the ring with the round card. My supporters were entertaining themselves with their own sarcastic commentary. Nonetheless, by the time the third round, mercifully, ended, and I was announced the winner (it was my good-bye party, after all), my efforts to look competent and make *whffff!* noises convincingly had left me exhausted.

The deafening public-address system told me to stay in the ring, and then Dongzi stepped through the ropes with the microphone. Whether owing to an innate affinity or as a side effect of their love for karaoke, the Chinese are great with microphones. It is as though the mindless rhetoric of the game-show host or the tour guide were a property of the device itself, not of the person using it. Dongzi deftly explained that the celebration also marked the end of my stay in China. The club wanted to present me with a parting gift, a Bison Club T-shirt signed by all the boxers and the entire staff.

Then Dongzi gave me the mike, and I commenced rambling in foreigner's Chinese. It was at least as bad, my friends told me, as what one of them called "the I love youse, because youse love me speech" at the end of *Rocky IV*.

Later Dongzi eased up next to me and slipped me 200 yuan—about \$25. "Leader Li wants you to have this," he said, "for the fight." I couldn't help thinking that it was just what the girls received to *da pao*. ☸

Treasures from a bygone era!®



Antique brass samovar.

Let one of these authentic 19th-century samovars adorn your table. Hand-polished and aesthetically restored. Several styles available, many with embossed medallions. Virtually impossible to export from Russia.

#142252 \$650*

Typhoon submarine clock.

8-day clock w/precision, 12-jewel mechanical movement. Aluminum housing, watertight to 2000', withstands depth charge concussions. 6½ lbs., 8" diam. (5½" face), 3" deep. 9" wall mounting plate. Winding key. One-year warranty.

#200435 Only \$79!*



Silk-fringed wool shawls.

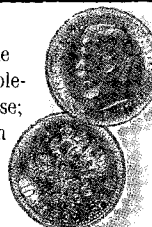
Since 1812, artisans in the Russian village of Pavlovo Posad have been weaving wool shawls decorated with delicate floral motifs and silk fringe. Please specify *Baltic Moss* (left) or *Georgian Wine* (right).

60"x60". #300219 Only \$49!*

Rare 22-karat Tsarist gold!

The last gold coins issued by the Romanovs. .900 pure gold. Double-headed Imperial eagle on reverse; Nicholas II's bust on obverse. In Extra Fine/About Uncirculated condition. They're authentic artifacts and we have very few!

5-Ruble (¾" diam., 4.3 gm) #204343 \$129*
10-Ruble (1" diam., 8.5 gm) #204344 \$249*



SOVIETSKI COLLECTION™

TREASURES FROM A BYGONE ERA™

Keycode:
ATLAN0010

Call 1-800-442-0002 or visit www.sovietski.com

Contact us to order or for a complimentary catalogue!

Tel: (619)294-2000 - Fax: (619)294-2500 - E-mail: info@sovietski.com - 3473 Kurtz St., San Diego, CA 92110 - *Plus delivery.

killing time, on the line . . .



Killing Time with Strangers

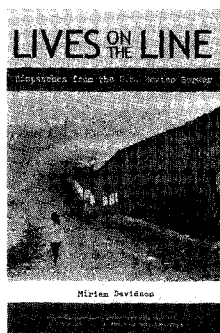
W. S. PENN

A novel that unleashes the power of *dreaming*, marked by a playfulness of language rooted in the Native American oral tradition.

"Penn has given life to an engaging cast of sharp-tongued dreamers, wily tricksters, and no-nonsense spirit messengers whose voices ring as true as any I've heard." —Ron Querry

"Penn takes on many shapes, many things in this triumph of the heart. . . . [His] prose is 'stay-press, canary yellow'—it doesn't wrinkle and it sings." —Diane Glancy

\$22.95 cloth



Lives on the Line

Dispatches from the U.S.-Mexico Border

MIRIAM DAVIDSON

True stories show the effects that the economic boom and the law enforcement crackdown have had on the lives of people in two communities straddling the U.S.-Mexico border.

"Explores some of the most compelling slices of life in a border town. The author successfully blends major issues with life histories of real people." —Oscar J. Martínez

"Davidson's reporter's eye misses little. Her dispatches will show readers a new world." —Luis Alberto Urrea

\$35.00 cloth, \$17.95 paper

The University of Arizona Press

Tucson AZ 85721 / 1-800-426-3797 / www.uapress.arizona.edu

Woody by Freedom?

Why the young distrust love and fear commitment

by Peter Berkowitz



WING TO WING, OAR TO OAR

Readings on Courting and Marrying

edited by Amy A. and Leon R. Kass.
University of Notre Dame, 630 pages,
\$25.00/\$15.00.

ONE would have to be glib indeed to draw conclusions about society at large from isolated samples of popular culture, especially when dealing with something as coy and defiant, as fond of and agile with masks, as tantalizingly close and wickedly elusive, as commonly and crazily pursued, as love. Yet

given the role the movies play these days, not only in satisfying our appetite for entertainment but also in forming tastes and in supplying cultural reference points from lowbrow to highbrow, one would have to be a fool to ignore the propositions about love that emanate from the silver screen.

It is a matter of some wonder that few films have captured the American public's imagination as forcefully and lastingly as *Casablanca*—for it is a peculiar sort of love story. It is not exactly a tragedy: neither Rick nor Ilsa dies, nor do fate and character flaws conspire to bring them low or destroy their love. And yet the film is certainly not a comedy either, because

no storybook ending awaits the heroes, no happily-ever-after redeems their loss. Wishing to remain worthy, in each other's eyes and in their own, of the love they share, Humphrey Bogart's Rick and Ingrid Bergman's Ilsa give each other up—he to stay in *Casablanca* aiding the French Resistance, she to accompany and support her husband, a dedicated and courageous man, in his work as a leader of the underground. This is hardly a Hollywood ending, yet Bogart's last words to Bergman on the runway, which seal both their love and their separation, are enshrined in the memories of generations of moviegoers. Unforgettable, too, is the concluding shot: after he has gunned down the Nazi com-

mander, enabling the plane carrying Ilsa and her husband to depart Casablanca, Rick, with Louis the French police captain, his new friend and co-conspirator, ambles off into the night fog, no trace of a broken heart discernible in his easy stride or wry words. Indeed, these moments belong among the most beloved final scenes in the annals of American movies.

Apparently we are romantics, for *Casablanca* would not retain the power to make grown men and women weep and then watch it again and weep some more unless we shared a deep conviction that love and nobility are linked, that great love may summon from us monumental sacrifices—including, when fate is especially cruel, giving up the beloved for the sake of love. Indeed, to be moved by such renunciation we must be romantics of a peculiarly enthusiastic breed.

And yet who could be less romantic than we are today? What could be more out of fashion today than renunciation? Television, along with the movies, is awash in adolescent farce, cheap vulgarity, and the feverish and calculating pursuit of casual sex. The Internet revolution and the stock-market boom enhance our already robust sense of entitlement: be a multimillionaire by the time you are twenty-five, or be a slacker or a drone. Owing in part to VCRs, the Internet, and now DVDs, pornography is flourishing as never before—affordable, discreet, and available to almost everybody. One of the most popular sitcoms of the 1990s, *Seinfeld*, created a world devoid of happy couples, in which lasting love, when it came to dating and mating, seldom struck the characters as something interesting enough even to mock. Whereas in the sixties and seventies, at the dawn of the sexual revolution, radical college students referred to one of their newfound freedoms as the now quaint-sounding “making love” (a euphemism that emancipated sex from marriage but preserved its link to romance), and in the eighties we referred to “having sex” (which severed the biological drive from emotional attachment), today students adopt a mechanical metaphor, speaking of “hooking up,” like railroad cars and computer docking stations (which may constitute a gain in precision, allowing for discrimination among forms of coupling). Even in *Shakespeare in Love*, the recent film that perhaps comes closest in spirit to *Casablanca*, Gwyneth Paltrow sacrifices

A HOLIDAY GIFT YOU MAY JUST WANT TO KEEP FOR YOURSELF!

Enrich this holiday season and beyond for friends, loved ones and business associates with a monthly delivery of 2 award-winning wines, hand-selected from **CALIFORNIA'S FINEST SMALLER “BOUTIQUE” wineries.**

A “**UNIQUE & FUN**” gift of wines they will never find in their local wine shops!
Just \$36.00 for each month desired (incl. S&H)
along with our fun & entertaining
8-page newsletter, *Uncorked!*

Special discounted prices
on gifts of 3, 6, 9
and 12 months.

2-day delivery available
VISA • MC • AMEX
Void where prohibited

800-777-4443
www.cawineclub.com

Solid Hardwood Media & Component Cabinets



Provides Unlimited Storage For CDs, DVDs, Video
Tapes, LPs, LaserDiscs, Cassettes & A/V Components.

Doesn't Your Collection Deserve The Best? Find out just how
affordable top quality is. Request Info Kit 5 & Get All The Facts...

Call: 800-895-5241 Fax: 215-258-1241

SORICÉ

P.O. BOX 301-45, Parkside, PA 18944
info@sorice.com (e-mail) <http://www.sorice.com> (website)

more for her dream of acting on the all-male Elizabethan stage than for the love she finds with the struggling young playwright, and renounces her beloved—not, as in *Casablanca*, embracing duty because of love, but abandoning love in deference to duty.

Of course, for every anti-romantic trend in popular culture one can point to a countertrend celebrating romantic bliss: TV shows such as *Mad About You* and *Dharma and Greg*, both about delightful young married couples whose differences and disputes always confirm their perfect fit; the titanic success of *Titanic*, which owed more to the fairy-tale romance between Leonardo DiCaprio and Kate Winslet than to James Cameron's spectacular computer-generated special effects; the renewed interest in the classic courting novels of Jane Austen, reflected in the spate of film adaptations in the mid-nineties (including the clever *Clueless*); the abiding popularity of *When Harry Met Sally . . .*, which dramatizes the slow, fitful growth of love and marriage out of initial animosity, lingering lust, and unexpected friendship; the formulaic Harlequin romances that continue to be among the best-selling books in the United States; and the sentimental odes to broken hearts and undying love that gush forth around the clock from soft-rock and country radio stations across the nation.

But the coexistence of the counter-trends alongside the trends is just the point. Apparently we are romantics. And apparently we are anti-romantics as well. Which is not to say that we have somehow, without really thinking about or even noticing it, struck a healthy balance. The competition between these impulses sows powerful confusion in our souls, not least in regard to our conduct and understanding of love and marriage.

WIFE and husband Amy and Leon Kass, who teach at the University of Chicago, are thoughtful romantics alarmed by the anti-romantic tendencies of the time. Indeed, they first undertook work on their "Readings on Courting and Marrying" in response to what they regarded as a crisis in romantic relations among young adults. Their students, they found, were increasingly skeptical of marriage and family and at the same time, especially the women, dissatisfied with

what they called (in the instructively abstract and antiseptic term of choice) "relationships," in and out of which they frequently and unceremoniously wandered. Saddened by this state of affairs, the Kassses were also convinced that there was and remains a better way. But our primary access to it—and this, they point out, is a measure of our loss—is through acts of recollection and retrieval.

The Kassses' volume is, "quite frankly and unapologetically, a pro-marriage anthology, intended to help young people of marriageable age, and parents of young people now and soon to be of marriageable age, think about the meaning, purpose, and virtues of marriage and, especially, about how one might go about finding and winning the right one to marry." It contains a distinguished array of literary selections whose sources range from Homer and the Bible to Rilke and Robert Frost, contemporary cultural criticism of a largely conservative cast, a brief introduction by the Kassses to each of the readings, and a substantial introductory essay by them on the leading themes of the book. Although this is not its sole or even its principal purpose, the anthology does aim to articulate the features, defend the dignity, and bring out the continuing relevance of an older ideal, according to which the man woos and pursues, the woman keeps her distance and discriminates carefully among suitors, and both play their roles in an ancient dance that seeks to combine sex and love and the rearing of children in a monogamous and permanent union.

Many will find it mighty tempting to dismiss the Kassses as conservative moralists out of touch with the contemporary scene—old fogies oblivious of the charms and the justice of the new dispensation. But the questions around which they organize their book are fundamental and do not prejudice the issue: What is distinctive about the contemporary situation? Why marry? How does sex bind men and women and set them at odds? How can love be distinguished from lust or friendship? How does one find and win the right love? Why are weddings important? What can married life be like? Nor do they rest the case for marriage—which they build patiently, question by question, reading by reading—on an appeal to authority or tradi-

tion or religious faith. Rather, the Kassses start from the dissatisfactions they have observed in their students. Their contention is that courting with an eye to marrying and marrying with a view to forever offers genuine goods (so their own experience and studies have persuaded them) that respond to the enduring longings of the human heart.

ONE would, for example, be hard-pressed to detect anachronism or political partisanship in the final reading, Robert Frost's "The Master Speed," written in celebration of his daughter's wedding, whose romantic last line supplies the Kassses' book with its evocative title.

No speed of wind or water rushing by
But you have speed far greater. You
can climb
Back up a stream of radiance to the
sky,
And back through history up the
stream of time.
And you were given this swiftness,
not for haste,
Nor chiefly that you may go where
you will,
But in the rush of everything to waste,
That you may have the power of
standing still—
Off any still or moving thing you say.
Two such as you with such a master
speed
Cannot be parted nor be swept away
From one another once you are agreed
That life is only life forevermore
Together wing to wing and oar to oar.

It is a beautiful and timeless image of triumph over the rush and ravages of time: husband and wife side by side, sharing friendly winds or propelling themselves through resistant waters.

Yet the obstacles to the attainment of Frost's sublime vision of marital love are timeless too. Selfishness, greed, lust, pride, envy, jealousy, resentment, and the hankering after power and pre-eminence have ever roiled the souls of men and women and have kept the stage set for spite, deceit, and betrayal. More: the machinations of rivals, the mandates of parents, the dictates of religious authorities, the laws of the state, the vagaries of fortune, the pressures of economic necessity, and the barriers of prejudice forever conspire to drive lovers apart and tear marriages asunder.

"The Master Speed" is reprinted from *The Poetry of Robert Frost*, edited by Edward Connery Lathem. Copyright 1936 by Robert Frost, © 1964 by Lesley Frost Ballantine, © 1969 by Henry Holt and Co. Reprinted by permission of Henry Holt and Company, LLC.

THESE realities hardly come as news to the Kassess. They are far from viewing the past through rose-colored glasses—or the present through ash-tinted lenses. They know that the majority of men and women still marry, “though,” they insist, “later, less frequently, more hesitantly, and by and large, less successfully.” They fully appreciate that attaining the ideal—falling in love, marrying happily, and journeying together through a lifetime “wing to wing and oar to oar”—has always been a blessing reserved for a few. They are well aware—indeed, they emphasize—that although marriage is an ancient institution, the notion that it should be based on love, a meeting of hearts and minds, is of relatively recent vintage and perhaps imposes on marriage, which answers to a variety of social, political, and religious needs, more weight than it can bear. Still, the Kassess contend, we are witnessing something new. What distinguishes contemporary experience, they fear, is not that we expect too much from marriage but that we expect too little—not our despair over the impossibility of attaining perfection in marriage but the growing incredulity with which we view the ideal as both enriching love and furnishing the cornerstone of a well-lived life.

Consider the Kassess’ enumeration of the challenges that social life today poses to hope for the achievement of love in a lasting marriage. It is worth quoting at length, because of its stunning juxtaposition of the Kassess’ precise, morality-tinged descriptions with the skeptical voices of their perceptive students.

... the sexual revolution, made possible especially by effective female contraception (“Why court a woman for marriage when she may be sexually enjoyed, and regularly, without it?” “Why wait for marriage, now that there is no risk of getting myself pregnant?”); the ideology of feminism and the changing educational and occupational status of women (“Why look for a husband, or have children, when I can have a personally more satisfying career?” “Why should I take on the burden of supporting her when she can support herself?”); the destigmatization of bastardy, divorce, infidelity, and abortion (“Do I really need a husband in order to have children?” “Why should she practice chastity or I be sexually responsible when abortion exists to deal with any accidents?”); the general erosion of

Wrap Yourself In Ottoman Luxury The Sultan's Robe™

In the glory days of the Ottoman empire, the Sultan and his ladies wore plush, sumptuously decadent robes around the harem or at the Turkish baths. Made by Turkey's finest and largest robe manufacturer, these luxurious robes feature a 16 ounce cotton terry fabric that has to be worn to be appreciated.

Cut long and luxuriously styled with a shawl collar, ample pockets and a large belt, this robe looks great on sultans and their ladies alike. Because of the super soft fabric, the Sultan's Robe™ is guaranteed to be the most comfortable robe you have ever worn or your money back.



The perfect gift for him or her! The finest, thickest, softest, most comfortable terry robe ever!

Small, Medium, Large & X-L Available in 5 colors: black, navy, white, hunter green, & burgundy



Call Anytime Toll-Free

1-888-762-4315
Time Creations, Inc.

200 Rte. 112 Dept. AT100R
Port Jefferson, NY 11776

Just \$79.95
+ \$6.95 S & H.

Free Shipping on
2 or more robes!
MC, VISA, AMX, DISC,
Checks & MOs accepted

www.timecreations.com

ANSWERS TO THE SEPTEMBER PUZZLER

R	A	S	H	L	Y	K	O	B	E	R	O	N
E	F	T	M	E	A	N	T	E	M	P	L	E
G	R	A	B	V	M	A	L	I	B	U	D	O
R	E	T	R	I	E	V	E	R	R	A	I	N
E	S	E	A	R	N	E	D	U	Y	V	E	S
T	H	E	M	I	D	A	S	T	O	U	C	H
S	E	E	P	N	A	S	P	I	S	H	R	Y
G	A	T	E	D	E	L	I	C	I	O	U	S
A	G	C	R	I	T	I	C	O	W	R	I	T
F	L	E	E	C	E	C	A	L	F	D	S	E
F	E	I	S	T	Y	K	C	A	R	E	E	R

“Highlights”

Answers to “Highlights” clues should all begin with “golden,” so they are rendered aureate by the shading in the diagram. Across: 1. RA(S + H + L)Y 5. O(BE)R + ON 10. G(R)AB 11. M(AL)BU (bum anag.) 12. EAR + NED 14. Y(V)ES 20. SEE + P 21. AS + P(US)H 25. CR(IT)IC (Ricci anag.) 26. W(R)IT 27. F + EISTY (yeti’s anag.) 28. CARE + ER Down: 1. R + EGRETS 2. AFRESH (anag.) 3. LEVI (hidden) 4. KNAVE (homophone) 6. B(ED)RUT (Le. rev.) 7. EMBRYOS (anag.) 8. N + EON 9. AM + END 13. A + M + PERES 15. SHYSTER (hidden) 17. IN(DI + C)T 18. S + PICA 19. CRUISE (homophone) 22. S + LICK 23. GAFF(e) 24. COLA (double def.) Highlights: a. FLE(E + C)E b. O + L(D)IE c. RE(TRY)EVER (revertie anag.) d. EA + GLE (leg anag.) e. ME(A)N f. H(O + K)DIE g. TEMPLE (double def.) h. S(CT)ATE i. CA + L + F j. DELIC(IOUS (sliced anag.) k. RAIN (anag.) l. G + ATE

shame and awe regarding sexual matters, promoted by the commercialization of sex and the sexualization of commerce, and exemplified most vividly in the ubiquitous and voyeuristic presentation of sexual activity in movies and on television ("Why should I dress or act modestly?" "Why should we have any scruples or feel reverence about giving our bodies?"); widespread morally neutral sex education in schools ("Why think about romance and devotion, if the whole story is pleasure and safety?" "Why see sex as positively related to having children, if the whole story is preventing or getting rid of the consequences?"); the explosive increase in the numbers of young people whose parents have been divorced ("Why trust anyone but myself?" "Who can honestly promise lasting love?") or who are born out of wedlock ("Who needs marriage?" "What's wrong with single parenthood?"); great increases in geographic mobility, with a resulting loosening of ties to place and extended family of origin ("Why think of settling down?" "What do I care about what my family thinks about my 'relationships'?"); and, harder to describe precisely, a popular culture that celebrates youth and independence not as a transient stage en route to adulthood but as "the time of our lives," imitable at all ages ("Why take on the burdens of adulthood, when we can continue to enjoy ourselves without responsibilities?"), and an ethos that lacks transcendent aspirations and asks of us no devotion to family, God, or country, encouraging us simply to soak up the pleasures of the present ("If it feels good, why not 'Just do it'?").

A treacherous obstacle course by any standard.

TO be sure, the Kasses' presentation of their students' perspective is not as balanced as it might be. In fact, a backlash of sorts can be discerned on campuses today, as college women observe and absorb the ambiguous experiences of women in their thirties and forties, who have discovered that the opening of opportunities in the workplace did not, as the fatuous slogan promised, enable women to have it all. Moreover, most mothers (and fathers, too) do not choose single parenthood but have it thrust upon them. Also, recent years have witnessed the much-ballyhooed publication of books by women in their twenties and thirties in praise of modesty in dress and conduct and in defense of the

joys of motherhood and the dignity of stay-at-home wives. And so on. But more striking than this or that quibble with the Kasses' characterization of contemporary circumstances is the sympathy they display for their students' plight. Doubts about loving, courtship, and marriage, their analysis pointedly indicates, are legitimate—all too legitimate—inferences from our lived experience.

Why did experience turn against courtship, incriminate love, and accuse marriage? The Kasses do not, as skeptical readers will be wont to suspect, blame the sixties, everybody's favorite turning point. They dig deeper and reach a more disconcerting conclusion: The fundamental source of our doubts about and dissatisfaction with courtship and marriage is both further away and much closer to home. It is moral and political but lies beyond partisan differences, consisting of truths that we barely think about because we hold them to be self-evident. We are estranged from love and the institutions that preserve it, the Kasses suggest, by the very principles on which our politics is based—by the gradual working out, more in our souls than in our laws, of the spirit of freedom and equality.

This spirit imparts distinctive lessons about the moral life and inclines us to adopt particular systems to govern our associations with others. Among these are lessons of impermanence and systems of separateness. The more we grow to love our freedom and embrace it as our defining feature, the more we learn to view ourselves as under no overarching or enduring authority, connected to no community that commands our permanent allegiance, bound by no promise, principle, or duty that is not retractable or revisable as the spirit moves—after all, who is looking? Inasmuch as we suppose that the freedom we love is shared equally by all, we are inclined to see others as like us in the morally relevant ways, moved by the same desires, governed by the same impulses, similarly willful. We collaborate in the construction of systems, psychological and social, that reaffirm the separateness our essential independence dictates. It is not that we cease to associate but that we conceive of every association, even the most intimate and impassioned, as ultimately instrumental and effectively subject to renegotiation or cancellation at a moment's notice.

The lessons of impermanence and the systems of separateness intertwine, constantly complementing and reinforcing each other, quickening and emboldening familiar human proclivities. They encourage us to distrust others, because we attribute to others the same attachment to the freedom to do as one pleases that we discern in ourselves. They impel us to suppose that others are withholding themselves from us, because, to safeguard our independence, we routinely withhold a part of ourselves from them. They goad us to suspect that friends and lovers are secretly devising schemes for a fast getaway, because we are carefully and covertly formulating such contingency plans all along.

Moreover, the lessons of impermanence and the systems of separateness are fortified by the fruits of our freedom: economic progress and scientific advance. The siren song of supply and demand persistently murmurs, "Out with the old and in with the new," "All the world is a market," "Everything has a price." Revolutions in medicine and technology—from the birth-control pill to in vitro fertilization to cloning—enlarge our freedom by providing powerful tools for controlling our bodies and manipulating biological processes, and at the same time menace it by inexorably insinuating that men and women are fit objects for control and manipulation, limited only by cost and know-how. Of course, individual freedom, along with the economic progress and scientific development it has unleashed, must be counted among the great glories of the modern world. This does not make it a sign of ingratitude (in fact, it may be an obligation arising from our freedom) to inquire, What price glory?

DESPITE being subtle guides to the anti-romantic tendencies generated by our love of freedom, the Kasses barely notice (though this is of the essence) that it feeds our pronounced romantic tendencies as well. Freedom drives us to prize our uniqueness, for how can we be really free if our feelings and actions conform to patterns followed by others? And if we are unique, is there more than one other who can understand and cherish us and whom we can understand and cherish in return? Perhaps we place extravagant hope in the redemptive power of romantic love because, after our urge toward freedom has

overwhelmed the old sources of transcendence, only the union of two in one—in which each lover, in embracing the beloved, becomes a sturdier, more bountiful individual—remains to offer those intimations of eternity toward which the human heart seems ceaselessly drawn.

At the same time, the romantic in us exacerbates confusion about courtship and marriage. If our anti-romantic tendencies persuade us to expect too little from marriage, our romantic tendencies seduce us into expecting too much. Simultaneously romantics and anti-romantics, we yearn for the perfect union but conduct our love lives in a manner that renders us increasingly ill prepared to attain it. For us, serial monogamy has displaced courting. This is regarded as progress, on the grounds that you can't know what you haven't tried, and practice makes perfect. But the routine justifications miss the meaning for the heart. By the time we contemplate marriage, we bring not only ourselves to the altar but also the ghosts of lovers past, lurking rivals and well-rehearsed reservations, secret places and forbidden chambers. We accumulate a world of intimate sorrows and joys, and the very attempt to share these can widen the chasms that divide us.

Yet when has marriage not been embattled? When have lovers not labored to preserve their love in the face of the world's temptations and travails? When has courtship not been a fraught and complex affair? Never—at least not in recorded history or according to the testimony of our literature. Did not Abraham expose Sarah to danger and dishonor during their wanderings in the desert? Did not Aphrodite cuckold her lame husband, Hephaestus, by lying with Ares, the god of war? Did not Shakespeare and Jane Austen, master portrayers of the intricacies of romance and courtship, shy away from depicting the flourishing of love in a lasting marriage? Yes, yes, and yes. But let us not get carried away: although acquaintance with the shoals on which love and marriage have foundered in the past provides perspective and affords a certain comfort, it gives no grounds for complacency concerning the perils of today.

Times change. Old barriers crumble and new ones arise. But the mysteries of the human heart—the raging passions and tender pathos, the waywardness and loyalty, the fragility and resilience—endure. ☼

Faux Fabergé Egg Pendants only \$39.95

But wait...this ad for an even better deal!

Chair Nicholas II kept master jeweler Carl Fabergé busy producing gorgeous jeweled eggs to be worn around the necks of the czarita and the princesses. We have replicated these priceless jewels so as to be virtually indistinguishable from the fabled originals. Each Egg is heavily enameled, covered in 22-kt. gold-plated filigree, and adorned with Austrian Swarovski crystals, just about the closest thing to real diamonds. The Eggs come with 22-kt. gold-plated 22" chains, and are boxed in red-velvet/white-satin presentation cases.

We are one of the few select distributors of these beautiful jewels in the United States and are therefore able to bring them to you at this extraordinary price. Order one red Egg for \$39.95 or the Set of all three stunning colors (red, green and purple) for only \$79.90! But we have an even better deal: Buy two Sets (six Eggs) for \$159.80 and we will send you a third Set (another three Eggs — nine Eggs altogether) with our compliments — absolutely FREE! Get this stunningly beautiful jewelry for yourself or for the woman in your life. Order it today! Order Code #1086F748 for one (Red) Faux Fabergé Egg (only \$39.95) Order Code #1087F748 for the Set of Three (Red, Green, Purple) Eggs (only \$79.90) Order Code #1087F748 for Three Sets (nine Fabergé Eggs altogether!) (only \$159.80)

You may order by toll-free phone, by mail, or by fax and pay by check or Visa/MasterCard. Please give order code shown above for the merchandise that you wish to order. Add \$4.95 for ship./ins. and sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day refund and one-year warranty. We do not refund postage. For customer service or wholesale information, please call (415) 643-2810.

since 1967
haverhills®

2360 Third St., San Francisco, CA 94107

© Order by toll-free phone: (800) 797-7367 or (fastest!) by fax: (415) 643-2818 ©
Visit our website at www.haverhills.com

ENERGY-SAVING SUNPORCH® CONVERTIBLE SUNSPACE®



MOUNTS
READY ON
DECKS, PATIOS
OR LANDSCAPE
TIES.

SunPorch® Structures, Inc.
P.O. Box 368, Dept. ATL
Westport, CT 06881-0368

☐ YES I enclose \$2. Please send complete details, Color Catalog & Prices.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

INSULATED WINTER SUNROOM CONVERTS TO A SUMMER SCREEN ROOM!

Full Top-To-Bottom Wall Area Screens!

- ☐ QWIK® window/screen change system ☐ Do-it-yourself kit, no contractors needed ☐ Meets building codes for snow & wind loads ☐ Unique Climate Control System
- ☐ No extras, comes complete ☐ Buy factory direct & save ☐ America's #1 value since 1974.

FOR MORE INFO & BONUS OFFER:

MAIL
COUPON
WITH \$2.

WEB SITE
www.sunporch.com
(Bonus Code: ATL)



SunPorch® Structures Inc.
P.O. Box 368, Dept. ATL
Westport, CT 06881-0368

**AAABCDEEEEE.
WE EXPANDED THE
ALPHABET.**



E.T. Wright®
An American Tradition Since 1876

Men's quality footwear in sizes 6-20,
AAA-EEEEEE widths, Call 1-800-240-7463 for
a free catalog Ask for dept. E415W.

**Explore
the
Path
from
Research
to
Human
Benefit**

Free on-line articles
brought to you by the
NATIONAL ACADEMY
OF SCIENCES

BEYOND DISCOVERY™

The Dickens of Berlin

by Dennis Drabelle

THEODOR FONTANE
**Literature and History in
the Bismarck Reich**

by Gordon A. Craig.
Oxford University Press,
232 pages, \$35.00.

THE German novelist Theodor Fontane (1819–1898) had the good fortune to practice fiction at a time when Germany was a newborn empire, fresh from victory in the Franco-Prussian War. Bismarckian Prussia had indeed been the driving force in the amalgamation of numerous German-speaking states into an imperial power, with the Prussian King as Emperor and the booming city of Berlin as his capital. But the Prussian ethos—with its militarism and authoritarianism, its web of aristocratic connections and lingering remnants of feudalism, its fierce code of honor and passion for order—made an awkward fit with the rum-bustious materialism of the rising Berlin bourgeoisie. This strain is one of Fontane's recurrent themes. In his novel *Frau Jenny Treibel* the title character is summed up by an academic friend as “the perfect bourgeoisie type . . . she has a heart only for what has weight, for everything that counts and bears interest.”

Fontane turned out novels at an enviable clip, averaging almost a book a year for the last two decades of his life. By the end of this run he had become the finest German novelist of his era, an exemplar for the young Thomas Mann and a keen observer of city life whose composite portrait of Berlin ranks with Dickens's portrait of London, Balzac's of Paris, and Dostoevski's of St. Petersburg.

The historian Gordon Craig's critical study of Fontane is of a piece with the typical Fontane novel: brief, piquant, urbane, chatty. Author and subject also share an affection for Scotland—which Fontane got to know as a traveler and about which he wrote a book, and where Craig was born (he emigrated to the United States in 1925). Despite these affinities, Craig admits in his introduction to having

“neither heard [Fontane's] name nor read a page of his work until 1938, when I was twenty-five years old.” It took even longer for readers without German to make the novelist's acquaintance: the first of his major works to appear in English, *Unwiederbringlich* (*Beyond Recall*), did so in 1964. Even now only roughly a third of his eighteen novels and novellas are in print in English, and only *Effi Briest* is well known, largely because Rainer Fassbinder made a film of it, in 1974.

Fontane came late to fiction, finishing his first novel, *Vor dem Sturm* (*Before the Storm*), when he was approaching sixty. He was no literary novice, however; he had been working as a journalist for nearly thirty years and had written, among other books, three volumes of military history, which Craig explicates at length and praises—though it's probably safe to assume that neither they nor Fontane's travel books on Prussia's Brandenburg province will appear in English anytime soon.

Being of French descent on both sides of the family, Fontane could view his fellow citizens with some detachment. His forebears were Huguenots who fled to a welcoming Prussia after Louis XIV repealed the Edict of Nantes, in 1685. Although the Fontanes had long since assimilated, the family pronounced its surname in modified French style, without sounding the *e*, and, according to Theodor's son, gave it the full nasal treatment “on Sundays and holidays.” Most of Fontane's stories exhibit an offhand fluidity that seems more Gallic than Teutonic, with the end products resembling lithe figurines standing between Goethe's marbled statues and Mann's granite monuments. Fontane's background may have contributed to his ability to see multiple sides of the topics that engage his characters—notably the strengths and weaknesses of the Prussian temperament. In *Frau Jenny Treibel* the Treibels, who have made their fortune in a most chauvinistic way (they own a factory that manufactures the dye known as Prussian blue), encourage their sons to marry Hamburg girls in part because the family could use a dose of that city's cosmopolitan outlook.

Fontane's capacity to sympathize with each of his creations was abetted by a gift for dialogue. The high points of a Fontane novel tend to be the conversations, which frequently go on for pages and may vary in elevation according to the social class to which the characters belong. This latter feature can perplex translators—I have

my doubts, for instance, about William L. Zeibel's allotment of an American southern accent to a Viennese matron in his version of *Irrungen, Wirrungen* (*Delusions, Confusions*) as a way of setting off her speech from Berliner Deutsch. And occasionally the talk bogs down in obscure references to German folkways or history which require frequent flipping back to the editor's endnotes for orientation. Where Fontane was not careful (as in much of the novel *Cécile*), his reader can feel as frustrated as an outsider at a family reunion. But these lapses are rare; Fontane's dialogue usually illuminates character, advances plot, and fills in background, all at once.

In *Die Poggenpuhls* (*The Poggenpuhl Family*), an examination of a proud old clan that is barely scraping by, Fontane relied on dialogue to capture that quicksilver quality charm. The Poggenpuhls consist of a widowed mother, three unmarried daughters, and two young soldier sons, one a model of rectitude and the other, Leo, a high-living scapegrace who, naturally, is everybody's favorite. Not content to have the females report on Leo's winsomeness when he is out of earshot, Fontane let him transmit it directly, with speech. Here he is, home on leave, tucking into a special meal of duck.

His sister Sophie asks, "Which bit would you like?"

"Drumstick, please," [he replies.] "I think asking for the drumstick is always the best policy. First of all it makes a good impression because it sounds modest, and secondly the top joint tends to come along with it. And then the question of the actual quantity is not to be taken lightly either."

It's hard to resist a fellow who lays bare his scheming nature so ingenuously.

Die Poggenpuhls neither rises to tragedy nor stoops to bathos. Ultimately an uncle dies, and a gift from his widow brightens the family's prospects; but it will still be necessary for one if not more of the children to marry into a rich Jewish family. This option is presented not as scandalous or treacherous but as pragmatic. Each party to the bargain will provide something the other wants—aristocratic cachet in return for financial stability.

CRAIG is always in command of biographical details and historical setting, as when he places the unsettling Fontane in the context of a readership

that preferred its literature anodyne.

The educated middle class of the Bismarck and Wilhelmine years was excessively preoccupied with its own social status and prestige. . . . Increasingly more conservative as the period advanced, this [class] expected from the authors of its novels and dramas entertainment or moral elevation. It did not want to be told by them that there were things in the world that ought to be put right and that its duty was to correct them, and it had the power to make its disapproval felt. It took a determined writer to disregard this.

As a literary critic, however, Craig is less persuasive. Consider his discussion of Fontane's *Schach von Wuthenow* (usually referred to in English as *A Man of Honor*), a historical novel set in the Prussia of 1806, just before its disastrous defeat by Napoleon at Jena. The eponymous Schach is a gleaming product of the military caste—courageous, upright, obedient—but also afflicted with its signature faults, among them inflexibility and arrogance. He dallies with the pockmarked daughter of a female friend and tries to avoid the consequences when the affair becomes known, but he obeys a virtual order from the King to marry her. Fulfilling this duty causes him agony, because in the meantime he has been subjected to the one insult for which the code of honor has no provision: ridicule from an anonymous enemy, who has been circulating scurrilous caricatures of the affair. Schach's inability to negotiate this crisis with finesse has a dire outcome.

Craig devotes several paragraphs to chastising the novel for what it lacks: a fully developed tragic hero, "epic sweep," "the richness and variety of *Vor dem Sturm*." Even if he is right on these points (and I'm prepared to argue that Schach has the same number of dimensions as Oedipus), he fails to mention the novel's compensating virtues: its swift, inexorable pace, its artfully posed dilemma, its many brilliant scenes (including the King's cameo appearance), its deft identification of the hero with the system that has trained him—indeed, with Prussia itself. One character observes,

"Our country is no more than a military base and supply center. In and by itself it is without any resources to speak of. As long as we win, things go tolerably well, but waging war is only open to countries that can afford to suffer defeat. We *can't*."

NEW FROM **PRINCETON**

Brand.New

Edited by Jane Pavitt

This innovative book examines international consumer culture. Twenty feature spreads on logos and advertising images, in addition to over 200 color illustrations—united by a sophisticated design—complement the engaging writing. *Brand.New* is essential reading for all observers of modern culture.

Published in association with the Victoria and Albert Museum, London

Cloth \$49.50



Written on the Body

The Tattoo in European and American History

Edited by Jane Caplan

Despite the growing fascination with tattooing, the practice has not left much of a historical record. In this intriguing new book, contributors explore that history from Celtic society to Victorian Britain, from tattooed entertainers in Germany to tattooing and piercing in the contemporary U.S.

Paper \$19.95

Princeton University Press

WWW.PUP.PRINCETON.EDU

Attention Teachers!

Engage
your
students
with the
very best.

It's the
smartest way
to expose your
students to the best
contemporary essayists, fiction
writers, poets and reviewers.



OUR NEW EDUCATION PROGRAM OFFERS:

- FREE Instructor Subscription
- FREE Monthly Teacher's Guide
- GREAT Value: Special Class Rate
74% off the cover price

CALL TOLL-FREE TODAY FOR DETAILS

(877)299-8577

The **Atlantic Monthly**
EDUCATION PROGRAM

www.theatlantic.com/teach

Bargain Books

America's Biggest Catalog Selection

- Save up to 80% on recent publishers' overstocks. Plus save on current books and best sellers! Hundreds of new arrivals monthly.
- Biography, History, Politics, Fiction, the Arts—over 60 subject areas.

Free Catalog

800-677-3483

Edward R. Hamilton, Bookseller
6286 Oak, Falls Village, CT 06031-5005

erhbooks.com/bfn

DOCTORAL / MASTER'S DEGREES

Accredited, 1 month Residency, US Gov't approved for student loans
if qualified • Online courses: BUSINESS, EDUCATION, GOV'T, INT'L
RELATIONS, PSYCHOLOGY, RELIGION, SOCIAL WORK, HEALTH
SERVICES WRITE Berne University, International Graduate School
35 Center St., Unit 18, Wolfeboro Falls, NH 03896 USA
Tel.: (603) 569-8648 FAX: (603) 569-4052 E-MAIL: berne@berne.edu

VISIT THE ATLANTIC ON THE WEB

www.theatlantic.com

A similar inability to endure defeat ruins the protagonist of this taut shocker.

In *Effi Briest*, Fontane shows the Prussian obsession with honor being stretched to inhuman proportions. Not until six years after the fact does Effi's husband, Baron von Innstetten, learn that she cheated on him with Crampas, a fellow aristocrat, at the remote northern outpost from which the baron had frequently been called away by his duties as provincial governor. Common sense suggests that by the time of the discovery an unspoken statute of limitations is in effect, but the baron blurts the story to a friend. That very disclosure, he then argues with maddening logic, obliges him to fight a duel with Crampas. Innstetten explains,

"From that moment onwards, there was someone else who knew something of my misfortune and, what is more important, of the stain on my honor. . . . And, because there is such a person, I can't go back."

Similar ligatures bind Effi's parents after the scandal gets out. There is perhaps no crueler letter in literature than the one informing Effi that her parents won't receive her anymore. Her mother writes,

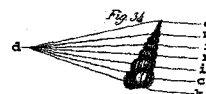
"There can be no refuge for you in our

house, because that would mean cutting ourselves off from everyone we know and this we are emphatically not inclined to do. . . . we want to make our position plain and show the whole world that we condemn—I'm afraid I must use this word—your actions—the actions of our only daughter, the daughter whom we loved so dearly. . . ."

Prussian to the core, and epitomizing concern with individual integrity under the onslaughts of an oppressive social regimen, *Effi Briest* is the best introduction to Fontane's work.

As noted above, few others are available in English. Currently in print from Penguin are two paperbacks, *Effi Briest* and a volume containing both *The Woman Taken in Adultery* and *The Poggenpuhl Family*; from Dufour, *Cécile* in both cloth and paperback and *Effi Briest* in paperback; from Continuum's German Library two volumes in hardcover and paperback, one containing *Delusions, Confusions* and *The Poggenpuhl Family* and another containing *A Man of Honor* and *Jenny Treibel*. If Gordon Craig's useful introduction to Fontane's life and works leads to an expansion of this list, he will have performed a distinct service for lovers of sophisticated European fiction. ☞

SHORT REVIEWS



Orwell: Wintry Conscience of a Generation

by Jeffrey Meyers.

Norton, 397 pages, \$27.95.

No other writer in the English language has been more often likened to a saint than George Orwell. His contemporaries and subsequent hagiographers have lauded his self-denial, integrity, courage, and decency, and these personal qualities—so the thinking goes—are inseparable from his writerly ones: only such a man could write such clean, clear prose, "like a windowpane." But Orwell himself averred

that "saints should always be judged guilty until they are proved innocent." In this biography Jeffrey Meyers draws an admiring portrait of Orwell, but he doesn't omit the writer's unsaintlike qualities. Orwell was often gentle, but had a violent, even sadistic, streak. He was endearing in his eccentricities, but obliviously selfish in his married life. In his dalliances with married women and Berber girls, and in his string of clumsy incompleting passes, Orwell, the cadaverous ascetic, was also, as Meyers writes, a bit of a "puritanical lecher." Orwell's two earlier biographers saw this side of their subject, but Meyers, the first able to avail

himself of the materials in Orwell's recently published complete papers, is more specific, and hence his portrait is somewhat darker. Meyers, however, too easily dismisses the complicated issues involved in what has recently emerged as one of the most controversial incidents in Orwell's life: in 1949 Orwell gave an object of his attentions, who worked at the Foreign Office, the names of Communist sympathizers who couldn't be relied on to write pro-British propaganda. (This list was revealed only a few years ago.) Although Meyers is right that Orwell's move was hardly McCarthyite, it did, at the very least, display his inclination toward stupidity about women with whom he was besotted. Meyers's discussion of Orwell's writing and ideas is surprisingly wooden and superficial, but his is now the authoritative biography, and it amply confirms Malcolm Muggeridge's judgment that Orwell was "more lovable than likeable."

—Benjamin Schwarz

A Place of Execution

by Val McDermid.

St. Martin's Minotaur, 404 pages, \$24.95.

A *Place of Execution* is a novel about a murder in which the police find the culprit but not the body—a circumstance rich in the stuff of which page-turners, even slow-plotted ones like this, are made. The setting, an isolated village in the craggy limestone dales of Derbyshire, harbors fogs of mystery. Scardale, with its inbred marital webs, is just a case of incest or two removed from civic idiocy, so when, in December of 1963, Alison Carter, thirteen, disappears while out walking her dog in the woods, the village reveals itself as a stricken family. George Bennett, a young university-trained detective-inspector on his first big case, and his seen-it-all partner, Tommy Clough, must find her murderer among its members. Val McDermid, the author of a shelf's worth of detective novels, generates not suspense, exactly, but curiosity and, finally, whiplash surprise. Her focus is on the inner lives of her policemen as they come to terms with bottom-of-hell horror and grave error. The gradations of class, accent, intelligence, and rusticity separating the uniformed policemen from the un-uniformed do not escape her notice—this is England, after all. And, amid the grief and guilt, there

are relieving dabs of buddy humor. After nearly pummeling a sensation-mongering journalist, George puts it to Tommy: "How long do you think I'd get if I beat that smile off his face with a truncheon?" ... "Depends if the jury know him or not. Cup of tea?"

—Jack Beatty

Say Uncle

by Kay Ryan.

Grove, 76 pages, \$13.00.

These precise, epigrammatic poems, which come with hook-and-eye rhymes that click sweetly into place, move deftly and economically to cope with subjects as elusive and specific as "survival skills," "great thoughts," and "help." Though they dispose of their subjects wittily and ingeniously, they cannot always suppress a smile of self-satisfaction at having mastered their material; and, like macaroons, they should be taken a few at a time. They are cleverly made, shifting back and forth and up and down. Like cat's cradles, they may be taken in or let out, but at their best they alter the fit of the mind.

—Peter Davison

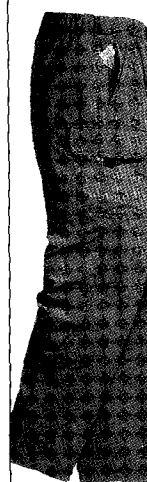
The Trumps: Three Generations That Built an Empire

by Gwenda Blair.

Simon & Schuster, 592 pages, \$30.00.

"The Donald is fantastic in the golf and very good in the tennis," Ivana Trump once observed, imperishably, of that "national symbol of luxury and sybaritic excess" Donald Trump, whom Gwenda Blair depicts as a Gatsby of self-inflation transfixing by the green light at the end of his own dock. Donald Trump's grandfather, an immigrant from Bismarck's Germany, ran prostitutes in the hotels he opened in Seattle and the Klondike, supplying scales so that miners could weigh their pleasures in gold dust. His son, Fred Trump, made a fortune building low-cost housing in Queens and Brooklyn under elastic government contracts. Gwenda Blair tells the elder Trumps' stories in historically resonant detail and with marked business and financial lucidity. Grandson Donald's entry challenges her biographical skills—she can't hide from the reader that the

TravelSmith Takes the "Lug" Out of Luggage



Explorer's
Cargo Pants #7228



Packs in half the space
of regular jeans.

You lug it here, you lug it there. Is it any wonder they call it *luggage*? Why not give your arms a well-deserved vacation by calling for our **FREE CATALOG**? TravelSmith brings you over 550 innovative ways to pack lighter, look better and travel smarter. For men and women, you'll appreciate our Wrinkle-Free Travel Blazers, Packable Microfiber Raincoats, range of CoolMax® products and underwear...the list goes on and on. We guarantee that you'll look and feel your best or we'll refund your money 100%, no questions asked. Recommended by over 100 top travel

companies. Call today for your **FREE CATALOG** and **OUTFITTING GUIDE**. It will be a load off your mind, not to mention your arms.



TRAVELSMITH

60 LEVERONI CT • NOVATO, CA 94949

WWW.TRAVELSMITH.COM

800-950-1600 DEPT AT28032

Comfortable ROCKERS

CHAIRS • SOFAS • RECLINERS

Beautiful
furniture for
spaces you live
and work in

Free Catalog
(800) 451-7247
www.kleindesign.com

Klein Design Inc. 99 Sailer St., Gloucester, MA 01930

brigger® FURNITURE MADE
TO FIT YOUR BODY

The Aeron® Chair For Less!



- In Stock ...Fast Delivery!
- Thousands Sold
- Fully Authorized Retailer of Herman Miller
- Best Price Anywhere!

Only \$699!

1-877-658-LESS



TROUBLED MEMORY

LAWRENCE N. POWELL



How a childhood survivor of the Holocaust found the courage to publicly confront the specter of Neo-Nazism in America.

"One of the most extraordinary works I have read in the last decade."—Dan T. Carter

"Makes us understand—in a way no other American writer has—how and why the history of the Holocaust bears so directly and importantly upon contemporary American life. . . . If you want to read one book—just one—about what it means to become an American in the late 20th century, read *Troubled Memory*."

—Charles W. Sydnor Jr.

36 illus. \$34.95 hardcover

THE UNIVERSITY OF
NORTH CAROLINA PRESS

at bookstores or [800] 848-6224
www.uncpress.unc.edu

builder of Trump Tower, Trump Palace, Trump Plaza, and Trump City, and the erstwhile owner of the Trump Shuttle, sponsor of the Tour de Trump, and skipper of the *Trump Princess*, has all the depth of a stack of hundred-dollar bills—and eventually overtakes her charity. "At his own father's funeral," she writes indicatively, "[Donald] did not stop patting himself on the back. . . . The first-person singular pronouns, the I and the me, eclipsed the he and his. . . . There was to be no sorrow; there was only success." Hell is a cross-country bus ride trapped in the company of a tumescent bore like this.

—Jack Beatty

Four Blondes

by Candace Bushnell.

Atlantic Monthly Press, 245 pages,
\$24.00.

Candace Bushnell, the author of *Sex and the City* and a former in-the-know columnist for the revoltingly in-the-know *New York Observer*, now offers a grimmer, fictional portrait of rich, beautiful, and powerful Manhattanites in their social, professional, and, above all, sexual lives. The four blondes of the title are the sort who would be welcome in the VIP rooms of downtown clubs, and Bushnell tells their stories in self-contained chapters: the book is essentially a collection of four novellas. It's aimed at those for whom this scene exercises a cheap fascination, and its effect is not at all unlike that of pornography: the reader is titillated and even encouraged to feel "daring," but in the end is left empty and somewhat depressed. At times *Four Blondes* reads like a bitter satire, and Bushnell scores some trenchant hits—as when, for instance, she summarizes the vacuous ambitions of a journalistic Manhattan couple: "If James had written an important, influential book by now, they would have access to more important, influential people. They would be more important, influential people." Her depiction of Janey, a model and would-be screenwriter (naturally), who regularly endures a painful and humiliating sex act to please her producer boyfriend (with whom she is pathetically in love, but whom she also sees as a vehicle to satisfy her ambition), is as nuanced as it is desolate. But Bushnell's hard voice too often turns gushy; ultimately, she's infat-

uated with this world, and therefore glamorizes it. Her bleak and dispiriting comedy of manners is enough to make one a puritan.

—Benjamin Schwarz

Double Trouble: Bill Clinton and Elvis Presley in the Land of No Alternatives

by Greil Marcus.

Holt, 248 pages, \$25.00.

If you are a skeptic about the interaction of pop culture with Larger Events, this is a book you ought to try on. Marcus has collected and revised, with the happy advantage of hindsight, eight years' worth of his vigorous columns and reviews of pop records and videos, written from 1992 to 2000, to assess what the posthumous presence of Elvis, and the racking insights of such influential successors as Bob and Jakob Dylan, Sinéad O'Connor, and Kurt Cobain, have wrought on the first President of these United States to have grown up with roots deep in the pop world, the first chief executive to have blown tenor sax in public. "Pop," Marcus persuasively suggests, "is a form of public life." His book (salted and peppered with pop names) reads like a long riff on the undercurrents of the Clinton years and is given heavily to the drawing of morals. Yet like a car slightly out of control, it bumps en route into a number of hard truths about the nature of political consent and consensus.

—Peter Davison

Recent books by Atlantic authors:

Facing the Congo, by Jeffrey Tayler. Ruminator Books, 282 pages, \$27.00. This book grew out of "Vessel of Last Resort," a travel piece in the September, 1996, *Atlantic*.

Breathing Room, by Peter Davison. Knopf, 80 pages, \$23.00. Several poems in this collection first appeared in *The Atlantic*.

The Eighth Continent: Life, Death, and Discovery in the Lost World of Madagascar, by Peter Tyson. William Morrow/HarperCollins, 400 pages, \$27.50. Portions of this book appeared, in somewhat different form, in the January, 1996, *Atlantic*.



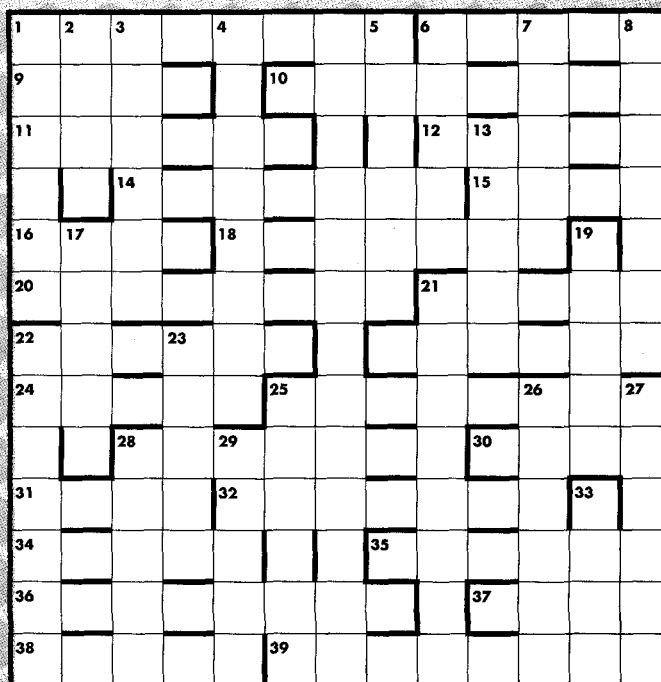
THE PUZZLER

by Emily Cox and Henry Rathvon

Whodunit

Somebody has taken something from 17 answers in this puzzle's diagram. The two unclued Across entries identify the crime and the unclued Down entry identifies the perpetrator. Answer lengths are also missing. Answers include nine capitalized words, one of them an acronym; 28 Across is a bit archaic, and 36 Across is rare although made of common parts.

The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 131.



Across

1. Herb is jazz combo member providing great intensity
6. Desert heat returns in mountain
9. Be second in departure from the stage
10. Iconoclastic, the man leads wild rodeo in Texas
11. Chart having a variable that can be assessed
12. Luxurious spot by an advertising union
14. Tragic figure in plot made dim
15. A ding-a-ling with no delay
16. Born and died in poverty
18. FBI guys dividing gold treasury's first increase
20. Young lady I put in spot with an African leader's name
21. Father qualified made-up story
24. Farm animal gripped by doctor gave a cry
25. Told of former president's education

28. Delaware's body of water shows low ebb?
30. Announced plant yield
31. Fat boy's eating restricted
32. Share drink with bit of rum in it
34. A thorny item sprang into being
35. To dine after a pair of days makes sense (*two words*)
36. Warrior princess adopts Arabian love of things foreign
37. Follows Gwyneth's lead in hairstyles
38. Rocket circles left of the sun
39. Cordelia awfully cross with painter

Down

1. Church employees making love a whole lot
2. One times one: a length of a line in geometry
3. Name for a woman equals name for a man
4. Grass around acres where cows might be set free

5. Tail of the T. Rex whacked me last
6. Alcoholic drink excellent for a Union general
7. Cook while standing in garbage
8. Verbally, couple settles up for rugs
13. New article: "In the Role of Grandmothers"
17. Energy nuts exert in Devonshire city
19. Government agent keeps law bent
21. Obsession oddly rendered Dixie deaf (*two words*)
22. Flowers with cheerful appearances around a treasure site
23. English city is #1, according to *The Listener*
25. Interpret illiterate signature in English money
26. It detects sulfur ingested by Spanish gent
27. Get rid of #11, and hurry back (*hyphenated*)
28. Doctor John, about to be too enthusiastic
29. Use a sharp stick to get small fruit
33. French writer with two embraces?

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped long envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 77 North Washington Street, Boston, Mass. 02114.

WORD

IMPROVISATION

by J. E. Lighter

The Skinny

WITH a sixty-second news cycle for the media and a zillion words of the inside story coursing the Net, there's more undigested information—or *rumor*—today than anybody can handle. Some fraction of that rumor turns out to be important and true. As the popular Web site Motley Fool advises eager investors, "It might look good on paper, but you should still check out the *scuttlebutt*." That means the current word of mouth, what show-biz reporters call the *buzz*.

Bob Hope once observed that somebody must have coined *scuttlebutt* after drifting astern of Bing Crosby—Hope's straight man in *Road to Morocco* and other 1940s comedies. But a hundred years earlier the Harvard-educated Richard Henry Dana Jr. had used the word in its original sense in his classic account of a voyage to Spanish California, *Two Years Before the Mast*. Aboard Dana's brig, the *Pilgrim*, the *scuttle-butt* (earlier *scuttled butt*) was a wooden cask (or *butt*) set up on deck with a section *scuttled*, or cut out, to allow sailors to dip themselves a drink of water. (When drinking fountains replaced water casks on shipboard, the designation *scuttlebutt* was applied to them, too.) Anyone with a rudimentary knowledge of the social habits of Americans around water coolers has already guessed the next step. The kind of idle talk exchanged around the *scuttlebutt* became proverbial as *scuttlebutt news* (what sailors and Marines had previously called *galley yarns*, for similar reasons; the Army prefers *latrine rumors*). Early in the twentieth century the term *scuttlebutt news* saw its second element scuttled. By World War II the new, gossipy sense of *scuttlebutt* was general in the U.S. Navy, the Coast Guard, and the Marine Corps.

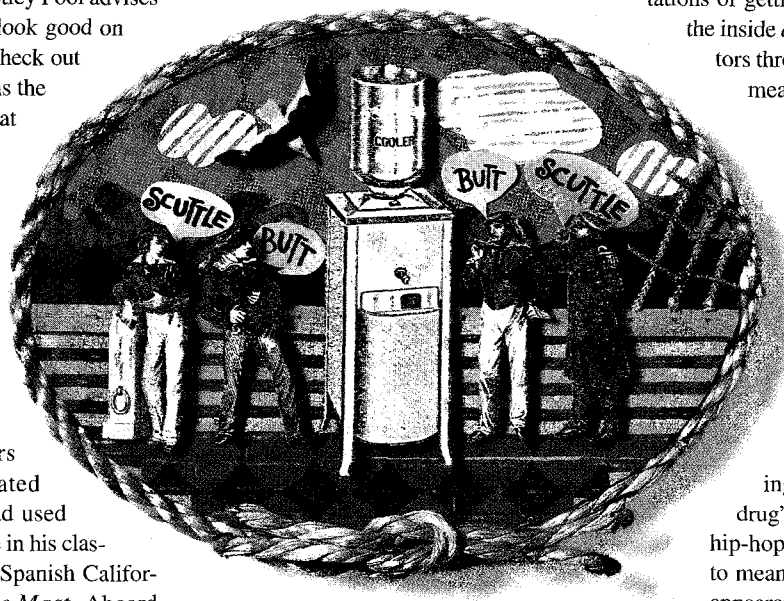
Though the English evidently created the old "water cask" sense of *scuttlebutt*, its figurative sense is pretty clearly an Americanism—one of many slang terms that jumped from military to civilian usage during and after World War II. It has begun to

special grammatical endings are needed. So *scuttlebutt* has effortlessly turned itself into a verb meaning "to gossip or talk, esp. idly: exchange *scuttlebutt*." Today the newer verb form of *scuttlebutt* is taking off in business circles, where it can carry connotations of getting the *scoop*, the *lowdown*, the inside *dope*, the *skinny*, on competitors through the seemingly innocuous means of chitchat.

The originally journalistic *scoop* began as a verb meaning "to get the better of (someone)." The *low-down*, now approaching a century of popularity, may once have abbreviated some such phrase as "the low-down truth."

Dope, which has had a protean career in American English, with meanings ranging all the way from "an illicit drug" to "a dolt" to "excellent" (in hip-hop lingo), may have also come to mean "information" because of its appearance in *dope sheet*, or "racing form" (probably implying that a racing form can help handicappers to tell if a horse has been "doped" prior to a race).

But getting the lowdown on the *skinny* remains elusive. It has been around for some time, probably more than fifty years, which is easily long enough for a word origin to get lost permanently. The most reasonable suggestion—though one still unproved—may be that *skinny* stems from the slang name given to a thin sheet of carbonized manifold paper used in creating multiple copies of orders, manifests, and the like. (Such sheets also go by the name *flimsies*.) The *skinny* would thus mean, literally, that thin sheet of paper with the authoritative data on it. Appealing as this theory is, it has a serious weakness: lexicographers haven't yet found a written example of the "flimsy" sense of *skinny* that goes back far enough to prove it.



catch on in Britain only in the past thirty years or so. When seeking the news, Royal Navy slang used to make do with *griff*, "news, information" (short for *griffin*, "a betting tip," a meaning in which this word is of uncertain origin), and the Royal Air Force with *gen*, "information of any kind," a term occasionally affected by American fliers in England, which derived either from "genuine" or from the bureaucratic heading "For the General Information of All Ranks."

With an alacrity uncommon among the world's languages, English can make nouns into verbs almost by sleight of hand: no

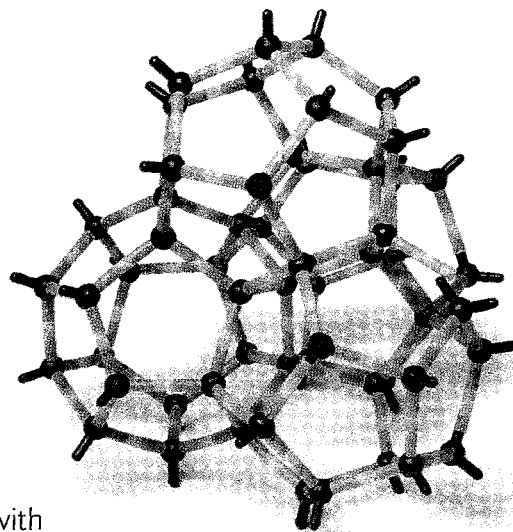
Investigations of slang
by the editor of the

Random House Historical Dictionary
of American Slang

Illustration by Nancy Gibson-Nash

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**His students have already
written their acceptance
speeches for the
biggest prize in science.**



Never let it be said that Kenneth Cutler sets easy goals for his STARS (Students Training As Research Scientists). To acquaint them with the real world of scientific exploration, his students formulate in-depth research papers and even submit grant proposals to fund their projects. Then, to experience just how far scientific research can take them, students present a formal speech thanking the King of Sweden for awarding them the most prestigious prize in science.

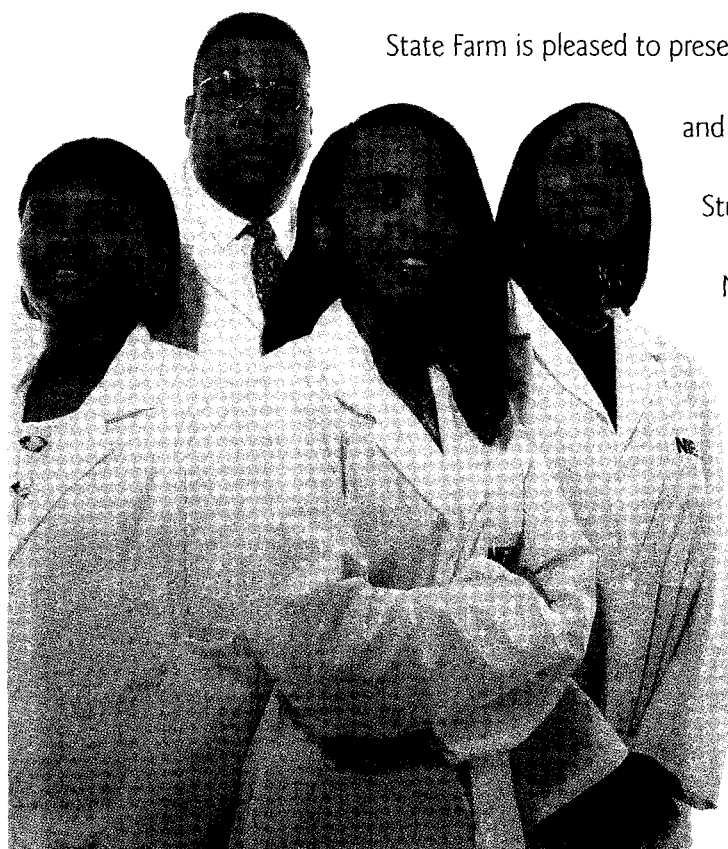
This combination of problem-solving, creative writing, and public speaking stimulates both left-brain and right-brain thinking. It also demonstrates the benefits of a scientific career to students who might not normally consider it. For showing his students science can be rewarding, stimulating, and even “cool,”

State Farm is pleased to present Kenneth Cutler with our Good Neighbor Award®

and to present \$5,000 to the Hillside High chapter of NC

Student Academy of Science, in Durham, North Carolina.

Now it's his turn to prepare an acceptance speech.



**Good
Neighbor
Award®**

STATE FARM INSURANCE COMPANIES
Home Offices: Bloomington, Illinois
statefarm.com™

The Good Neighbor Award was developed
in cooperation with The National Science
Teachers Association.

THANKS TO MODERN SCIENCE

17 INNOCENT PEOPLE HAVE BEEN REMOVED FROM DEATH ROW.

THANKS TO MODERN POLITICS

23 INNOCENT PEOPLE HAVE BEEN REMOVED FROM THE LIVING.

On April 15, 1999, Ronald Keith Williamson walked away from Oklahoma State Prison a free man. An innocent man. He had spent the last eleven years behind bars. "I did not rape or kill Debra Sue Carter," he would shout day and night from his death row cell. His voice was so torn and raspy from his pleas for justice that he could barely speak. DNA evidence would eventually end his nightmare and prove his innocence. He came within five days of being put to death for a crime he did not commit.

Williamson's plight is not an isolated one. Nor is it even unusual.

Anthony Porter also came within days of being executed. The state of Illinois halted his execution as it questioned whether or not Porter was mentally competent. Porter has an I.Q. of fifty-one. As the state questioned his competence, a journalism class at Northwestern University questioned his guilt. With a small amount of investigating, they managed to produce the real killer. After sixteen years on death row, Anthony Porter would find his freedom. He was lucky. He escaped with his life. A fate not shared by twenty-three other innocent men.



The Chicago Tribune, in its five-part series "Death Row justice derailed," pronounced, "Capital punishment in Illinois is a system so riddled with faulty evidence, unscrupulous trial tactics, and legal incompetence that justice has been forsaken." The governor of Illinois recently declared a moratorium

on the death penalty after the state had acquired the dubious honor of releasing more men from death row than it had executed.

The unfairness that plagues the Illinois system also plagues every other state as well: incompetent lawyers, racial bias, and lack of access to DNA testing all inevitably lead to gross miscarriages of justice. As Supreme Court Justice William J. Brennan, Jr., stated, "Perhaps the bleakest fact of all is that the death penalty is imposed not only in a freakish and discriminatory manner, but also in some cases upon defendants who are actually innocent."

Even those who support capital punishment are finding it increasingly more difficult to endorse it in its current form. Capital punishment is a system that is deeply flawed - a system that preys on the poor and executes the innocent. It is a system that is fundamentally unjust and unfair. Please support our efforts to have a moratorium on further executions declared now. Support the ACEU.

a m e r i c a n c i v i l l i b e r t i e s u n i o n

125 Broad Street, 18th Floor, NY, NY 10004 www.aclu.org

Learn about the ACLU's death penalty campaign at www.aclu.org/death-penalty.html